December 2, 1964

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The Australian

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The Hon. Catherine Sidney

BRIDE OF THE YEAR

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## CONTENTS


### Special Features
The Beatles' "Hush-Hush" Holiday . . . 19-21
Six Sunny Patterns . . . 25, 27
Gold Coast "Dream Home" . . . 66, 67
CHRISTMAS PARTY COOKBOOK Centre lift-out

### Fashion
Needlework Notions . . . 82
Fashion Frocks . . . 88
Butterick Patterns . . . 95

### Fiction
Dream of Love, *Audrie Manley-Tucker* . . . 31
The Girl in the Curio Shop, *Will Stanton* . . . 33
The Smoothie, *Jayne Sullivan* . . . 34
A Touch of Miss Mint, *John D. MacDonald* . . . 37
Run Scared (serial, part 4) . . . 41

### Regular Features
Social . . . 10, 11
TV Parade . . . 15
Beautiful Australia . . . 23
Letter Box, Ross Campbell, Dorothy Drain . . . 45
Stars . . . 63
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 85
Teenagers' Weekly . . . 89-95

### Family Affairs
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* . . . 42
Those Holiday Trips Are No Rest For Mum . . . 47
Prize Recipes, Low-calorie Recipe, Home Hints . . . 49
Be Your Own Handyman . . . 53
Gardening . . . 61
Collectors' Corner . . . 73
Transfer . . . 79


# WORTH REPORTING

IF we were Debbie Reynolds we'd give Liz Taylor a wide berth.

Not only did Liz steal Eddie Fisher, Debbie's previous husband — which is an injury we would find hard to forget, despite the healed scars—but there's the contrast in types.

What is the dainty prettiness of a polyanthus beside the lush beauty of a peony? A cute kitten beside a tigress?

In this issue, chance has brought them together—and with a triumph for Debbie.

Critics say that her bravura performance as "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" (opposite page) lifts the film into top-class entertainment.

Liz features on page 5 in a story by a French writer who says that at last the tigress' claws have been clipped — by her masterful husband, Richard Burton.

On page 7 is an overtone from the days of "Cleopatra" when the Liz-Burton love affair started.

It's the story of another romance that began on the "Cleopatra" set, this time between two dancers in the cast, a Dutchman and an Australian girl.

***OUR COVER***

**● The Hon. Catherine Sidney, who will be married on December 1. (See pages 8, 9.) Picture by David Graves, of our London office.**

CONCERT engagements with the A.B.C. in Sydney and Brisbane made possible a reunion for Hungarian-born Tibor Paul, Music Director of Radio and Television Eireann.

**Mr. Paul and his wife had not seen their son George, a Sydney accountant, since he left three years ago to accept the Irish appointment after nine years in Australia.**

"Although we miss our life and friends in Australia and our Wahroonga home, which George has kept on," Mr. Paul told us, "we love the vitality of life in Dublin and the youth of the country.

"The Irish have always been famous for their playwrights and literary figures, and it is a pleasure to live with people who have been bred on such a tradition.

"Did you know, for instance, that Dublin has six theatres open six nights a week and 4000 seats are sold every week?

"Our subscription concerts for the Eireann Symphony Orchestra were more successful this year than ever. We sold out completely—probably because I copied the system of the A.B.C."

Mr. and Mrs. Paul will return to Dublin in December for Christmas with their younger son, Lesley, a student at Dublin University.

*TIBOR PAUL*


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## A tribute to Charles Donnelley

THE man who brought color to the pages of The Australian Women's Weekly died this month. He was Mr. C. P. Donnelley, formerly Rotogravure Production Manager for Australian Consolidated Press.

In 1935 the company engaged Mr. Donnelley to introduce rotogravure to the paper, formerly published in letterpress.

The following year he began work with a staff of six.

When Mr. Donnelley went into semi-retirement in 1960 he had a staff of more than 275.

Charles Donnelley was a perfectionist who never ceased looking for ways to make our color process better. He was an enthusiast, and he communicated that feeling to all his colleagues.

After his semi-retirement he still maintained a close association with Consolidated Press as a technical adviser.

"Charlie was the type of man who would go out of his way to help anybody," said Mr. Wally Fulton, his successor at Rotogravure.

**"Occasionally we would go fishing together, but his greatest interests were inside our Mascot plant."**

Mr. Donnelley is survived by his widow and two children, Charles and Noella Marie Ashley.




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MOLLY BROWN, the goldminer's wife, takes painting lessons in Paris to help realise her social ambitions.

● **The Unsinkable Molly Brown**

# DEBBIE CUTS A DASH

AN illiterate girl made enormously wealthy in the Colorado goldrush who sets out to imbibe culture and crash high society is Debbie Reynolds' role in the M.G.M. musical film "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," one of the Christmas attractions for Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.

Molly Brown did exist. She married a lucky miner and is said to have seen her first 300,000 dollars burn up in a stove where she hid it. The next day her husband (Harve Presnell in the film) discovered the multi-million-dollar "Little Johnny" reef. The flamboyant Molly had many rebuffs in Denver and Paris, but came up smiling—and heroically survived even the Titanic disaster. Lately her story was turned into a Broadway stage hit with music by Meredith Willson.

"JUST WATCH ME, Johnny Brown!" she says determinedly to her husband (Harve Presnell) as they enter a ballroom where members of Denver's elite society are dancing.

AFTERNOON DRESS is a masterpiece of overstatement, with lace over silk satin, and chiffon train.

IN BETTER TASTE is later party dress. The Morton Haack designs suggest ideas for today.



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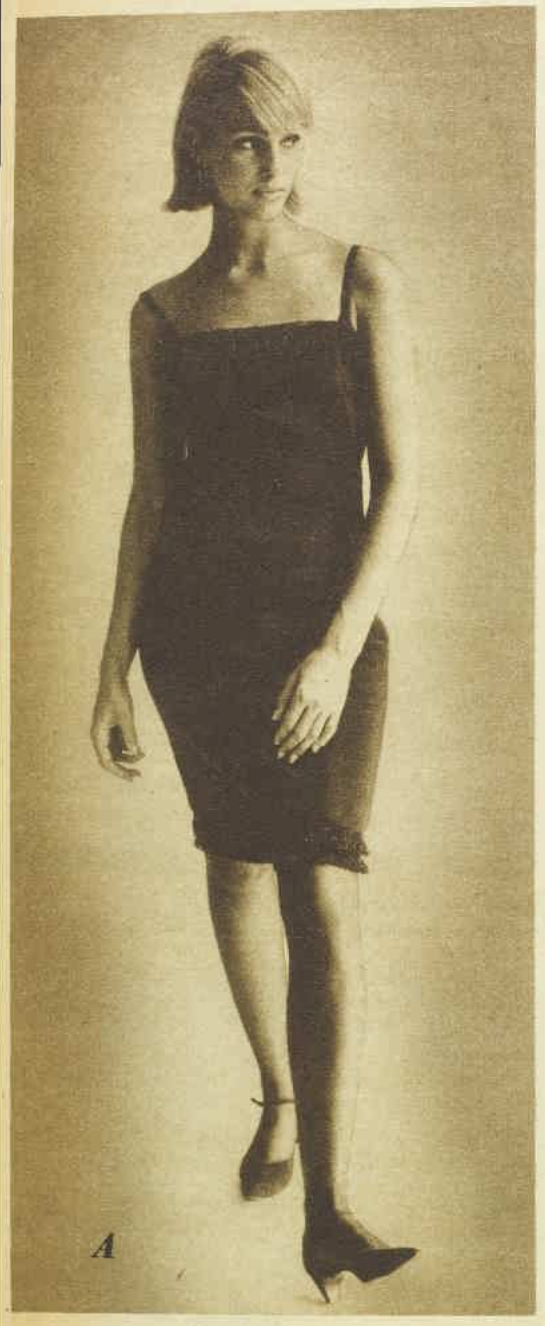

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*F: Requires 2½yds. narrow braid.*

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# Liz has found her master

*LIZ used to choose her men, but . . .*

## Elizabeth Taylor was a female Don Juan — until she met Burton

*By CLAUDE BRULE*

*RICHARD tamed the tigress.*

THE Burtons are at home — temporarily — on two entire floors of a hotel overlooking the Champs-Elysees, Paris.

There are four children (two boys, two girls), a nurse named Bea, an Abyssinian cat named Samson, a governess, four small English dogs, a tutor named Paul, 12 tapestry suitcases (a gift from one who is dead, Mike Todd), a fish tank with three turtles (a gift from one who is alive, Richard Burton), some divine flowers, the complete works of Shakespeare, some 20-year-old whisky, the aura of the fabulous years when limousines were upholstered in panther-skin and rose petals, a perfect view over the Champs-Elysees, a doll forgotten in a corner, and the most beautiful violet eyes in the world—those of Elizabeth Burton, nee Taylor.

Liz Taylor and Richard Burton occupy one floor; the children, nurse, cat, governess, dogs, tutor, and turtles the other.

Since she was last in Paris, Liz has changed studios, abandoning the (20th Century) Fox Darryl Zanuck for the M.G.M. lion. But her favorite quadruped is still mink.

### Martinis for two

She has changed her role, abandoning the Queen of Egyptoscope to play a young artist in revolt, but her favorite co-star — at home as well as on the set — is still the tough, mysterious Welshman whom she "chose" on the "Cleopatra" set at Cinecitta, in Rome, when she invited him to have a martini in her dressing-room — and he accepted.

Since then both have divorced their partners (Elizabeth has four children, Burton two) and married each other (Liz for the fifth time, Burton for the second).

Now they are back in Europe to make interior scenes for their new film, "The Sandpiper," in Paris.

But is it the same Liz, the same Burton?

Since their arrival bodyguards, barriers, secretaries, porters, and assistants have surrounded their entourage.

But it is not only the tapestry luggage, the 20-year-old whisky, the Abyssinian cat, and the nurse named Bea which create the aura around them.

Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor have a certain way of being together. There is a sort of silence which is noisier than a thunderstorm, a certain — don't jump at the words — morality between them.

**To begin with, Elizabeth was a super-vamp who was well aware of her own attractions and was fascinated by her powers.**

She was beautiful and she commanded the highest salary ever paid to a film star (she was paid at the rate of £A800 a second for extra filming hours on the "Cleopatra" set).

There was the legend of her sex appeal and the drama of her throat operation at a London clinic (she shows off the enormous scar with as much pride as she shows off the rest of her body).

She was accustomed to the limelight (she was a star at the age of ten, 22 years ago), and had a taste for gardens in which the gravel was diamonds.

**She was, above all, a formidable character — an adventurer like Casanova, Marco Polo, or Don Juan. That's it — Don Juan.**

With other stars it is different. Initially it is always the woman who is chosen by the man, even if the positions are reversed later.

Sophia Loren was chosen by Carlo Ponti, Marlene Dietrich by Sternberg, Greta Garbo by Stiller, Brigitte Bardot by Roger Vadim. But not Liz. She chose her men as other women choose groceries at the supermarket.

Would she like a good-looking millionaire? She married Nick Hilton, reduced him to the role of a plaything, then tossed him to the junk-heap and passed on to someone else.

A handsome gentleman in his forties — Michael Wilding, for example — would make a nice contrast after the glamor-boy millionaire.

Liz came, saw, and conquered Wilding and, when she tired of him, discarded him. (Later she engaged him as her manager, because he is so honest.)

After the gentleman, she dreamed of taming a strong man, Mike Todd. Their romance was like a thunderbolt, quickly followed by marriage and a child.

But who would have tamed the other? No one will ever know. Mike Todd's private plane crashed, ending Liz's first series of husbands.

Then the cycle started again with another glamor boy, Eddie Fisher. He wasn't free, was married to Debbie Reynolds, but that didn't matter.

After his divorce, Liz married him, and once again reduced him to the role of plaything (see Nick Hilton, above).

This time the "gentleman" phase was omitted when another strong man of the Mike Todd type turned up.

Again, Richard Burton was not free, but he was a real man. Liz invited him to have a drink, as a young man invites a girl he fancies. And the strong man accepted.

But there, something started to change the feminine Don Juan with the big violet eyes. Burton, too, is a formidable character.

Liz is sensitive and intelligent and she understands her man.

### The tigress

When she is asked about Burton, instead of giving one of the saucy replies which she used so often to prove her invulnerability, she says in an unexpected tone, in the voice of a tigress whose claws have been clipped:

"You know that women were created not to dominate but to be dominated."

Since then Richard has taken the helm.

He told journalists that "Miss Taylor really has very fat legs." He forbade Liz to use such expressions as "my little cabbage" and any other greengrocery terms of endearment which once delighted her.

He accepted a role in "Night of the Iguana" with two of the world's most seductive actresses, Ava Gardner and Sue Lyon.

It is interesting to compare Liz with Brigitte Bardot, also in her thirties, just as famous as Liz and even more beautiful. Both could have anything they wanted and neither cared if she created a scandal. But there was one big difference.

Liz wanted to revive the golden years of the film industry when stars like Jean Harlow and Gloria Swanson lived in marble palaces surrounded by red roses, caviar, and adoration.

Brigitte always tried (and sometimes tried too hard) to be "like any other girl," doing without mink and emeralds and wearing the same striped sweater four years in succession.

Liz was the vamp who enjoyed her roles both on screen and off; Brigitte still tries, off-screen, to let the men do the chasing.

*LIZ'S CHILDREN go everywhere with the Burtons. From left: Christopher Wilding, Lisa Todd, Liz, and Mike Wilding, junior.*

But the result is the opposite.

Now Liz, the Cleopatra who had no fear of men, purrs softly while Burton gives the orders.

**Brigitte, the ravishing modern who dismisses vamps as comical, continues to pick her lovers like the Hollywood queens of the 1930s.**

Liz is now an obedient wife who follows her husband wherever he goes, and the children — Mike and Christopher Wilding, the fascinating Lisa Todd, and Maria, the little German girl whom Liz adopted — go everywhere with Liz.

Maria, who was paralysed in the legs, spent more than a year in hospital undergoing a series of operations.

### Burton wept

One night Richard was waiting for Liz at Sardi's restaurant in New York. Midnight came, half-past twelve, then quarter to one. Richard's Welsh blood reached boiling point.

Suddenly Liz came in the door, more radiant than ever. But it was a sight more beautiful than Liz which held Richard's eyes.

Little Maria, eyes full of sleep and happiness, walked across to him all alone, on her own legs. She was cured.

She went up to Burton and asked, "Why are you crying, Daddy?"

In Paris, the Burtons dine at the best restaurants, drive around in a Rolls-Royce, and Liz wears fabulous jewels and gowns by Yves Saint-Laurent. Despite their millions of dollars and the constant glare of the limelight, they have made a success — precarious perhaps, but incontestable — of their marriage.

There are the Sundays devoted to the children; there are the looks they exchange — tranquil, warm, and sweet, the shared glances of accomplices; and there are the comments of friends.

Elizabeth is happy with her rugged Welshman who knows how to love, how to drink, and, above all, how to wear the pants.



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# In "Cleo's" mad confusion this tale, too, began

**● Witnessing the headline romance of the decade on the set of "Cleopatra" didn't interest a young Sydney couple, Cor De Regt and Anita Ardell—they were too busy making eyes at each other.**

*PICTURES show Cor De Regt as an Egyptian dancer in "Cleopatra," and Anita Ardell, now his wife, as a slave girl. Below: Together in their Sydney flat. In make-up he has a resemblance to both Marlon Brando and Paul Newman; without, he looks like TV star Roger Moore.*

FOR the couple, who were married in Sydney last December, met as dancers in their film. The Dutch-born Cor was a forum dancer and Anita, from Sydney, a slave girl.

"Yes, I guess we were too interested in our own romance to take much notice of Richard Burton and Liz Taylor's," said Cor, a boyish 29-year-old with bright blue eyes. "But then none of the cast seemed very interested."

Said the vivacious Anita: "There were so many other things going on in that glorious confusion of a production, you just couldn't concentrate on one drama without missing out on something else.

**"Everyone seems to blame Liz Taylor for the delays, but there were many other factors.**

"The fantastic number of stars and extras for the spectacle was enough to cope with, apart from the natural fiery temperament of the Italians working behind the scenes, and then the usual weather delays."

*By* **KERRY YATES**

## Dull day

She gave an instance: "One day I was to dance in a scene with 4000 extras as well as dozens of elephants, horses, monkeys, and goodness knows what, and it was cancelled because the weather looked overcast.

"And then there were always personal problems of the cast, like the day Cor had to leave the set to get rid of his pet dog, Jongeren, a mongrel who was chasing a prize poodle belonging to one of the stars."

Said Cor: "I'd found him on a street in Rome two years before."

"Everyone in the cast," said Anita, "was paid exceptionally high fees, but not many had big parts after the film was cut. Cor was contracted to the film for nine months, and we only caught glimpses of him in the finished production.

"It wasn't just the film company who were pleased when the filming was completed. We all had a mad, marvellous time, but the confusion was a bit much after a while and I was glad to come home to Australia for a rest."

Anita has danced in more than 100 television shows and ten Italian and American films.

"As well as dancing in the films, I played extra roles in a few, and dubbed voices in another seven movies, including the leading lady's in 'Conqueror of Corinth,' with John Barrymore, jun.," she said.

Before she left Sydney, Anita studied and then taught at the Bodenwieser Ballet School and toured with the Katherine Dunham dance team in 1958.

Overseas she studied jazz and modern dance in London, and on a holiday in Europe joined the Moulin Rouge Company touring Italy from Paris. She has since danced with companies in Germany, Italy, France, and Israel.

Cor took up ballet dancing when he was 20 because he didn't want to learn a trade, as his parents wished.

"I drifted from job to job, determined to be some sort of dancer," he said. "I decided to go to a school to learn to teach ballroom dancing, but went to the wrong school and found myself in a ballet class.

"I was so interested in it after one lesson that I joined as a full-time student and left home to support myself. I used to wash dishes in a restaurant every night to pay my fees and keep.

"My parents refused to believe dancing could be a career for me, and even when I brought them from Holland for a holiday to watch me dance in one of Rome's top nightclubs a few years ago my father said after my act, 'That's very good, Son, but when are you ever going to work?'

"Ha! If only they could realise just how hard the work is to be a successful dancer, especially for me, as I started so late."

Cor did find success, and has danced with many leading European dance companies as well as in Italian and American films.

When Anita left Rome for Australia he went to try his luck in America.

"My luck was in," he said. "I only had about 15 dollars when I reached New York, and two days later I landed a six-month contract to tour the States with the musicals 'Can Can,' 'Music Man,' 'Brigadoon,' and 'Anything Goes.'

## Own studio

"Those shows were the end of my travelling.

"Anita and I had both been on the move for so long, and although travelling was fun we couldn't base our life together on it."

**So he joined her in Sydney, and they have opened a studio, teaching classical and jazz ballet and Afro-Cuban and primitive dance.**

"We've got about 100 students, including housewives, models, children, and singers," Anita said. "We share the classes, although I set Saturday morning aside for all the children's classes."

"Often I go along to watch the little ones," Cor said, "and I must confess they're our favorites. Once I overheard a cute little five-year-old confiding to her friend, 'I'm terribly nervous in front of Cor—I've never danced for a man before.' "

"When we don't have classes," said Anita, "we often go to our studio and dance together."

In Australia they have danced together on a few television variety shows, and Cor has been dancing at one of Sydney's leading nightclubs.

"So we're well settled back in Sydney now," Anita said. "Cor's very happy here and helps me to appreciate places like the zoo, the museum, art galleries, and parks that I never really noticed before I went away."

Said Cor: "We've eaten in many countries, but we both agree: a big, juicy steak barbecued over gum leaves is hard to beat."

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# BRIDE OF THE YEAR

*THE BRIDE, second daughter of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle. Miss Sidney will have eight young attendants.*

**● The wedding of the year will take place on December 1 in Canberra's historic church — St. John the Baptist — when the Hon. Catherine Sidney marries Manchester stockbroker Mr. John Wilbraham. A reception will follow at "Yarralumla" (right), the Governor-General's residence beside Lake Burley Griffin.**

*CAMILLA, 11, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. M. Morgan Giles, will be a bridesmaid.*

*AND so will her sister, Penelope Morgan Giles, 19, who flew out from finishing school in Paris.*

*HON. Lucy (left) and the Hon. Anne Sidney, bride's sisters, will be other two bridesmaids.*

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# AND HER ATTENDANTS

*BRIDEGROOM Mr. John Wilbraham. His best man will be Mr. Robin Hill.*

## FOUR JUNIOR ATTENDANTS

*RIGHT: Shaunagh Colthurst, the bride's niece, daughter of Mr. Oliver and the Hon. Mrs. Colthurst.*

*LEFT: Hugo Heath, son of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Heath, of Woollahra, N.S.W.*

*RIGHT: James Davy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Davy, of "Turalla," Bungendore, N.S.W., and Catherine Osborne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Osborne, of "Grantham Park," Bungendore. All the junior attendants are three years old.*

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# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

***MRS. C. O. BADHAM-JACKSON, president of the Women's Pioneer Society, has chosen the theme "Ned Kelly's Christmas Dinner" for the table she will decorate for the annual Christmas Table Setting Competition.***

An old-fashioned gun will lean against the table and a pair of riding-boots, "in readiness for a quick getaway," will stand at the side of his chair.

The competition, which has become an annual event, will be held at the Society's rooms in Market Street on December 1.

The deputy president, Mrs. J. R. Strang, is planning a children's party, with oxygen-filled balloons tied to each chair, red table napkins, an oval border of holly, and a Santa Claus in the middle of the table.

Others who'll participate are Mrs. N. Ware, with a table laden with brightly wrapped gifts to represent "Christmas Morning," and Mrs. B. H. McKinney, whose entry will be called "After the Theatre."

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that author Monica Dickens, at present on a three-week visit to Australia with her writer-husband, Commander Roy Stratton, shopped in Adelaide for kangaroo-skin postcards! She's quite fascinated with our hats, which she describes as fantastic, although she does think our women get away with them. She also thinks our girls the smartest in the world. For inspiration, Miss Dickens, a great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, always puts one of a set of coffee spoons which belonged to him in a coffee cup on her desk when she sits down to write.

★ ★ ★

ONE of Sydney's newest committees—the Australian Radio, Television and Screen Writers' Guild entertainments committee—has been lucky enough to get "Lindesay," the National Trust's historic house at Darling Point, for their second function—a buffet dinner followed by a talk—on December 4. The committee, headed by Mrs. Lloyd Williams (author Margot Campbell) has been busy rounding up writers, politicians, actors, and interesting personalities to introduce to each other and to guests. Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, chairman of the Lindesay Committee, will be a guest of honor.

★ ★ ★

INCIDENTALLY, the Trust (after research into old documents) is now using the original spelling of "Lindesay," which was named after an acting Governor of New South Wales who was responsible for granting the land on which it stands.

★ ★ ★

**FASHION honors this week, I thought, went to Mrs. Marjorie Armstrong, whom I saw in town on a day when no one seemed to be wearing a hat and everyone looked hot and tired, looking cool and chic in her beautifully tailored apple-green suit and snug-fitting helmet hat of tiny pink, white, and green flowers.**

PRUNELLA PREVOST and Tony Merrett, who have just announced their engagement, are planning a March or April wedding. Prunella is the second daughter of Mrs. George Hard, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Mr. R. A. de Tessier Prevost. Her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Merrett, of Balgowlah.

★ ★ ★

PRUNELLA'S brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Macarthur Onslow, who have been living in a unit at Darling Point, move house after Christmas to a delightful cottage they've found in Carlotta Road, Double Bay. Mrs. Macarthur Onslow is thrilled with the "walk-out, walk-in" basis under which they're taking over their new home. "Just imagine," she said, "no painters, carpenters, or plumbers to cope with."

★ ★ ★

DOING just this at present—coping with painters, plumbers, and carpenters—is Mrs. Sue Du Val, who is living in one half of her house in Woollahra while it is being completely renovated. I was most intrigued with the colorful giant tile showing a savage dog, set into the front steps. The ancient Roman inscription "Cave Canem" warns visitors to beware of the dog, but her large golden Labrador, Muki, always has a friendly wag rather than a bark.

★ ★ ★

**MRS. LESLIE DUNLOP has been busy ringing her friends to ask for flowers for the supper tables which she will decorate for the Art Gallery Society's Christmas Gala on November 25. The tables will be given a festive look with red cloths and red and white candles.**

★ ★ ★

CHRISTMAS in America with their daughter, Mrs. Howard Neumann, of Colorado Springs, and her family, for Mr. and Mrs. Claude Teague, who made up their minds to go on the spur of the moment. A buffet dinner and theatre party given by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rydge on November 26 will farewell them.

★ ★ ★

MRS. RUSSELL HAUSLAIB has volunteered to tackle the gigantic task of cooking a dozen turkeys for the turkey-and-champagne Christmas luncheon the Darling Point Branch of the Australian-American Association are holding at "Craigend" on December 3.

*ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Bill Swan with the Rev. Alan Watts, following their marriage at the Taylor Memorial Methodist Church, Inverell. The bride was Miss Christine Nicholas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Nicholas, of "Paradise Creek," Elsmore.*

*AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. William Spitz, the former Miss Pamela Dickson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Dickson, of Gordon, following their marriage at the Holy Trinity Cathedral, Karachi. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Spitz, of California. They will live in America.*



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*ABOVE: Miss Kerrie Anderson and Mr. Bruce Miller were among viewers at the opening of an exhibition of small paintings by Margo Lewers held at the Watters Gallery in Darlinghurst.*

*AT RIGHT: Dr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brown after their marriage at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, with their attendants, left to right, Mrs. Warwick McGirr, Miss Margaret Cutcliffe, and Miss Margaret Scarfe. The bride was formerly Miss Patricia Cutcliffe, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cutcliffe, of "Cooranga," Eugowra.*

*ABOVE: Mr. Oliver Cordell and Miss Roslind Doig, who have just announced their engagement, will be married in Canberra on February 6. Miss Doig is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Doig, of Griffith, A.C.T., and Mr. Cordell is the only son of Archdeacon and Mrs. Oliver T. Cordell, of Roseville.*

*AT RIGHT: Dr. and Mrs. Jim Blundell at the Beef and Burgundy Dinner at the Lantern Restaurant, Paddington, arranged by the Rum Runners Committee, which works for Sydney Hospital.*

*AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. J. Marshall, of "Boorooma" Station, Walgett, with their flowergirl, the bride's sister, Barbara Dowell, at the reception at the Pickwick Club which followed their marriage at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay. The bride was formerly Miss Joy Dowell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Dowell, of "Kee-Kee," Walgett.*



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# THE WAR BRIDES COME HOME

**● "America hasn't changed Marelle a scrap," said Mrs. J. Beatson, of South Grafton, N.S.W., as she looked proudly at the daughter who had sailed away 18 years ago to become a war bride.**

"SHE'S got a bit of an American accent, I suppose, but in every other way she's the same wonderful daughter I lost all those years ago."

"You didn't exactly lose me, Mum," said Marelle, now Mrs. H. V. Turnbull, of Las Vegas. "After all, we've been writing to each other every week for those 18 years, and you've never been out of my thoughts."

**Mrs. Turnbull is one of six Australian war brides, one from each State, brought home by Ansett-A.N.A.'s "Operation Reunion."**

Her sister, Mrs. A. Doig, of Brighton, S.A., won the South Australian section of a contest in which relatives of Australian war brides in America were invited to compete.

"I want to fatten her up a bit," said Mrs. Doig when the sisters met at Adelaide airport.

## "Magic"

"I'm still not too clear what my sister put in her entry to win me this trip," said Mrs. Turnbull, "but I can tell you that every word of it surely spells out magic to me.

"I married a wonderful guy back in San Francisco in 1946 and I've really been happy in the States, but I've always longed to come home to see Mum and my sister — and this beautiful Australian scenery.

"Well, it had never been quite possible and I'd almost given up hope when one wonderful, unbelievable Friday night a few weeks ago a man arrived at our trailer home in Las Vegas and told me to be packed and ready to leave for Australia on Tuesday."

After a tearful reunion in Adelaide Mrs. Turnbull and her sister travelled to Grafton, on the north coast of New South Wales, to see their mother.

Mrs. Turnbull met her G.I. husband, Howard, now a postal worker, when she worked for the American Red Cross in Sydney during the war. (Her mother, also a Red Cross worker, was recently awarded a 50 years' service medal.)

"It's nice that Marelle chose jacaranda time for her homecoming," said Mrs. Beatson. "She sailed for America in jacaranda time — on October 29, 1946 — so it's been a sad time of the year for me. But these blossoms will look all the more beautiful to me in future years after this wonderful reunion."

After a few days visiting friends and relatives in Grafton, Mrs. Turnbull left on a tour of New South Wales with her mother and sister. They will spend Christmas at Mrs. Doig's home in Adelaide, then Mrs. Turnbull will visit Sydney before flying home to Las Vegas.

She would like to take back a few years' supply of tea. "You can't get a really good cup of tea with American tea bags," she said. "It's just great to sit down with Mum and have a chat over a good old cuppa."

"Home" is a mobile trailer with a garden in a quiet suburb of Las Vegas.

"People think that because my address is Las Vegas I live right in the middle of glittering neons and spend all my spare moments at the casinos," said Mrs. Turnbull.

"Nothing could be further from the truth."

**Another war bride said her husband missed her so much he had telephoned three times from America in the first fortnight after she left and had told her he had already lost 37lb. in weight.**

She is Mrs. Josephine McDaniel, of Seattle, Washington, whose husband and three sons, Larry, 17, David, 15, and Bobbie, 13, are batching while she spends a month in Australia.

Mrs. McDaniel's sister, Mrs. Rodney Thomas, of Wembly Downs, W.A., won the Western Australian section of the contest.

"It was a tremendous surprise to me," said Mrs. McDaniel. "My sister is not exactly the best correspondent in the world."

"Well, you can't be rude about my letter-writing any more, after this," said Mrs. Thomas.

Mrs. McDaniel, formerly Josephine Thornber, married U.S. Army Corporal Jack McDaniel in Sydney, on May 12, 1944, and sailed for America in June, 1945.

They lived at Marshall, California, before moving to Seattle.

Mrs. McDaniel's mother took temporary jobs to earn her fare to America to see her daughter five years ago, but she hadn't seen her sister or her grandmother, Mrs. Charlotte Thornber, for 20 years.

## Voice of gold

After 19 years in America, Mrs. Robert Crabb (formerly Dorothy Baker, of Bondi, N.S.W.) is "still an Aussie at heart."

"I took the children to see the film 'The Sundowners' five times," she said, "and I once caught my son Philip charging his friends a dime a time to listen to Mum's funny Australian voice."

Mrs. Crabb met and married her husband, then a freelance journalist, during a working holiday in New Zealand in 1940.

They went to the Philippines and were interned there when war broke out. Their daughter, Janice, and son Philip were born there.

When Mrs. Crabb was expecting her first child, a lenient prison official released her from the camp until Janice was nine months old, when she returned to the camp to be near her husband.

At first women were allowed to see their husbands only during the day; each evening they would return to the women's dormitories, which were overcrowded and uncomfortable.

As increased space was needed for sick prisoners and Japanese soldiers, permission was given for married men and women to build their own shanty huts within the compound.

"About 600 of us lived this way in dingy huts," Mrs. Crabb said.

When Janice contracted

*SAN FRANCISCO WEDDING in 1946 for the former Marelle Beatson and her G.I. bridegroom, Harry Turnbull. RIGHT: Mrs. Turnbull with her mother, Mrs. J. Beatson, of South Grafton.*




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*MRS. ROBERT CRABB (formerly Dorothy Baker, of Bondi, N.S.W.) with her sister, Mrs. E. D. Parry, and the Parry children, Vivian, 3, David, 5, and Gillian, 2. Mrs. Crabb has six children.*

*THREE GENERATIONS. Mrs. Jack McDaniel (second from right) with (from left) her mother, Mrs. Z. M. Thornber; grandmother, Mrs. Charlotte Thornber; and sister, Mrs. Rodney Thomas.*

polio the only medical attention she received was when a German brace-maker fitted her with an adjustable leg brace.

After the war Mrs. Crabb was brought to Australia, then sailed for America with 400 other war brides. Janice is 22 now and there are five boys in the family.

The Crabbs live in Minneapolis, where Mr. Crabb is editor of the "Minnesota Tribune" and Mrs. Crabb is a legal secretary with a law firm.

Mrs. Crabb, who is staying with her sister, Mrs. D. Linklater, of Bondi, thinks Sydney has changed tremendously.

"Why, it leaves some of the American cities far behind," she said. "It's so cosmopolitan."

Victorian war bride Mrs. Richard Davis (formerly Aileen McNeill) was a telephonist at a Melbourne store and hostess at "The Dugout," an entertainment centre for troops run by the store's staff, when she met Sergeant Richard Davis, of the U.S. Army, in 1942.

They were married two years later in Sydney and now live on a 160-acre mixed farm near New Ulm, Minnesota, with their six children—David, 18, Mike, 15, Pamela, 12, Timothy, 7, Mark, 2½, and baby Todd, five months.

Mrs. Davis' mother-in-law is looking after the children (all except Todd, who has gone to a sister-in-law) while Mrs. Davis is visiting her own large family — she is one of 11 brothers and sisters.

Her brother Arthur McNeill, whose entry in the contest won her the trip, met her at Melbourne, then she travelled 115 miles to Mooroopna to see her father, Mr. Frank McNeill, and other brothers and sisters who live there.

Besides Arthur, Mrs. Davis has four brothers, Charles, Frank, and John, who live in Mooroopna, and a bachelor brother, Neil.

Her sisters are Mrs. Dick Arvidson, Mrs. Jack Trewin, and Mrs. Noel Reynolds, who live in Melbourne; Mrs. Bill Ferrari, of Mooroopna; and Mrs. Arthur Hancock, of Laverton.

"At a rough guess I'd say there are about 30 children now," said Mrs. Davis. "I've met lots of them for the first time."

## Sad reunion

She will fly back to America early in December in time to plan Christmas for her own large family.

It was a sad family reunion for Mrs. Dorris Lafferty, of Fremont, California, who flew home to Queensland to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Ehrich, of Boonah, and her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Norm Durre, of Rocklea.

Mrs. Lafferty did not know until she reached Brisbane that her mother had died the day her plane left San Francisco.

Mrs. Lafferty was the widow of an Australian serviceman and had a baby daughter, Gayle, when she married G.I. Fred Lafferty. Her second husband died last April.

Her sister Ivy entered the contest because she felt that a trip home for Christmas would cheer Dorris up.

Christmas will be spent with the Durres and her brothers, Arthur Ehrich, of Maryborough, and Norman Ehrich, of Boonah, and sisters, Mrs. Esther Wright and Mrs. Gladys Muller.

Mrs. Lafferty's daughter, Gayle, is now married to an American and has a baby son, Deano.

Tasmanian war bride Mrs. J. Sandvig was a Waaaf stationed in Melbourne when she met the G.I. who was to become her husband. She went to America in 1946 to marry him.

Her 80-year-old mother, Mrs. W. A. Gould, of Launceston, was the first to greet Mrs. Sandvig when she reached Tasmania on her first visit in 18 years from her home in Sullivan, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Sandvig's sister, Mrs. E. J. Willett, of Latrobe, brought sons and daughters and there were uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, nieces, and even a grand-nephew waiting to greet her at the airport.

Mrs. Sandvig, who is secretary at the Juvenile Probation Court in Sullivan, has a daughter of 17 and a son aged 15.

*VICTORIAN WAR BRIDE Mrs. Richard Davis (second from right) came home to see her father, Mr. Frank McNeill (front), and brothers and sisters (from left), John McNeill, Mrs. Bill Ferrari, Neil McNeill, and Mrs. Jack Trewin. RIGHT: Mrs. Davis, then Aileen McNeill, with Sgt. Davis before their marriage.*

*BELOW: Mrs. Dorris Lafferty (centre), of Fremont, California, with her father, Mr. August Ehrich, of Boonah, Queensland, and sister, Mrs. Norm Durre.*

*EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD Mrs. W. Gould was at Launceston airport to meet her daughter, Mrs. L. Sandvig (centre), who was a wartime Waaaf. With them is Mrs. Sandvig's sister, Mrs. E. Willett.*

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# CRIME ON THE ELEGANT SCALE

*By NAN MUSGROVE*

**● "Burke's Law" and "The Rogues," two enjoyable TV shows, are both most untraditional — crime is their theme, but crime that pays in one of them, and crime that is definitely enjoyable in both.**

THE keynote in both shows is luxury — luxury laced with sophistication.

Heading the sophisticates is Gene Barry as millionaire playboy - detective Amos Burke, of TCN9's "Burke's Law," who rides to work in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce and insists that beauties make the best suspects.

As captain of detectives he solves crimes and enjoys it, carrying on regardless with beautiful women, who are to be seen right, left, and centre on any "Burke's Law" set.

Barry describes "Burke's Law" as elegant, as comedy as well as crime, and the character of Amos Burke, which he likes, as an amalgam of the suavity of Cary Grant and William Powell.

Barry really takes the elegance kick seriously — insists it spills over to the set.

### Top rating

He is lucky, because "Burke's Law" has proved itself a top-rating show, and the producer, Aaron Spelling, shares his ideas.

"I decided that we could get big names to appear as suspects only if the show was a lot of fun to do, if the script was top-notch, and we treated them like kings," Spelling said recently.

He was so right.

**Gloria Swanson, a movie grande dame, will appear as a guest star playing a kinky old crone who believes she is Venus, Goddess of Love.**

She says it was like the grand old day when stars were really stars.

"I was picked up and brought to the set in a Rolls-Royce. They poured French champagne between takes and had waiters nearby with delicacies. I had a ball."

Apart from Hollywood beauties, others who couldn't resist the blandishments of "Burke's Law" are Sammy Davis Jr., Academy Award winner Ed Bagley, and David Niven.

There is no doubt that David Niven enjoyed the elegance of "Burke's Law"—a lot of it spills over into "The Rogues" (ATN7, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.), a new series in which he is one of a trinity of leading men.

The three stars—Niven, Charles Boyer, and Gig Young—are all related in "The Rogues," members of two families who are very upper-class confidence men.

I found the Fleming and St. Clair clans' operations as modern Robin Hoods amusing but incredible.

As every TV fan knows, Robin Hood robbed the rich to help the poor.

**Television**

These modern Hoods do the same and I don't believe it.

**In the first of the series Niven, after selling a crook racehorse, hies off to the Riviera on the proceeds.**

Posing as a Western Australian millionaire financier, he meets his chosen victim, a Greek millionaire cruising on his yacht, and blond Diana Merill swimming nude in the Mediterranean.

(To answer your question: Niven, terribly pukka and rather tatty-looking now, turned his back as Miss Merill left the water, and viewers didn't see, either.)

Niven and Miss Merill fall madly in love. As things are going swimmingly, Niven finds that Miss Merill is promised to the Greek, whom she is marrying solely to save her Daddy from financial ruin.

After the initial shock, Niven closes the deal with the Greek, busts up the engagement, and saves the girl from a fate worse than death by putting her on a jet back to the U.S.A.

Just to top off his gallantry he arranges to have the million pounds sterling in cash that he got from the Greek deposited in her Daddy's bank account to save them from dishonor.

Despite its incredibility, "The Rogues" is diverting. Niven is competent, but I'd give my gold-plated star award to Robert Coote (Timmy St. Clair), who appears each week as the star's accomplice.

He is so good, so convincing that I am inclined to believe he is a real con man acting.

Gladys Cooper is the only other character who appears every week. She is Coote's TV mamma, aunt to both Niven and Boyer.

She dispensed high tea to her clever boys and was as elated over their successful crimes as most gentle elderly aunts would be over a mention in the New Year Honors.

I found the first episode an amusing jape, but I wonder how "The Rogues" will go as a weekly series. Too much incredibility does wear thin.

★ ★ ★

*"THE YARNS OF BILLY BORKER" (ABC-TV, Mondays, 8.20 p.m.), with Peter Carver as Billy, is a 10-minute gem that gets better week by week. It has an authentic Australian flavor that no other TV show has managed to capture. It is, if anything is, real Australian folk music in the vernacular.*

### Fitting out THAT tower

TCN9's elegant new TV tower, the third tallest self-supporting tower in the world, is finished but is not yet transmitting.

It stands majestically dwarfing everything round it, while Sydneysiders with vantage spots and binoculars watch in suspense as agile technicians scale it to work on the antenna that will eventually beam out a super-colossal TV picture.

The tower is actually only a giant palmstand to hold the antenna, which sits neatly in the top of the tower.

The antenna is 76ft. long and has 96 separate parts. I'm told that what the technicians are doing now is "knitting" those 96 parts together into one separate king-size antenna, which, in turn, is divided into a top antenna and a bottom one, each of 48 parts.

When transmitting starts from the new antenna, the king-size job will always be used. It does, however, transmit efficiently from either the top or the bottom half.

This irons out headaches for engineers faced with maintenance or technical troubles in any part of the antenna.

This week field tests of the new transmitter are scheduled to begin, so you may see some bootleg programmes on TCN9 in the dead TV hours in the morning before normal transmissions start.

No date has yet been set for the new tower to become operational, but it will not be before December 1.

**Footnote for binocular watchers:** The access ladder to the antenna is on the north-east corner of the tower. It takes the youngest and most nimble technician on the job 45-50 minutes to climb.

★ ★ ★

*I HEAR Dave Allen will be surrounded on Thursday night by seven beautiful Japanese girls fresh from their duties as hostesses on the cruise ship Oriental Queen. The girls will perform the famous Japanese tea ceremony specially for him. I bet Allen-san will be in his element.*

***CAPT. AMOS BURKE (Gene Barry) is just as expert at giving the eye to a beautiful suspect as he is at eliciting facts. Here (centre) in action he is admired by his co-star, Gary Conway, who plays the role of Detective Tilson.***

**That lovely fair complexion** of yours was never meant to stand up to the harsh summer weather. Be kind to it, see that it is well protected when you're golfing, lazing on the beach, or anywhere in the great outdoors. Wear a nice shady hat and sun glasses — this will stop you from screwing up your eyes. Before you venture out be sure you have a film of oil of ulan under your make-up and don't forget your neck . . .

*. . . Margaret Merril*

**READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES**

## NEXT WEEK

## 'My Fair Lady' contest results

**● Who were the "fairest ladies"? You'll meet them, and read what the men who cherish them had to say, in twenty wonderful human stories. The standard of entries was so high we gave 14 extra prizes.**

## CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

*Eight-page liftout*

**● A colorful book to keep, packed with ideas for decorating your table, your presents, your front door — and, of course, the festive tree.**

## ★ Plus other 'specials':

**● A beautiful country home and its art treasures . . . 1964 British fashion awards . . . A young woman's lone 18,000-mile round-Australia drive . . . Grape-picking adventures in France.**

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the Week

*Momma once said (when we saw a girl walking down the street with a beehive on her head, which, on closer examination, proved to be her hair): "What in the world has happened to the modern girl and her hair? They either stack it up as high as it will go or just the opposite — parted in the centre and just hanging down." And I said: "They sort of remind you of mops. I wonder why a girl would wear a hairdo that looks like a mop?" And Momma said . . .*

*Momma's moral: The reason so many modern girls wear hairdos that look like mops is because . . . maybe they don't know what a mop looks like.*


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FIRST PRIZE in the My Fair Lady contest is tickets for two for a luxury return flight to London by Qantas V-jet, with spending money for a leisurely stopover to see the sights. Picture shows a scene from the film of "My Fair Lady" — Professor Higgins notices flowergirl Eliza outside the famous Royal Opera House at Covent Garden, which our winner will see.

# All the Fair Ladies win tributes

**● The final judging of our My Fair Lady contest has now been done, and the winners will be announced next week.**

WIVES had a landslide victory as the entrants' choice of Fair Lady, and the tributes paid to many of them were quite beautiful in appreciation and depth of gratitude.

The sentiments of a number of entrants were summed up by one who wrote: *"To wind up, I think this competition is a good idea (apart from the prize) — it makes us men sit down and think. How often we just take things for granted! It is good to realise how rich one really is."*

A high proportion of entries spoke of the wives' staunchness, kindness to others, unselfishness, and homemaking abilities. *"She makes our house our home,"* several husbands wrote.

Far from taking their wives for granted, it would seem that the average Australian male is, in fact, immensely proud of his wife — even though it might take a contest to make him put it in words.

Here are some extracts from entries:

*"She is my first love and my last love. Without her, life would be incomplete, meaningless, and the road a lonely one indeed. I'm not sure I would want to walk it alone."*

*"Her whole life is devoted to me and the children. She may pass unnoticed in a crowd, but in our home she is queen."*

*". . . So we became a happy little civilian family unit, bound together by the care and attention and love and wisdom of our dear little Mum, whose unpretty but happy face is lovelier than ever."*

## Mothers next

But if it was wives who emerged as heroines of the contest, mothers were not far behind.

No doubt many Australian men will have their recollections touched by this memory of a bush childhood: *"We brought home live snakes, invented explosives (Mum blew up, too), but she always encouraged us to stand on our own feet and have a go at anything."*

Grandmothers, sisters, daughters, and even mothers-in-law all came in for their share of appreciation. One man's Fair Lady was the daughter he hoped to have as sister to his four sons.

One Fair Lady was an Indian girl, one an Italian mother, one a bush nursing sister, one a woman J.P., one a Sunday-school teacher named Miss Rose and remembered for 50 years.

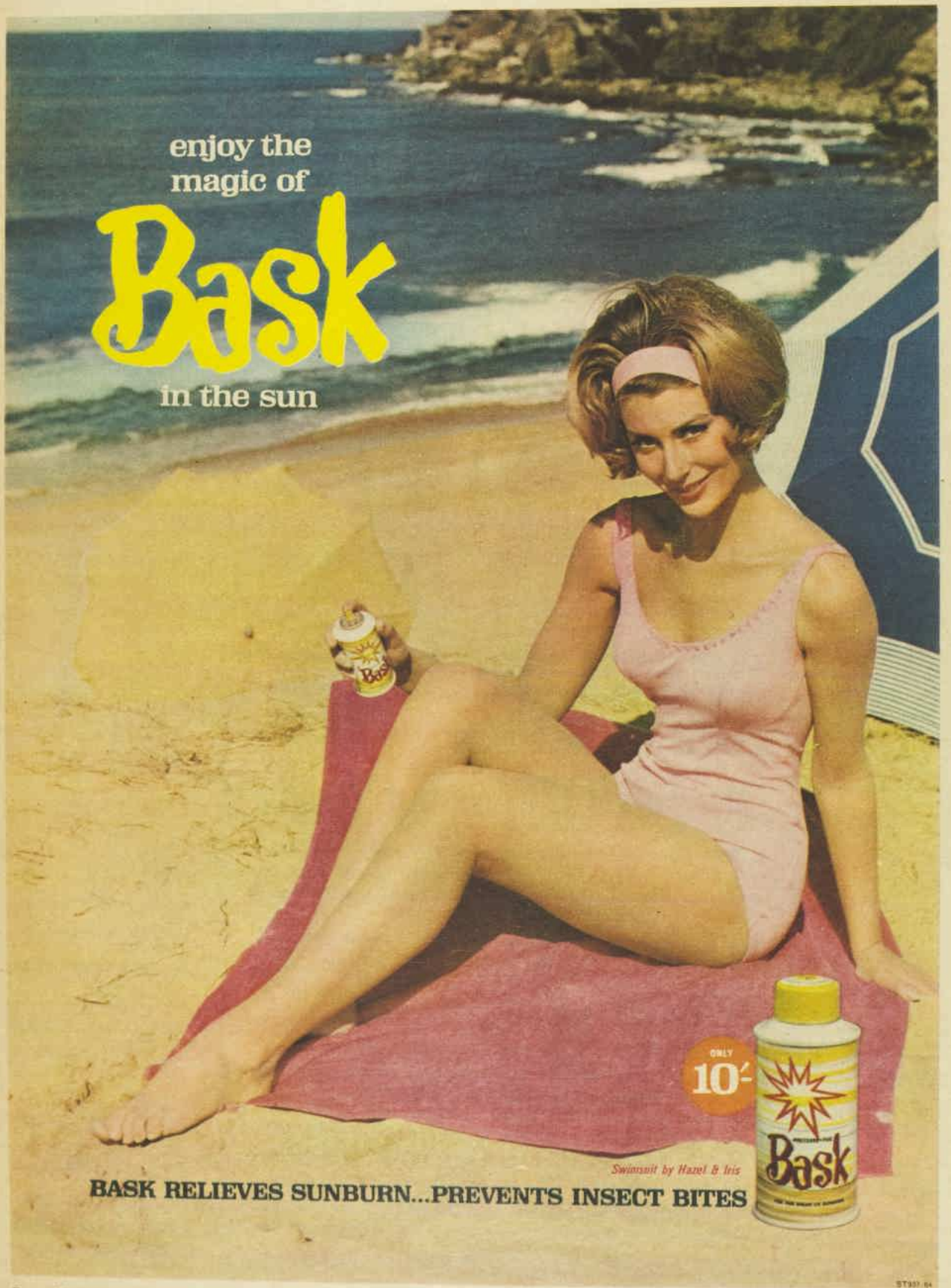
**Surprise Fair Ladies were a 14ft. sailing-boat, Australia, a vintage car, and a Labrador named Lolita.**

One unusual entry took the form of a letter dictated by Champion, a horse owned by the entrant's 15-year-old daughter.

## Police, clergy

Among the entrants were representatives of almost every profession and trade—policemen, ministers of religion, two lighthouse-keepers, and two butchers who had married their customers!

One of the nicest things about the contest was the generosity with which entrants confessed their debt of gratitude for the loyalty, understanding, and encouragement of their Fair Ladies.





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# BING AND HIS TV FAMILY

Television

● Channel 9's "Bing Crosby Show" (Friday, 7 p.m.) looks like being a winner.

The show is a domestic comedy — more believable than most, because the gently ageing Bing looks and behaves like most other Dads. He likes to put his feet up, smoke his pipe, and watch the baseball on television.

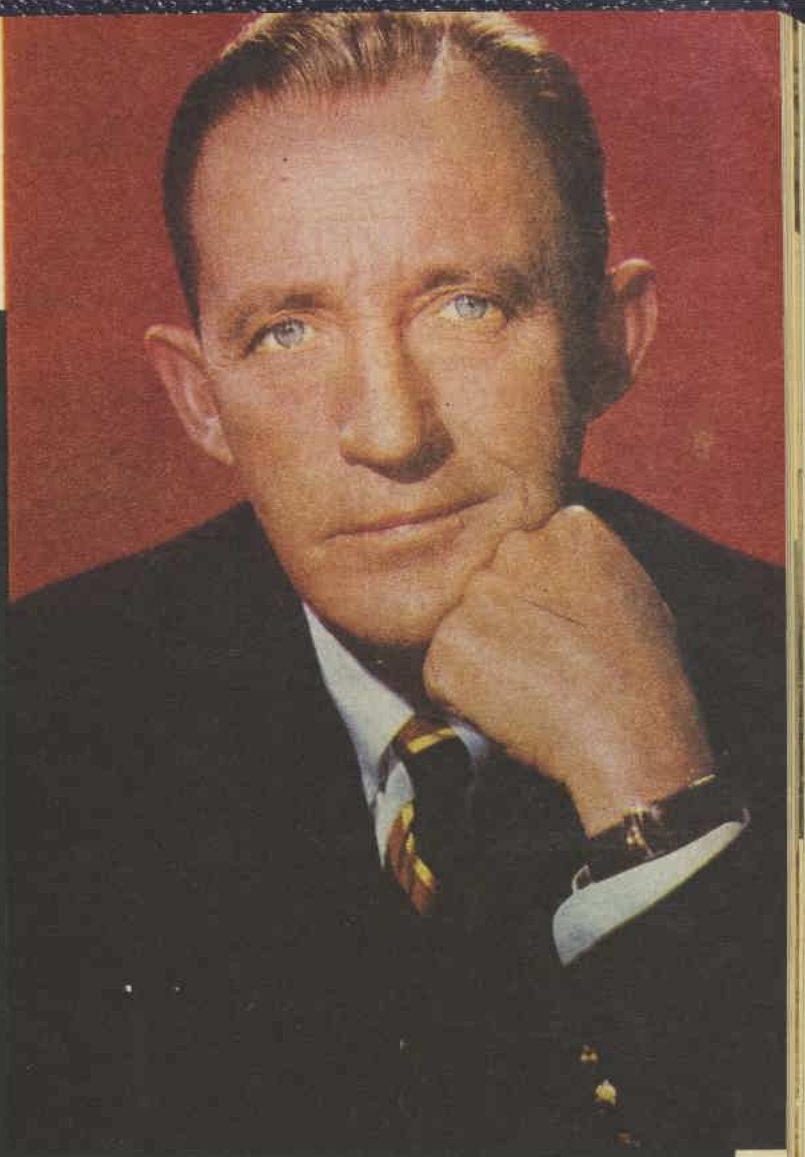
Co-starring with Bing as his wife, Ellie, is the lovely Beverly Garland, to my mind one of the best actresses in the business. Bing and Ellie (Collins in the series) have two children, Joyce, 16, (Carol Faylen), and Janice, 10, played by Diane Sherry.

And then there's Willie (Frank McHugh), a sort of general factotum and friend-in-need to the family.

One of the surprising things is the resemblance between Beverly Garland and Carol Faylen — one of the touches that make you feel you're looking in on a real family.

—*PATRICIA KENT*

The "Bing Crosby Show" is at present screened at 7 p.m. on Fridays, on TCN9, Sydney, and WIN4, Wollongong. It will be screened in other States probably early next year.



*BING CROSBY, as Bing Collins in his new show, sings in each episode, and his voice still retains the magic that made him the singing idol of millions 30 years ago.*

*BEVERLY GARLAND (centre) plays Bing's wife, Ellie Collins, in the series. She is pictured with her screen daughters Carol Faylen (left) and pretty Diane Sherry.*

*RIGHT. Permanent members of the cast of the show, Beverly Garland (top left), Frank McHugh (top right), Diane Sherry (bottom left), and Carol Faylen with Bing.*



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# New Le Gay Hair Spray highlights hair beauty...holds so gently

At last—the hair spray you've always wanted! New Le Gay . . . the spray that enhances the natural beauty of your hair **and** holds it to perfection. Notice the enchanting new softness and lustre which Le Gay's special conditioning ingredients give to your hair. New Le Gay is so clear and pure—and that hint of intriguing Le Gay perfume makes Le Gay hair spray a delight to use! Now available in two sizes, 8/11 and 14/6.

**Le Gay, the new holding Hair Spray with the Brush-away formula**



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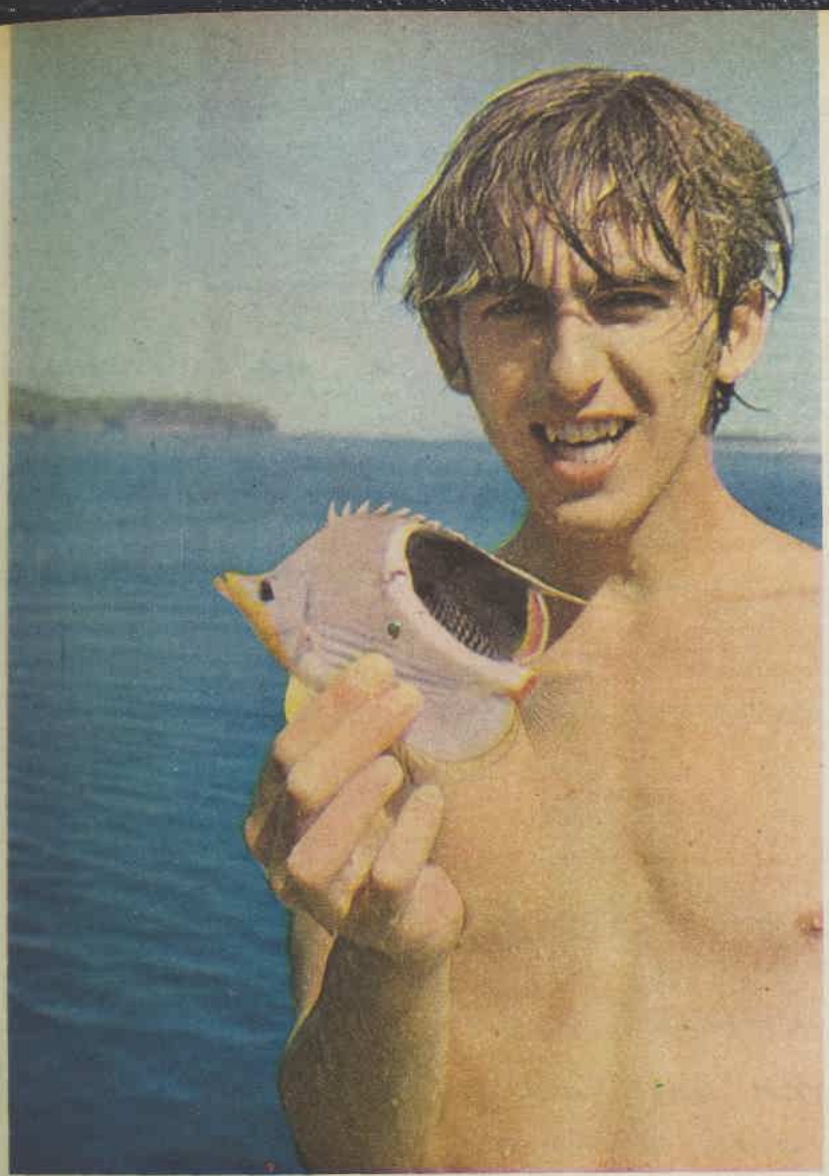
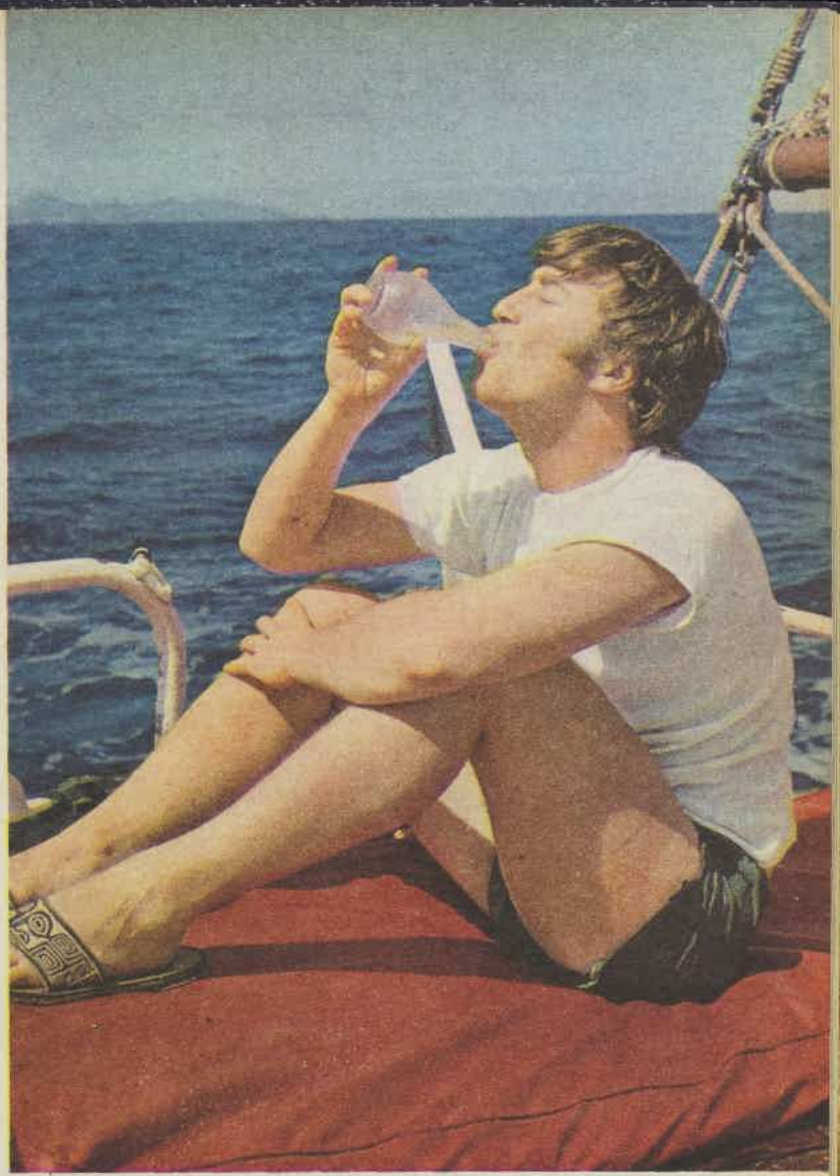


*GEORGE HARRISON enjoyed skindiving and hunting the bright fish in the coral lagoons. This one wasn't worth cooking, but the group often dined on his larger catches.*



*JOHN LENNON, on their chartered yacht, enjoyed sunbathing — and jesting. Their favorite drink was island-made, called Orangina; cases were taken on at each port.*

# I COOKED FOR THE BEATLES

*By GRAHAM ROWE*

**● When two of The Beatles went on a Pacific islands holiday cruise earlier this year they sought privacy — and found it. Now a young Englishman tells of their adventures.**

"HOW would you like to work for three weeks as interpreter on a charter yacht?" shouted the Frenchman above the Saturday night clamor of Quinn's Bar, in Tahiti.

"Sounds interesting," I yelled back.

"See the captain of the Maylis in the morning," he called, disappearing into the crowd.

Who the Frenchman was, or why he asked me, I'll never know, but I turned up next morning to see the captain of the Maylis — and started an extraordinary three weeks.

The Polynesian captain of the 60ft. ketch and his crew of two spoke only French and Tahitian, so, after agreeing to "lend a hand with the cooking," I was hired as interpreter for the four English people arriving by plane the next day.

Armed with flower leis and a piece of paper bearing the names Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, I was at the airport to meet our guests.

I had heard that two of The Beatles were arriving, and the photographers standing around added strength to the story.

What I had not heard, though, was that they were travelling under assumed names, and it took me about 20 minutes to realise that the Messrs. Leslie and Hargreaves for whom I was searching were, in fact, John Lennon and George Harrison.

With the two Beatles were John's wife, Cynthia, and George's girlfriend, Patti Boyd — both very blond and fair complexioned. By this time the foursome was being checked by Customs officials, who eventually confiscated 50 rolls of film which they were bringing above their permitted quota.

Both John and George were impatient to get away from the flashbulbs, so we all squeezed into an old taxi and went straight to the Maylis, tied up at the Papeete wharf.

The Maylis, it turned out, was not exactly the kind of boat they had expected to find. They had imagined something larger, and certainly without sails. Other than the fact that a boat was available for charter, no information had been available in England, John told me.

The original plan had been to go to the Tuamotu Islands, to the north-east of Tahiti, but because these are low atolls and would be short of such commodities as fresh water, meat, vegetables, milk, and ice, I suggested that we go to the Isles sous le Vent, closer to Tahiti, to the north-west.

Like Tahiti, these are mountainous islands generously blessed with fresh produce. I knew these islands well for what they had to offer, as I had spent much time there three years previously on a trip.

With that decision, we called it a day.

The following morning, which was hot and oppressive and threatened rain, was spent buying provisions and such things as rainjackets, straw hats, suntan lotion, flippers, two guitars, swimming trunks for John, and some tablets for his cold.

Tahiti is noted for its indifference to visiting celebrities, and saw no cause to change on account of The Beatles. A few Chinese seamstresses peered shyly out at them from the back of a shop, but most people paid them no more attention than the average tourist.

We set sail from Papeete at 2.30 that afternoon in torrential rain ("This is the Sunny South Seas!" said John), everyone nevertheless in good spirits.

Outside the protecting reef, however, the seas were heavy and while the yacht pitched and rolled some of the high spirits began to fail.

We were still running under engine-power and the smell of smoke from the freshly painted engine, combined with the high seas, overcame George, who was violently sick.

The fumes permeated the cabin where Cyn was resting, and she, too, fell victim.

After enduring one and a half hours of misery George and Cyn wanted to turn back and start again under kinder conditions, but were persuaded to continue to Tahiti's sister island, Moorea,

*Continued overleaf*



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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

"TAHITI is remarkable for its indifference—no matter how smart you are or how rich you are, you're just another person," says Graham Rowe, who spent three weeks as interpreter for John Lennon and George Harrison during their French Polynesian holiday last May.

"The captain and crew of their chartered yacht had never heard of The Beatles before, and thought of them as just another charter party."

Graham Rowe is a 27-year-old Englishman who has lived in Canada for ten years. A trip around French Polynesia three years ago, during which he worked as an extra in the film "Mutiny on the Bounty," qualified him as a guide for The Beatles.

"There's no tomorrow in Tahiti, there's no yesterday —everything is the present moment, and John and George loved it," he said. "They thought it was fantastic the way they could just do nothing, and when I suggested a climb to an ancient burial cave in the mountains on Moorea they thought I was crazy—they were there to relax."

Quietly spoken, with a new Canadian accent, Graham Rowe is a "collector" of islands—he has been all around the South Pacific, and from Sydney he will go to Singapore and on to a little-known group of islands off the African coast.

"With The Beatles, I would have gone along for nothing, just for the cruise," he said. "We sailed about 300 miles, zig-zagging from one island to the next."

When they were planning the route, Graham pointed out that some islands don't have fresh water supplies. The yacht had cases and cases of whisky in stock, because the last charter party had been a group of American men on a fishing trip. John quipped, "We can always use the whisky—there's enough to bathe in."

Living in the close contact unavoidable on a yacht didn't spoil The Beatles' charm for Graham. "John has a really nimble mind. He is always bubbling forth — the guy's a panic. You would think Cyn would be used to it, but sometimes she just couldn't stop laughing.

"Cynthia is charming, gentle, and unassuming. She is spontaneous, too. One night in the Hotel Polynesie on Bora Bora, a waitress admired one of her rings, and she wanted to give it to her—and would have if John hadn't vetoed the idea."

Cooking for himself and the four guests was the hard part of Graham's job. "I had a two-burner stove," he said, "but if I used the two simultaneously I only got half-power from each, so the method was to parboil everything and heat it up at the last minute."

*GRAHAM ROWE relaxes with John.*

# John and George make a mad movie on the beach

*ABOVE: Cynthia sits astride the Maylis' boom. This early in the voyage she was still English-pale, but later in the trip she turned a nice light tan.*

*AT RIGHT: John and George clown in the wacky movie they made on the cruise about an early missionary and his family, which they planned to show their friends at home. They took several roles.*

less than two hours ahead.

John was unruffled by the weather and stayed on deck throughout the crossing to Moorea, thoroughly enjoying himself, roaring, "The boy stood on the burning deck," "Ship ahoy," "Land ho," and any other nautical expression that came into his head.

Patti, too, took everything in her stride, though not as boisterously.

After George and John had taken some photographs we sailed to Maharepa, on the other side of the island, where the equally beautiful lagoon offered better coral gardens and skindiving.

**"The water's fab," yelled George, who leaped in before waiting for the anchor to be dropped.**

Face masks and flippers were put on, and after a little practice all four were using breathing snorkels like old hands. (Everything was "fab" and "gear" during the cruise.)

While George and Patti stayed near the boat that afternoon I went with John and Cyn on a rickety old truck, which was the local transportation, to the village of Pao Pao to visit the Chinese store.

Rather typically for French Polynesia, the truck refused to start for our return trip, so while half the village turned out laughingly to push the tired old vehicle and force some life into it, we sampled the Chinaman's home-made ice-cream, which was excellent.

Even in the solitude of the South Pacific The Beatles were not entirely able to escape the newsmen and photographers from the outside world. On two occasions these appeared — an Australian newsman in Moorea and an Italian photographer on the island of Tahaa later in the voyage.

But both left empty-handed, because of The Beatles' insistence on privacy during their holiday.

After another day in Moorea spent in the sun and water, and a delicious meal of fish speared in the lagoon by Titiri, one of the crew, we sailed for the island of Huahine, 90 miles away.

George had been reluctant to leave, not wishing to risk a repeat performance of the first day at sea. "It's great here. I'll stay, you go ahead!" he said half-seriously, but was won over by the captain's assurance that the sea would be calm.

The sanctuary of a reef-protected lagoon was gained early that evening, and it was there that we ate and spent the night.

As was to be the case for the rest of the voyage, John was first up in the morning, around 7.00.

He was closely followed by the others and they all looked with awe at the spectacle that awaited them.

Green mountains towered over the palm fringed lagoon, at the end of which nestled the tiny village of Afareaitu. The water was an unbelievable blue and children played on the golden beaches, for all the scene was now drenched in golden sun.

We spent over a day at Huahine, which is one of the quietest, least-spoiled islands of the group. John and George, dressed up in girls' wigs, raincoats, and straw hats, went ashore that afternoon with Pua, the other member of the crew, to clown around with their 8mm. cameras.

THEY planned to make a crazy little movie to take home and show their friends. John, of course, wrote the script.

It was all about the downfall of a missionary who made a miraculous arrival on a coral island to convert the heathens.

The missionary (John again) overawed the natives by wading out of the sea wearing four pairs of sunglasses. But soon he was in all kinds of trouble, and the final scene was to show his embarrassing departure in flight from the indignant islanders (John and George).

Pua thought it was the funniest thing since Charlie Chaplin, whose films are still shown in the islands.

Saturday saw us leave Huahine for Riatea, clearly visible 30 miles and four hours away. Riatea's port of Uturoa is the second largest town in French Polynesia and so was the best place to take aboard more food and ice.

While this was being done John and George looked over the rather depressing town, took a few photographs, and tried the local ice-cream.

Though Saturday night is



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# I COOKED FOR THE BEATLES

Uturoa's biggest night of the week, neither John nor George was feeling adventurous enough to participate, and stayed on the boat instead.

Men who go to sea in small boats usually can't resist the temptation to neglect the daily chore of shaving, and The Beatles proved no exception — until Sunday. It was then that John exclaimed, "My face won't get tanned!"

So out came the hot water and razor.

While George was following suit I took Patty to the local hospital for treatment of a sty that had formed in her eye, after which we sailed from the somewhat gloomy Uturoa and went to the neighboring island of Tahaa, inside the same coral reef.

The "helping hand" I had said I would give with the cooking at the outset of the trip proved to be the understatement of the year.

I was in fact the ship's cook as well as interpreter, and was fully extended putting to use all my culinary wizardry gained from eight years of "baching."

Sometimes I asked for advice from Cyn, who, after all, is a wife and mother. Cooking facilities on the Maylis left much to be desired, so I was pleased when, after tasting a potato chip, she exclaimed with delight that it was "just like Mum's."

One day I prepared the Tahitian dish *poisson cru*, which is raw fish marinated in limejuice. My mistake was in announcing what I was serving, for appetites suddenly waned.

Dinner came out of a can for The Beatles that night, while the crew and I ate the *poisson cru*.

Five days were spent at quiet anchorages at Tahaa, which offered the best skin-diving and fishing so far. George became quite proficient with the speargun, while John became very proficient at getting sunburned.

Cynthia and John always wore sunglasses (he even shaved with his dark glasses on). One day, early in the voyage, John was staring over the side at the fish swimming past the yacht. Suddenly he got up and said in his Liverpool accent, "I thought I saw a dirr-ty big fish down there with sunglasses on — it was my reflection!"

**The last two days at Tahaa were dull and rainy and John worked on composing a new song — "To pay for the trip," he said. He also wrote a short story in the satirical and comical vein of his book "In His Own Write."**

On we sailed to Bora Bora, rising out of the ocean 30 miles away like Michener's Bali Hai and considered by many to be the world's loveliest island.

**● More about The Beatles (all four) in Teenagers' Weekly, page 81.**

On the way, porpoises played around the bow of the Maylis and we hooked a large sailfish, only to have it break the 300lb. line as though it were thread.

Bora Bora's magnificent twin peaks overlook the bluest of lagoons, while the protecting reef against which the mighty Pacific hurls itself is dotted with small coral islands, known as *motus*, with dazzling beaches.

**A full week spent at Bora Bora proved to be the climax of The Beatles' trip. Much of the time was spent on Motu Tabu, a gem of a miniature island.**

There the girls sunbathed and swam while John and George finished their nutty movie started in Huahine — complete with a shot of George crawling out on to a tipped-over palm, taken so that when the film was projected he would appear to be racing up the trunk like a native.

## *Lazy days on a tiny coral island were climax of the trip*

In the evenings we tied up at the wharf at the Hotel Polynesie, where we had dinner a few times. ("To give the cook a break," said George. Maybe to give the passengers a break, too!)

An afternoon was spent water-skiing and George showed that he is no slouch in that department.

In throwing ashore a fish he had speared one afternoon, George cut his thumb badly and it was thought that stitches would be needed to close the wound.

The nurse at the local infirmary thought differently and simply dressed the deep cut. George said it was lucky that he hadn't been cut on his guitar-fingering hand!

AT last we had to return to Papeete. George and Patti decided to stay an extra day on Bora Bora, then fly back to Tahiti to meet us. They were remembering the rough day out of Papeete two-and-a-half weeks earlier and had no wish to repeat the ordeal.

The weather held fine, though, and we made the 130 miles in just over a day, John and Cyn taking their last opportunity to soak up the sun.

On The Beatles' last evening in French Polynesia before returning to England we all met at the Hotel Tahiti for dinner and the Tahitian floor show, and went on to visit the spot where my adventure began, notorious Quinn's Bar, which, said John, was "very interesting."

The next morning The Beatles took a whirlwind sightseeing trip around Tahiti before returning to the Maylis to pack. They gave the two guitars to Papi, the captain, and a tiny transistor radio each to Titiri and Pua as parting gifts.

I watched them climb the ramp to the plane, suntanned, happy, and relaxed.

It was all over for The Beatles and for me. A fun-packed three weeks was behind us, laced with John's wit, which bubbled like water out of a fountain.

George I found to be a little more reserved, with a drier sense of humor.

Neither of these young men had let success go to his head, but had remained modest and very human.

***ABOVE: The 60ft. Maylis was hired for about £60 a day. The Beatles had expected something more luxurious, but never complained about the cramped quarters. "It was all a laugh," said Graham Rowe.***

***BELOW: John, Patti, and Cyn are engrossed in a baby octopus John hooked.***



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# Thriftiest in the big, big Family Size

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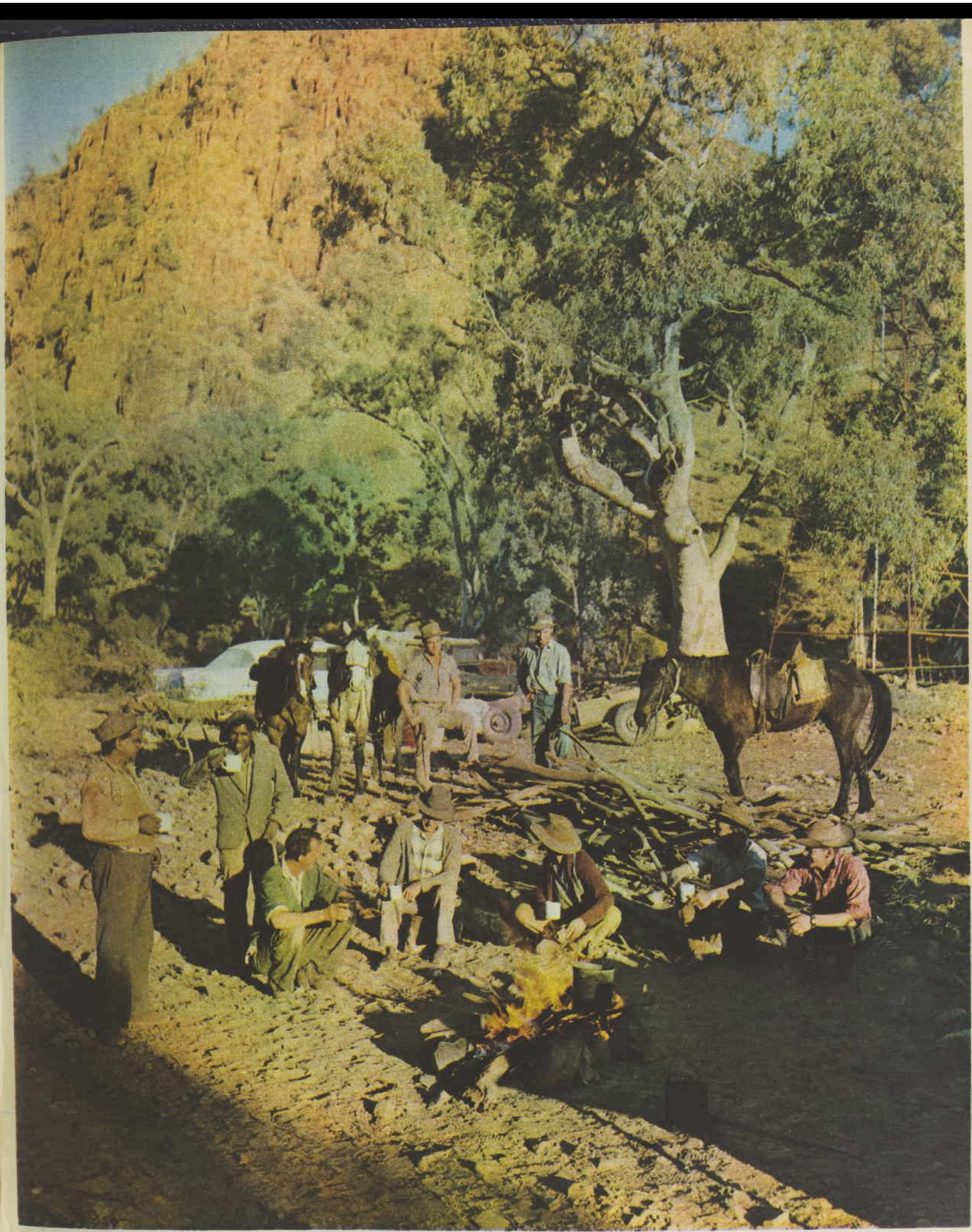

# Stockmen's breakfast

*CAMPING OUT is part of the job for the stockmen at Balcanoona Station, 443 square miles of outback sheep-run extending from rugged eastern escarpments in the Flinders Range, South Australia, to the edge of Lake Frome, which is a dry salt pan except after good rains. Here the men are having a 7 a.m. breakfast near the Italowie Gorge before beginning the day's work — tailing and crutching sheep mustered from the remoter corners. In background are drovers.*

**BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA**

Picture by Mr. Keith Phillips, Hawthorn, S.A.



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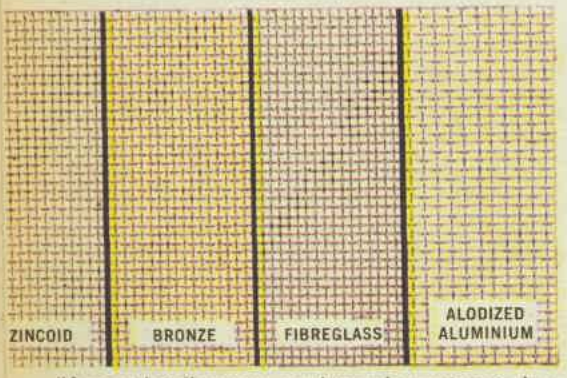
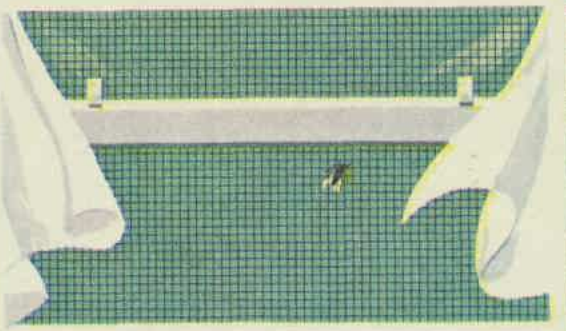
"Cooking's fun in summer now — no flies or moths to annoy with Cycloscreen on all the windows."

# "How Cycloscreen puts cool summer comfort into our home

## *–and keeps us free from the worry of mosquitoes and flies"*




**"A completed screen, ready-made, cost us as low as £2/7/0 with Cycloscreen — and only Cycloscreen gave us the choice of every kind of screening material."** Maybe it's Fibreglass screening you need for your weather conditions? Perhaps you need Alodized Aluminium; or Zincoid or Bronze? Whatever screening it is, Cycloscreen makes the best for the job. Tell your hardware man, or screen-maker, where your screen will be used — he'll tell you which Cycloscreen material you need.



**"With Cycloscreen, we leave open the windows at night and let in only the breeze — no flies and mosquitoes."** After a hot day, your home needs the night breeze through it — but you don't want the insects it brings. There are Cycloscreen meshes designed to keep out the smallest pests — yet keep the air flowing. You can cook, eat, relax, sleep in comfort without fear of the infections that summer flies and mosquitoes carry into the home.

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# VOGUE'S CHOICE FOR SUMMER

## Three designs to make from a pattern

Here we show three up-to-the-moment designs in summer-conscious colors. Note the new covered beach look, and how a blaze of white looks dazzling in the sun.

*Overleaf, another pattern trio*

*6154. — This sleeveless shift dress has an easy-cut silhouette and square neckline. Pattern also includes a version with high, round, or slightly scooped neckline, self-belt, or drawstring waistline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6154, price 7/6 includes postage.*

*6178.—Shift dress in three lengths (right), floor, knee, and wrist. The design has button-and-buttonhole closing on shoulders and side seams and a curved shirt-tail hem. The pattern also includes a design for tailored slacks. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6178, 6/6 includes postage.*

*6241.—Sleeveless beach dress (left) has an empire-line bodice, sheltering hood, and softly gathered skirt. Pattern also includes design with long sleeves and a version with a loop-and-button bodice closing. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6241, price 6/6 includes postage.*

### TO ORDER PATTERNS

- To order by mail, send pattern orders and postal notes to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Be sure to state size required.



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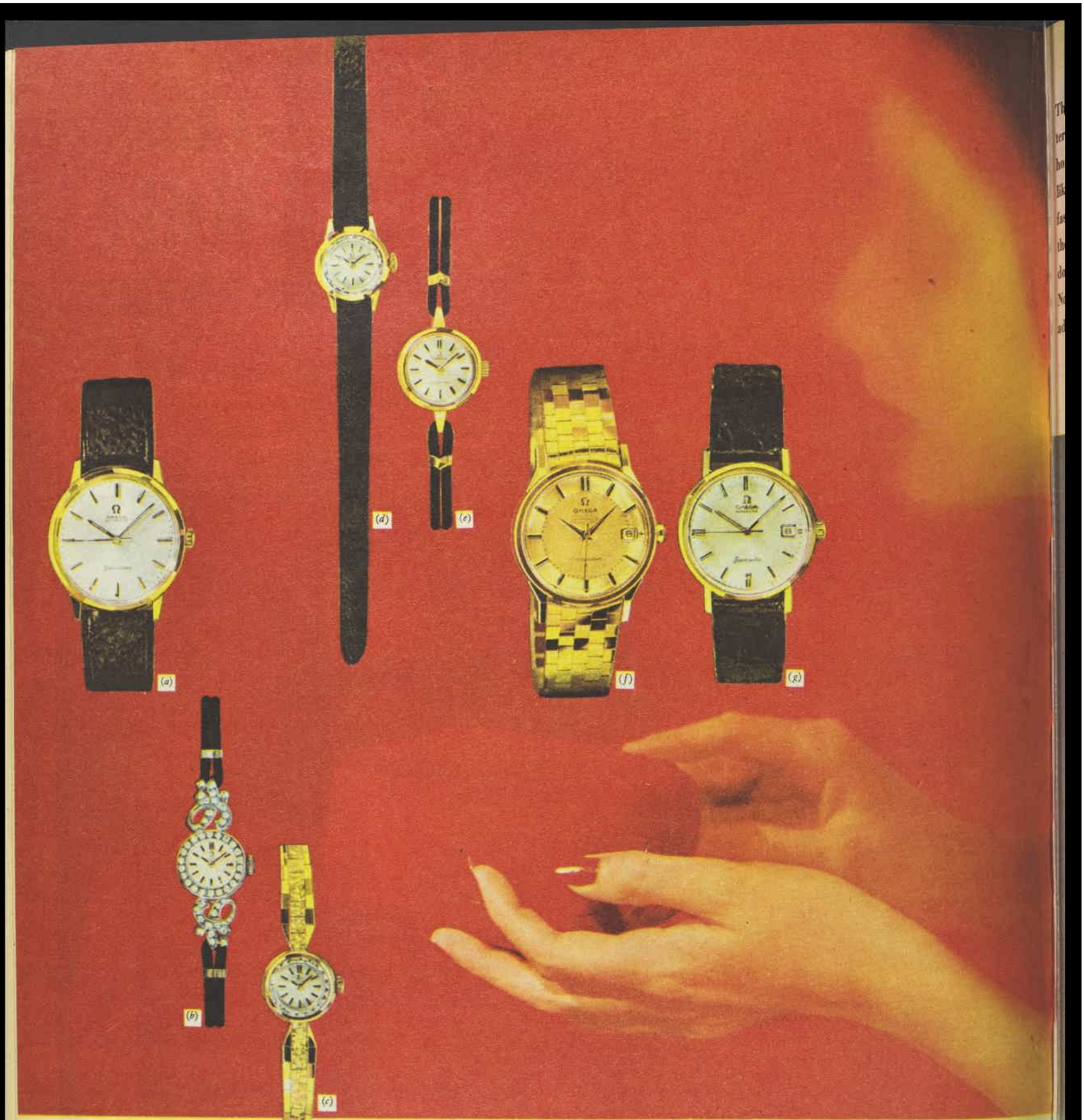


*(a) Omega Seamaster. Self-winding, gold-filled £48. Stainless steel £39.*

*(b) Omega. 18-ct. white gold set with flawless diamonds £300.*

*(c) Omega Sapphette. 18-ct. yellow gold £150. 18-ct. white gold £140.*

*(d) Omega Sapphette. 14-ct. yellow or white gold £49.*

*(e) Omega Ladymatic. Self-winding, super-waterproof. 14-ct. gold capped £60. Stainless steel £50.*

*(f) Omega Constellation Calendar de Luxe. Bracelet, case and dial in 18-ct. solid gold, onyx inlaid, gold markers £360.*

*(g) Omega Seamaster de Ville Calendar. Self-winding 18-ct. gold £145. 14-ct. gold capped £80. Stainless steel £65.*

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# A TRIO OF NEW FASHIONS TO SEW

These three Butterick patterns are chosen for the home dressmaker who likes to follow current fashion. Extra-special is the beach coat designed to double as an overblouse. Note, too, how a ruffle trim adds drama to a sheath.

*3184. — Hip-length overblouse. Pattern also includes a beach dress. Sizes: Small, 10 to 12 for 31 and 32in. bust; medium, 14 to 16 for 34 and 36in. bust; large, 18 to 20 for 38 and 40in. bust. Pattern 3184, price 5/- includes postage.*

*3136. — Sleeveless semi-fit shift dress. The dress is extra quick and easy to make and has only four main pattern pieces. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3136, price 6/- includes postage.* ▶

◀ *3181. — Dance dress has a semi-fitted silhouette and self-ruffle trim. Neckline is shallow in front and scooped out at the back. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3181, price 6/- includes postage.*

### TO ORDER PATTERNS

- *To order by mail, send pattern orders and postal notes to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Be sure to state size required.*



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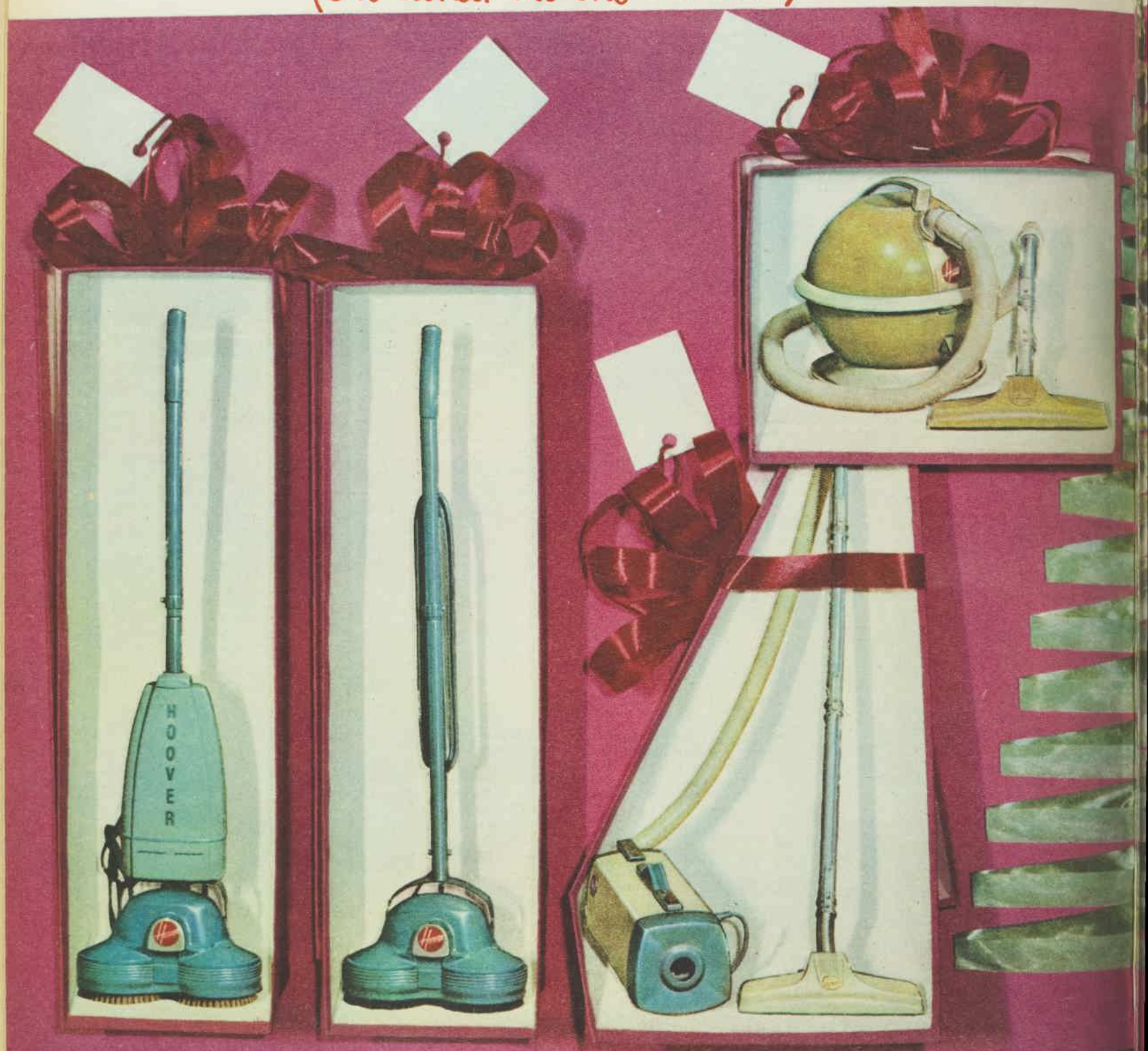
*To my Husband*

# Please can I have a Hoover

(I've ticked the one I want!)




My Christmas choice is the

**HOOVER AUTOMATIC SCRUBBER POLISHER**

And I think I deserve it. This marvellous machine "suds as it scrubs"—automatically. It contains a built-in suds dispenser—and a polish dispenser, too. The suds are released by a finger-tip control. Easy! With this wonderful machine I can do scrubbing, waxing, polishing and shampoo carpets, too!

My Christmas choice is the

**HOOVER SCRUBBER POLISHER**

You know I love polished floors, but you also know what a chore it is to keep them shining. That's why I want this machine. It has 2½ times the bristle area of other machines—does the job more thoroughly, and makes the floors much shinier. You can use it to polish your car—I won't mind.

My Christmas choice is the

**HOOVER CYLINDER CLEANER**

It's inexpensive—and a terrific cleaner. So neat and compact—hardly takes up any storage room. It cleans and cleans—every surface and every little hard-to-reach corner. And it comes with the exclusive Hoover double-stretch hose.

My Christmas choice is the

**HOOVER CONSTELLATION**

And I chose it because it's the very best all-purpose vacuum cleaner! No other cleaner beats the "power suction" of the Hoover Constellation—no other cleaner floats behind me as I work. And the complete set of attachments includes the wonderful Hoover "all-surface" floor-cleaning tool.



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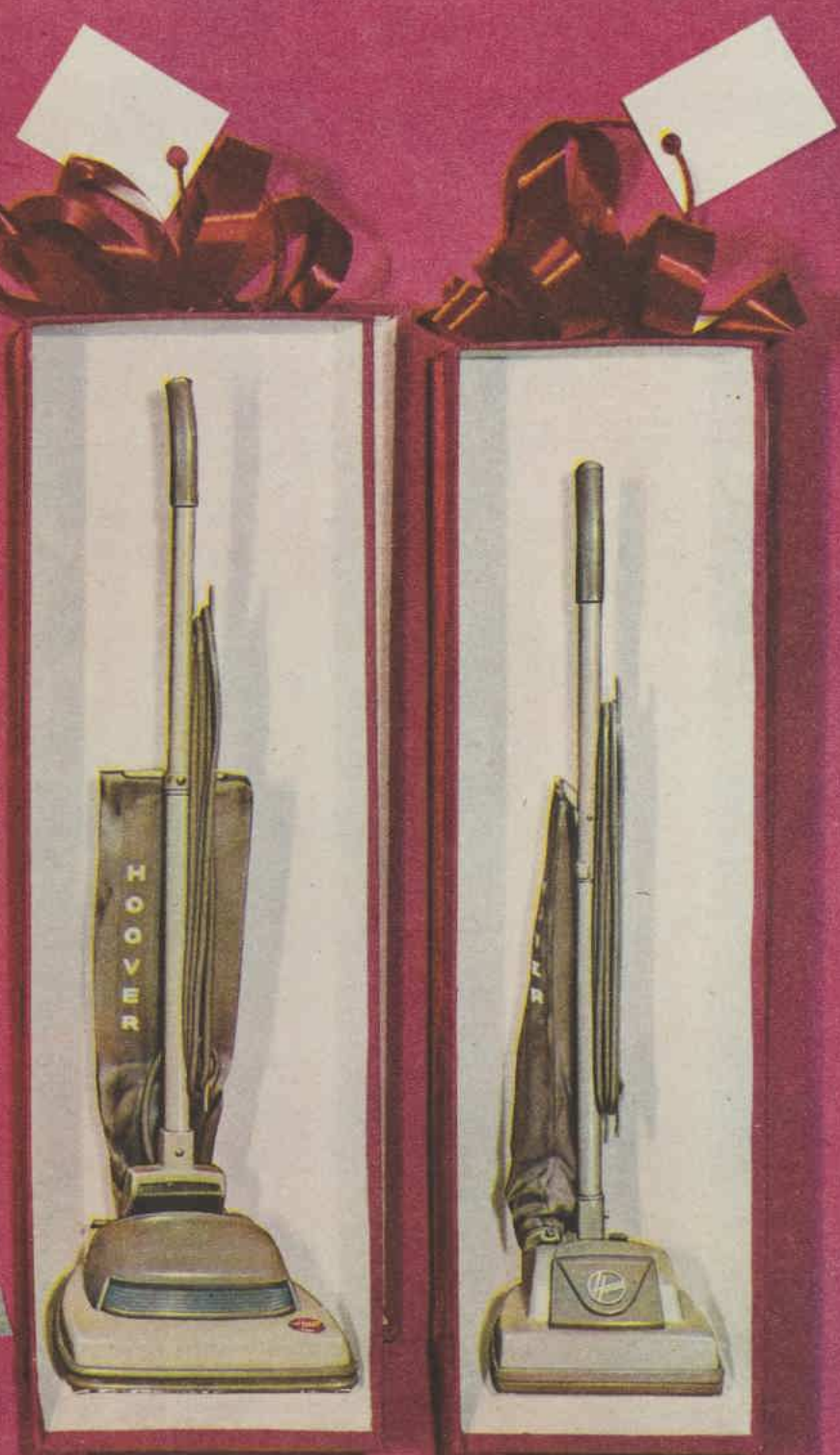
# for Christmas?

leave
this page
open
for
Santa
*(your husband)*
to
see




My Christmas choice is the
**HOOVER CONVERTIBLE**

I want this one because it's the most wonderful de-luxe cleaner of them all! It beats as it sweeps as it cleans. Firmly and gently beats out settled grit, sweeps up surface fluff, and cleans away all the dirt that dulls our carpets true colour—and it does this all at once. A full range of attachable tools, too!

My Christmas choice is the
**HOOVER LARK**

As we live in a compact-sized home—I don't need a big cleaner! But, because of our carpets, I do need a cleaner that beats as it sweeps as it cleans. The Hoover Lark is the only lightweight, low-priced cleaner with this unique three-way cleaning action. Comes with attachable tools for general cleaning.

This Christmas—all over Australia—clever Santas will be buying their wives wonderful Hoover Christmas presents. Why? Because a Hoover goes on giving all year long. These lucky wives will clean their homes faster—and better. And have much more time to do the things they love to do; playing with the children—reading—improving the home. Will you be a wise Santa this Christmas?

DON'T LET ANOTHER CHRISTMAS GO BY WITHOUT GETTING A NEW **HOOVER** APPLIANCE

Regd. Trade Mark

HA113



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Dominant STYLE NO 25

## *the private life of a smart girl . . .*

. . . who chooses a shapely go-under-everything slip with a line that's pure elegance □ Paris-inspired for unabashed femininity □ in gleaming pearl 'BRI-NYLON' — this year's Look in lingerie □ with all the 'BRI-NYLON' genius for colour and uncrushable 'little care' □ So much fashion — and jealously-guarded quality, too □ No maker can use the 'BRI-NYLON' name until his product has been tested and approved by Fibremakers Ltd., founders of the great Australian synthetic fibres industry □ ruthlessly tested for fabric . . . making . . . colour . . . laundering . . . lasting □ tested for integrity.

***Look for the BRI before you buy!***

FIBREMAKERS LTD

'BRI-NYLON' is a registered trade mark



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# DREAM OF LOVE

**The future was sure to bring happiness — a romantic story**

**By AUDRIE MANLEY-TUCKER**

ILLUSTRATED BY NASEBY

THERE I was, that gay summer morning, swinging happily along to work — happily, because Matt Springer was taking me out to lunch. The sun had a friendly touch, the early morning breeze had blown the streets clear of dust, and there was the promise of a golden day all about me.

I was wearing my new suit — able to zip myself into it at last since the scales had shown a ten-pound discount on the last of the puppy-fat — and I'd set my hair in a lovely new style the night before.

If you have mousy fair hair you have to do something, I reasoned. Matt said he hated women who tinted their hair, so I had brushed mine until it lay smooth as butter against my cheeks and cut myself a feathery little fringe.

I stopped at Archard's to look at the shoes in the window; the high, thin heels that I loved — little wisps of nothing in every shade, leather soft and supple.

The pair I particularly liked were coppery-colored, with minute bronze buckles. The price matched the elegant design. I couldn't really afford them, but I was already halfway toward reshaping my budget to include buying them.

And then as I turned away from the window I saw a couple of teenagers, the girl with ruffled hair and a sweater a few sizes too big, the boy in skin-tight

To page 50

*Looking at the shoe, Laurie knew it was exactly the one she wanted.*



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Not for you,
but...

Hat by Moray Millinery  Frock by Ricki Reed

# a great gift for him—Remington 25

**Give him this most convenient, comfortable and effective way to shave and he'll bless you every morning.** This Christmas, hand him a lifetime of freedom from the discomfort and inconvenience of blade shaving. Give him a new adjustable Remington 25 Electric Shaver. But be sure it is a Remington 25!

It's the brand he'd most likely choose for himself. Why? Because only Remington 25 has a motor powerful enough to give him a really close shave. And it's the only electric shaver he can adjust for more shaving comfort — *no matter how tough his beard or how tender his skin.*

See the big range of adjustable Remington Shavers from low prices at your retailer now!

| | |
|---|---|
| 25 De Luxe (illustrated) | £16.17.6 |
| 25 Standard | £15.17.6 |
| 25 Car Shave — operates from 12 volt battery in car, caravan or boat only | £12.17.6 |
| Also new Remington Lektronic — needs no power point, no cord while he shaves only | £18.17.6 |

Remington Shavers on sale everywhere

**REMINGTON 25**

*Good to give — great to get this Christmas*

RR99IM



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# The girl in the CURIO SHOP

**He had never met anyone like her before — an amusing story**

**By WILL STANTON**

IT looked like an ordinary tangerine. I walked past a couple more stores and slowed down. I walked past one more and stopped. Then I turned around and went back. It had occurred to me that it might be wax, but one glance was enough to tell that it wasn't. It was a real tangerine lying there in the window of a curio shop in West Los Angeles along with an old-fashioned pistol, a box-iron, and a bowl of old buttons.

Well, I thought, maybe it had got there by mistake—fallen from some place. But it wasn't touching anything. If it were removed it would leave an empty space, and there wasn't another empty space in the whole window. Somebody had put it there. Everything else was about what you would expect to find in this kind of shop—mostly junk, but at least non-perishable junk.

As I opened the door a little bell tinkled. This also was standard. I looked around for the inevitable little baldheaded man with thick glasses. Surprise No. 2. The clerk was a slender brunette.

"Can I help you?" The voice was soft, exciting.

I hesitated. For some reason it suddenly seemed important for me to make a good impression on the girl — to say the right thing. I said casually, "What's the price on the tangerine?"

"A dollar seventy-five, I think." She reached into the show window and picked it up. "No; I'm sorry, a dollar fifty."

Now, I might mention that this is the accepted procedure in a place like this. When you ask the price of something, the proprietor will say what he thinks it is and then he'll check the tag and quote a lower price. And he will act surprised and upset as if there had been a mistake, but he is willing to take the loss.

This is the technique I would have expected if I had been pricing a ceremonial sword or a piece of Cedar Rapids jade, but somehow not for a piece of fruit.

Also, I might add that there had not been any strike among tangerine growers or any crop failures. I didn't know what they were selling for in the markets, but probably ten cents each would have been tops.

"Uh-huh," I said to the girl, handing it back to her carefully. "Well, I didn't have anything special in mind—just more or less looking."

She told me to go right ahead. I browsed around for a few minutes and finally left with a meerschaum cigar-holder.

The next day I went back to the shop during my lunch hour. The tangerine was gone. Where it had been were three cookies wrapped in cellophane. The bell rang again and this time the girl looked up and smiled.

"Can I help you?" she asked. "Or do you just want to browse?"

I said, "You sold the tangerine?"

*To page 54*

*"Would you like it wrapped?" the girl asked as she took the money.*



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*Sugar belongs to the sweetest moments of your life*

ENERGY FROM THE SUN is trapped in the green leaves of the sugar cane plant, and stored as sugar in the sweet juice of the tall cane stalks. Sugar is an energy food.

A balanced diet needs three main kinds of foods — protein and body building foods, like meat and eggs, protective vitamin foods, like fruit and vegetables, and energy foods like sugar and potatoes.

**Mrs. Young, of the Burdekin River district, North Queensland, brings a cup of tea to the cane cutters on her husband's farm.**

There are about 9,000 independent cane farmers in Australia. They own their farms and do most of the work except harvesting. Mechanical cane harvesters are being used more and more.



# The Smoothie

**A light-hearted story complete on this page**

## By Jayne Sullivan

WE told Wanda Pelling all about Rodney Hunter on the first day she arrived at the office. It was a ritual gone through with all new girls, although the warnings rarely had any effect; we'd all—Yvonne, Mary, Gillian, Liz, and myself—been through it at some time or another.

"You see," said Yvonne, "it's not that there's anything basically wrong with Rodney—it's just that he's not the marrying type."

Wanda stirred her coffee absent-mindedly. "That sounds rather like a challenge. And I enjoy a challenge," she added sweetly.

We all looked at her a little more sharply. Truth to tell, it was unlikely that Rodney would waste his time on Wanda.

She was a quiet, mousy little thing in an unspectacular tweed suit and rather sensible shoes. Her grey eyes would have been rather lovely if she'd done something about mascara and stuff, but the whole general effect was a little vague.

Rodney rather went for the cover-girl type, all mint-new fashion and French perfume. Liz, who was just that type, had achieved something of a record by going out with Rodney longer than anyone else in the office—three and a half weeks.

He had really whirled her around . . . Dinners at chic little restaurants where the menu is about the same size as the tablecloth; nightclubs, orchids, theatres . . . the lot.

The next afternoon, Rodney was introduced to Wanda, who was industriously typing.

With a devastating grin, Rodney took her hand and kissed it! The combination of dark blue, thick-lashed eyes and black hair topping a lean, six-foot frame usually affected girls like a knock-out punch.

Every eye in the office was fixed upon the couple, waiting for Wanda to give the inevitable reaction.

Her answer was a polite, rather bored smile.

Before we—and the great Rodney—had had time to register our amazement, she was back to her work, fingers going nineteen to the dozen over the keyboard of her typewriter and her eyes fixed firmly on her shorthand book. Rodney could have been a thousand miles away for all the interest she was taking in him.

"Now, why," Yvonne murmured wistfully, "didn't I try the cool, couldn't-care-less treatment? What else is going to impress that blase Casanova?"

Yvonne was right. During the following week Rodney besieged our office, and the object of his undivided attention was, undeniably, Wanda. In similar circumstances, the rest of us had become absent-minded, inaccurate in our work, and had come to the office dressed as if attending a party.

Wanda, however, stuck to her guns (tweedy suits and twin-sets), remained the most impeccable typist in the room, and refused Rodney's request for a date three times running in everybody's hearing.

On Saturday morning Rodney came in at ten o'clock and asked Wanda in a humble, hesitant tone if she would care to accompany him to a concert that evening.

He then, in a rather subdued sort of way, suggested that they might have dinner first, but Wanda declined gracefully, saying Saturday was a very busy day for her.

She frowned thoughtfully. "Which composer?" she asked.

"Beethoven," offered Rodney.

Wanda smiled, a sudden, warm, enchanting smile. "All right," she said. "I'd love to."

Rodney left the room whistling.

On Monday morning she entered and began to take off the cover of her typewriter with infuriating calm.

"Well?" demanded Liz, when we could stand the waiting no longer.

Wanda looked at her inquiringly.

"On Saturday, Rodney."

"Oh, we went to the concert," said Wanda. There was a pause while we waited for her to elaborate. "Beethoven," she added brightly.

And that's all we got. Compared with Wanda on the subject of her private life and loves, an ocean clam seemed positively extrovert.

The Wanda-Rodney romance was now in its third month and still going strong. It was incredible but true.

And yet Wanda never said very much about where they went, but we all guessed it was the tried and true treatment . . . dinners, theatres, orchids, and also concerts, because Wanda was obviously musical.

But one day Rodney marched into the room with studied nonchalance. Wanda might have been invisible from the careful way in which he ignored her.

The door closed behind him. "What happened?" demaned Yvonne of Wanda.

Wanda shrugged. "We had a disagreement. Three months is a long time in a girl's life, and Rodney has shown no signs of serious intentions."

"Miss Pelling, when you have quite finished bandying our private life about the office, perhaps I could have a word with you?"

Rodney stood in the doorway, his eyes glinting.

Wanda shrugged calmly. "There seems no point."

"Wanda—" Rodney's voice was suddenly that of a defeated, broken man—"I've got something to ask you. Please . . ."

When she returned she was wearing just about the most beautiful sapphire ring I've ever seen. "Wanda," said Yvonne, "if I asked you one question, would you answer it truthfully?"

"Ask away," said Wanda. Her face was as radiant as only that of a girl hopelessly in love can be.

"What is it makes you understand men?" We all bent forward eagerly for her answer.

She looked at the circle of our expectant faces. "I have four brothers," she laughed.

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# cool Christmas hospitality

## McWILLIAM'S COCKTAILS

It's easy to welcome friends often, when you discover the wonderful ways you can make long cool drinks with McWilliam's Cocktails. There are six flavours from which you can choose and you mix long drinks as easily as this; 1½ oz. Cocktail; fill tall glass with cold lemonade or ginger ale. If desired you can embellish with ice and a slice of lemon or cucumber. Serve ice cold.

**SIX PALATE-PLEASING FLAVOURS TO CHOOSE FROM:**

Cherry, Banana, Apricot, Manhattan, Martini, Tropical Fruit.

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# Australia's favourite Carnation 'one-whip' ice cream

Here's the recipe we're asked for so often. Seems that when housewives make ice cream, two out of three make Carnation 'One-Whip'.

## Carnation 'One-Whip' Ice Cream

**3 rounded tablespoons castor sugar; 1 level teaspoon gelatine; 1 level tablespoon butter; 2 tablespoons water; 1 large can (14½ oz.) Carnation Evaporated Milk, chilled; 1 teaspoon vanilla.**

Set refrigerator control for freezing ice cream. Place the gelatine and water in a saucepan and allow to stand for 2-3 minutes. Stir over a low heat until dissolved. Add the butter and allow to melt. Stir in sugar and vanilla. Cool. Beat chilled Carnation Milk in a chilled bowl until stiff. Gradually add cooled gelatine mixture, beating constantly. Pour into trays and freeze. Makes 2 trays.

**Ensure that milk and bowl are thoroughly chilled.**

One can makes two full trays.

## Carnation Chocolate Sauce

**1 cup drinking chocolate; 1 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; 1 dessertspoon golden syrup; ½ teaspoon vanilla.**

Combine all the ingredients in a saucepan and bring to the boil, stirring constantly over a low heat. Cook 2 minutes. Cool and refrigerate until using. If the sauce is too thick, thin with hot water or extra undiluted Carnation Milk. Makes 2-2½ cups.

**Costs so little — makes so much.** For about 2/6 you get two big refrigerator trays when you make this popular Carnation 'One-Whip' ice cream. That's twice the quantity of bought ice cream you'd get for the same money. And it's almost a tray more than you get with any instant ice cream mix.

**So easy.** It's truly the **one** whip ice cream! No second whip is required during setting.

**So creamy.** It's thick, smooth and creamy—the kind children love to eat every day.

**"Secret" ingredient** — creamy Carnation Evaporated Milk — the milk that whips like cream.

Chances are, Carnation 'One-Whip' is the creamy home-made ice cream you've tasted somewhere and wished **you** could make. Now you have the recipe and you'll all be able to enjoy it often. Why not tonight?

New! Look for the exciting series of picture-recipes on the labels!

Carnation ... the milk "from contented cows"



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# A TOUCH OF MISS MINT

## An intriguing short story By JOHN D. MacDONALD

WHEN the scheduled sailing of the cruise ship Margaretta from Port Everglades, Florida, was delayed a few hours, Miss Isobel Mint, one of the first aboard, posted herself in utmost comfort where she could watch the arrivals.

As a cruise veteran she accepted the statistical reality that, among the three hundred and some passengers, there might be one or two capable of civilised conversation.

She had no doubt of her ability to single those few out at twenty paces. Instantaneous character analysis, Miss Mint believed, was a facility acquired only by veteran police officers and by maiden ladies who had spent their productive years operating fashionable schools for young ladies.

Only these two professions were privileged to learn the depths of deceit, misdirection, and cunning of which the human spirit was capable.

After her retirement, predated by an excellent investment programme, Isobel Mint had cruised frequently for ten years, spurred by curiosities which knew no restraint. As a realist she accepted the fact that she looked rather like a very tall, thin, myopic rabbit. But she also sensed that kindred souls, whose minds also had some sting and flexibility, soon forgot to be depressed by her appearance.

As she watched them come aboard, she was able to file most of them into tidy categories, and she began to be mildly alarmed by the dearth of anyone who looked, in her sense of the word, amiable. It was not as serious as it would have been on one of the longer cruises. This was a mere ten days — St. Thomas, Curacao, Aruba, Jamaica, Nassau, and back to Florida.

Then she saw a man who looked quite promising. Ten years her junior. A rather good face, seamed with the right quizzical laugh lines—intelligence and irony and a scholarly introversion. And his clothes were right. But the girl with him put Miss Mint off. She narrowed her rabbit eyes in meticulous inspection.

The girl was a good deal younger than the man. Quite a large girl, handsome and vital in an obvious way. She clung to his arm on the way to the gangplank, laughing toward him, showing more than the customary ration of teeth. Gold wedding bands twinkled on the two of them.

Too bad, Miss Mint thought. Found himself a second wife. Bought a bill of goods. That girl is not quite right. Trying to be a lady. Clothes are almost right. Walk is almost right. Entertainment world? Not quite that.

As they reached the bottom of the gangplank, a curious thing happened. The couple sobered. The girl said a

*To page 38*

*Mr. and Mrs. Corto appeared unaware of Miss Mint's steady appraisal.*



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# Heir Pressures

*"There's a masculine umbrella for you, carved hickory handle and all! I'll take it."*

*"Where's Daddy's umbrella? You don't expect me to carry THAT to school!"*

# HAY FEVER?

Then get quick relief with tried and proven

# Bethal TABLETS

When your eyes smart and the poor old nose twitches and itches with irritant Hay Fever . . . be sure to have your **Bethal Tablets** handy. Thousands of sufferers have proved Bethal's effectiveness over many years. This effectiveness is soon noticed as **Bethal Tablets** work swiftly through the bloodstream. **Bethal Tablets** are easy to carry and easy to take . . . two tablets bring quick, long-lasting relief. Try them! See your chemist today and dry up Hay Fever sniffles with **Bethal Tablets,** only 2/9, 6/3 and 19/6.

**Bethal Tablets for HAY FEVER**

Bethals also give wonderful relief from Asthma & Catarrh.

BC70


furtive something and looked behind her. The man moved off to the side, awkwardly casual. The girl came aboard. The man lighted a cigarette. Miss Mint leaned over the rail and saw the girl present her ticket. She received a smiling greeting from the purser. A few minutes after she was out of view, the man came aboard. He presented a ticket.

Disconsolate, Miss Mint leaned back. Oh, dear, one of those tiresome little charades. Men could be such sacrificial lambs. Cross him out for this voyage. At least he had not committed the lesser sin but far greater disaster of marrying the hussy.

Yet something about it bothered her. The little scene did not seem quite right. It clung to the back of her mind long after she had given up the vain search for a kindred spirit and had reconciled herself to ten days of observation rather than conversation.

AT dinner, after they had moved into the chop of the Gulf Stream and the last red of April twilight was almost gone, Miss Mint was assigned to a table for six. Two places remained empty. The other three were occupied by a trio of fresh young schoolteachers from South Carolina, all very sunburned and slightly queasy, and who spent the dinner hour talking about how much dancin' there would be aboard.

The Margaretta was a small ship and a one-class ship, and the next morning, when they were well through New Providence Channel and headed south, Isobel Mint, in her cotton print and her sneakers and her baseball hat, paced the deck areas and lounges looking vaguely for that rather nice man travelling with that slightly impossible girl.

At lunch the two extra places were filled. To her confusion it was the vital young woman she had seen with the older man, but now she was with a man her own age. He was, to say the least, unfortunate, Isobel Mint thought.

A great, brown, muscular chap with unpleasant table habits and a nasty bouquet of black hair erupting out of the top of his sports shirt. The two of them were slightly drunk and displayed no intention of introducing themselves. The three young teachers seemed cowed.

By introducing herself in a loud, firm tone, as she had done with the teachers on the previous evening, Miss Mint elicited a startled look, and the fact that they were a Mr. and Mrs. Corto, Marty and Melinda. Mrs. Corto wore the same wide gold band. Mr. Corto had one also.

One of the stewards came over and greeted them by name with all that false effusiveness which is related in direct proportion to the tip on some previous cruise. Yet it made the pair glow and look important. Miss Mint noted that Melinda Corto had given up the ladylike pretences, and seemed much more in her own vulgar element with this young man.

The pair ignored their table companions and talked to each other in what Miss Mint thought to be some sort of contemporary slang, one the associated with musicians or criminals. She was prepared to accept that sort of rudeness, but at one point Marty Corto went too far.

He glanced around the table and said something in a perfectly audible voice into Melinda's ear, ". . . got to watch out, honey, the way

*Continued from page 37*

# A TOUCH OF MISS MINT

they got me at a table fulla luscious dames . . ."

There are limits, of course. Isobel Mint placed her fork on her plate with exactly the right emphasis to attract the young man's attention. She stared across at him with that dreadful smile which had intimidated several generations of the most arrogant young women the eastern seaboard could produce.

"Mr. Corto. Even in my better years, and I can assure you I had those years in full measure, I should not have touched a specimen like you with laboratory forceps. In the future, be so kind as to omit any reference to me from your witticisms."

In a vivid silence Corto went white under his hero tan, then raw beef red when his young lady began to strangle on food and laughter. Miss Mint studied him, and when she saw that he would be no trouble in the future she nodded, finished her meal, and excused herself.

On a shady corner of the forward deck under the bridge, she frowned out across a sparkle of tropic sea and tried to make sense of what she had seen. The older man and Melinda had given the impression of an intimate relationship which was certainly not father-daughter or uncle-niece.

At the same time the Corto relationship did not have a marital flavor. What kind of utterly mad triangle could it be?

OF one thing Miss Mint was certain. The actions of individuals were consistent with their capacities and, when all facts were known, made a congruent sense. And she had trusted her appraisal of the mysterious Mr. X. A decent chap. The fathers of her best girls had been in that mould.

She wanted the stranger's name. And she wanted to find him. She went to the purser's office. With vast professional patience he told her that there were exactly 311 passengers on board. No, they had no intention of publishing a passenger list this voyage. Too short. No, he was not authorised to let her examine his own list.

So she decided to make up her own. She did not mind being thought an eccentric. She went about with one of her notebooks. As she took down each name and cabin number, she gave that person one quick sharp glance. She had always known each young girl by name after the third day of school. This was far easier. Young girls had a forlorn tendency to look very much alike.

Thus she could tell at a glance whether any passenger was as yet unrecorded. She gave no reason for asking. But no one questioned her. An air of absolute authority is seldom challenged.

By evening she had well over two hundred. By eleven the next morning she had reached three hundred. The sea was calm. That helped. The last eleven were difficult. Six of them were three honeymoon couples.

She questioned room stewardesses in her fluent, grammatical, and badly pronounced Italian, and got the names and room numbers, and eliminated the gentlemen on the basis of age. Four were desperately seasick — three ladies and one very, very elderly gentleman. The final male was in the ship's infirmary, and he turned out to be twelve years old.

At three o'clock she went back to the purser. "Mr. Metucci, I wish to speak to you very seriously."

"But, of course, madame."

"I have listed here every passenger apparently aboard. Three hundred and eleven. Here is my list. Names and cabin numbers."

"My heavens, madame, you have covered them all? But why?"

"I watched the arrivals. I saw a man come aboard. He presented a ticket. Apparently he is not now aboard. I watched until the mooring lines were cast off. I did not notice him leave."

"But . . . a moment of inattention . . . surely you . . ."

"Did anyone with a ticket leave the ship?"

"No, but . . ."

"Do you have 312 passengers?"

"Absolutely no. It has been checked and . . ."

"I saw you checking people aboard. You seemed to have a special greeting for Mrs. Corto."

"Ah, yes, of course. They have sailed with us before. But I do not see what—"

"Visitors use the other gangplank, further forward?"

"But yes. I do not—"

"Now I wish to ask you what is perhaps the most important question of all. On sailing, did you find one visitor's pass had not been surrendered?"

He stared at her intently, in reappraisal. "You are quite right. We thought someone might attempt to hide aboard. We conducted a thorough search, in a quiet way. But how could you know that?"

"Mr. Metucci, I have seen Mr. Corto wearing two sports shirts which are not only too small for him but are of a more sedate pattern than I imagine he would buy — or any woman would give him."

MR. METUCCI wiped a hand slowly across his eyes. "Miss Mint, if you could possibly be more careful to stay on one subject at a time, perhaps I could—"

"Mr. Metucci. I am an observant woman. I seek reasons for everything." She paused. "Once I have eliminated all probable explanations, I am then willing to accept the improbable. The Cortos eat like wolves and do not get seasick, yet they missed dinner on the first night out."

"Please, Miss Mint!"

"If you would stop interrupting! I believe Mrs. Corto talked a lonely and vulnerable man into buying cruise tickets for the two of them under the supposedly assumed name of Martin Corto. Then Mr. Corto came aboard as a visitor, probably at a crowded moment. Mrs. Corto gave the lonely man a reason why they should not board together, possibly a jealous friend she was trying to avoid. They met in their cabin. Possibly she drugged a drink. Then the real Mr. Corto joined her. They locked the door. In the small hours of the morning, perhaps, they hurled the lonely man overboard. They missed dinner because they could not leave him there alone. Now Corto, both cheap and ignorant, wears the dead man's shirts."

Mr. Metucci hit himself in the forehead with his fist. "I beg you—"

"Mr. Metucci! Have you had police inquiries regarding men in their middle years who were reputed to have sailed with you, yet there was no trace of them in your records or your memory?"

The purser seemed to listen to distant sounds. His lips made a whistle-shape. "It has happened," he said.

"And the Cortos were on those cruises."

"Perhaps."

She gave him that smile which had turned very lazy young ladies into straight-A scholars. "I believe your captain will invite the Cortos to the bridge while you and I see if their cabin contains anything . . . equivalently implausible."

The stocky captain of the Margaretta, in tropic whites, stood on the shoreward wing of his bridge with the curious Miss Mint and in silence watched the Cortos being bundled by proper authorities into a vehicle bound for the airport.

The captain sighed. "True villainy presupposes the imagination to comprehend the horror of the act. Those two are mindless urchins."

"My dear Captain, the worst villainy comes from childish callousness."

He smiled at her. "It could be argued at length, perhaps over wine. Please humor me. I so seldom find a passenger who can converse."

"My pleasure," said Miss Mint, with a rabbity smile, adjusting the tilt of her baseball hat.

(Copyright)

# Fact or Fiction?

**"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (John 6:63)**

In the Sacred Scriptures there is the teaching from God for both angels and men. Because of this dual function, the Bible has a two-fold meaning: the literal sense which men can read, and the inner spiritual sense which is seen in the spiritual world, and to a limited extent in this world.

**"And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning Himself" (Luke 24:27)**

**"Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures" (Luke 24:45)**

*Emanuel Swedenborg's book 'The True Christian Religion,' Chapters 4 and 5, and the book 'Heavenly Doctrine can tell you more about this subject. Borrow them and others by the same author from your Public Library, or direct from The New Church Book Room, 55/65 Clarence Street, Sydney.*




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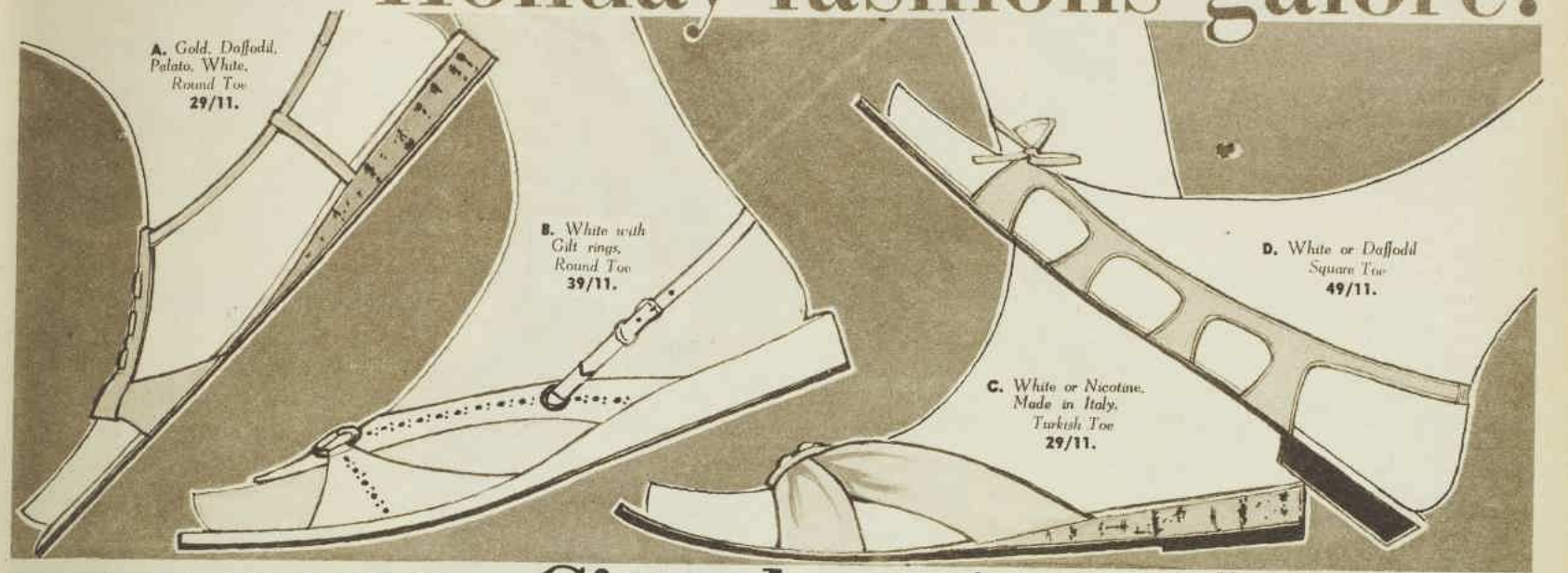
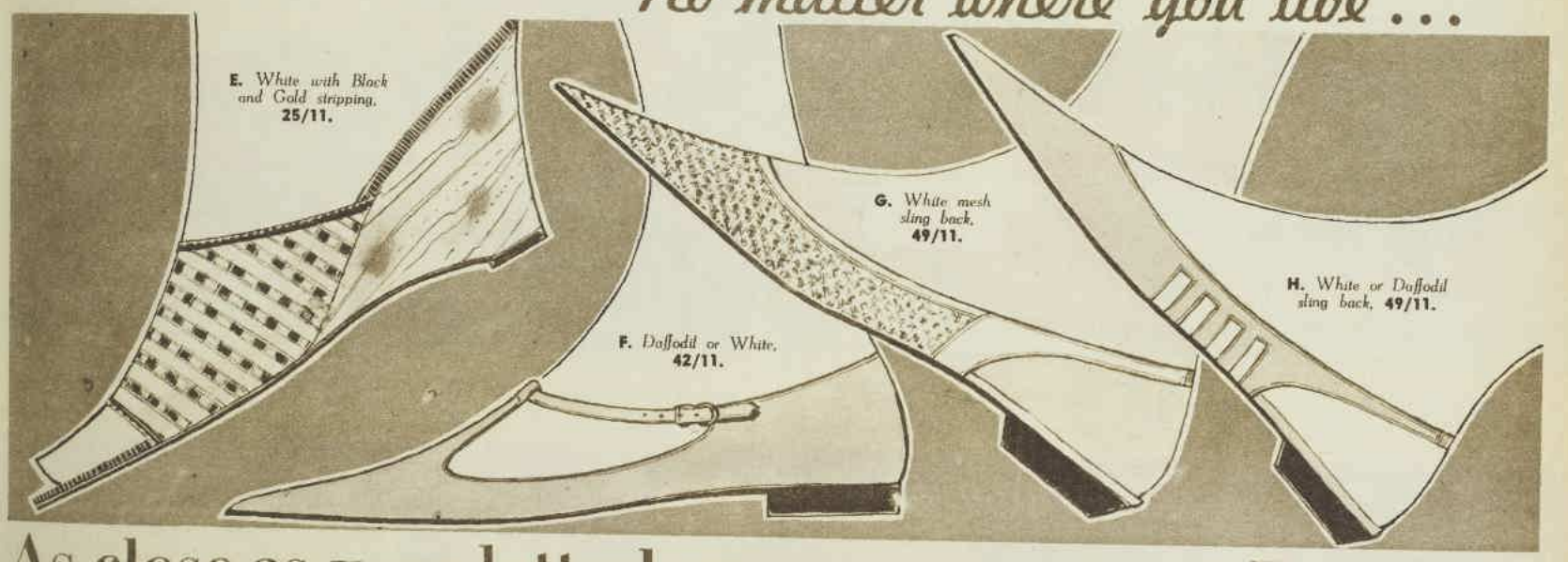
# FAYS Holiday fashions galore!




# FAYS City shopping selections

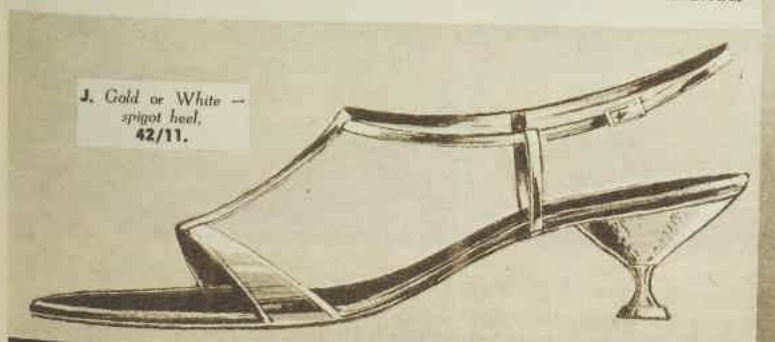
## *No matter where you live . . .*

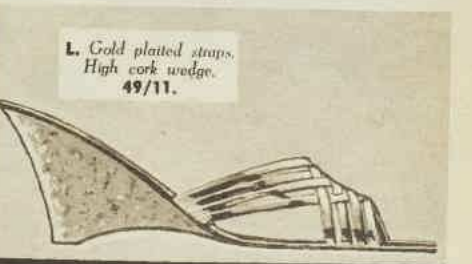



## As close as your letterbox or your nearest Fays store

Now, for the first time, Fays bring the latest in fashion for holiday wear direct to you, enabling you to make your selection of up-to-date fashion in your own home. Illustrated are just a few from the wonderful range of holiday sandals and casuals at Fays . . . Sydney's leading shoe stores. So, no matter where you live, Fays city shopping selection can be yours!

**IF YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED . . . THERE'S A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.**






• Corner Market and Pitt Streets, SYDNEY • Corner Liverpool and Pitt Streets, SYDNEY • Oxford Street, SYDNEY • Dee Why Square, Shop 7, Howard Avenue • NEWCASTLE, 113 Hunter Street • NEWCASTLE, Shirley, 153 Hunter Street • LEICHHARDT, 369 Parramatta Road NEWTOWN, 302 King Street • BLACKTOWN, Flushcombe Avenue • SEVEN HILLS, Regional Shopping Centre • WAGGA WAGGA, Baylis Street TAMWORTH, Peel Street • HURSTVILLE 306 Forest Road • MIRANDA FAIR Shopping Centre. EASTWOOD, Westfield Centre • BANKSTOWN (in Waltons) •

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TO EDWARD FAY PTY. LTD., BOX 4048, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I enclose £ : : including 2/6 postage (per pair of shoes) to cover the cost of _____ pairs of shoes.

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Code No._____ Size_____ Colour_____

Code No._____ Size_____ Colour_____

NAME_____

(Block Letters)

ADDRESS_____



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# WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS BY AVON

## A joy to Select... A joy to Give... A joy to Receive

Gifts of beauty for women — too lovely for words, too numerous to mention. All imaginative, original and exquisitely packaged. Grooming gifts for men and boys, handsome in appearance and handsome in performance. Delightfully amusing gifts for children, too.

Best of all, selecting gifts by Avon gives you all the excitement of Christmas shopping with all the comforts of home, because your Avon Representative comes to *you*. It's such a wonderfully convenient way to do your Christmas shopping early, leisurely, comfortably. Do welcome your Avon Representative when she calls.

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# RUN SCARED

**Admitting her guilt hadn't helped . . . fourth instalment of our dramatic serial**

## By MIGNON G. EBERHART

**RECENTLY married LEM BASCOM, who is running for election as governor of the State, realises one of the first problems to be faced, if elected, is the death sentence on MANSOUR, a convicted murderer. He decides that his wife, MARTHA, should go to the family house at Bascom Bay for the last days of the campaign. Driving there, Martha stops at the turn-off to inquire the way from JIM and ELLEN STENSON, and after a drink with them continues. Suddenly a figure looms up in the rain before her lights, and after a bump she stops, seeing a man—apparently dead—on the road.**

**At the Bascom house, DILLY DOWNES, a friend of the family, refuses to allow her to contact the police, fearing a setback to Lem's campaign. Dilly can find no trace of the body and next morning hears nothing about a hit-run accident when she goes into town.**

**That night the Stensons call and mention a prowler at whom Jim had fired a warning shot. Later Martha is woken by the phone and a man's voice saying he has a raincoat showing tyre marks. Next morning before she can tell Dilly she meets a man she believes is a reporter, near the lake, but is hurried away by Dilly before she speaks to him.**

**Lem, accompanied by ARCHIE HENSHAW, his Press representative, arrives and stays the night. Archie answers the phone and hears about the raincoat, but when he mentions it to Martha later, she avoids the issue. After they leave, Martha sees a dead body floating in the lake and is sure it is her road victim. But Jim thinks it is the prowler. Lem comes home again and is furious when Martha tells him her story, but he agrees she must tell the sheriff.**

**After Lem departs, Martha is frightened by the same voice speaking to her again on the phone, because she had thought the mysterious caller to be the man she had knocked down on the road, and whose body she had seen floating in the lake. NOW READ ON:**

*Grabbing Martha's arm, the man angrily said, "Just call me a friend of Jack Mansour's."*

MARTHA turned on the light; she grasped a dressing-gown of Lem's which lay over the chair. It was too big for her; she stumbled and half fell, running along the hall to Dilly's door. She flung it open. "Dilly — Dilly" — she called again. "Dilly —"

Dilly snapped on her table light. "What on earth? Who —"

"It wasn't the dead man! It never was the dead man. It's somebody else—"

"What are you talking about?"

"He phoned just now. He phoned and said he still had the raincoat. He said it was time we had a talk. And then he hung up. I tell you it was somebody else. Another man—"

The lace straps of Dilly's chiffon nightdress were slipping off her shoulders. She shivered, stared blindly at Martha, said, "Give me that robe, I'm freezing," and reached for her spectacles.

Martha gave her the pink silk dressing-gown. Dilly huddled it around her. "I thought I heard the phone. I thought it was Lem. I hoped—now, tell me exactly. Stop shaking like that. What did he say?"

"I told you. Just that—but don't you see, it was somebody else! Both times—"

"How do you know?"

"His voice. Oh, it's the same man—"

Dilly nodded slowly. "I see. Yes — that's what Lem meant."

"Lem?"

"Of course. When he reminded the sheriff that the autopsy would show the time of the dead man's death. I thought of it at the time."

"Oh. You mean if the autopsy proves that he died Thursday night — then — why, of course, it had to be somebody else who phoned and said he had a raincoat. I didn't think—"

"It would be better if you'd use your brains just once in a while. That is if you have any brains, which I'm beginning to doubt."

Martha had lost all her awe of Dilly; she slapped back fiercely and naturally. "Do your own thinking, Dilly, and I'll do mine from now on!" She started for the door. Dilly cried, "What are you going to do?"

"Tell Lem. Tell the sheriff."

"Martha—I told you to think—"

"What's the governor's number?"

"I don't know."

"Is it listed?"

"I tell you I don't know—"

"Dilly, you phoned him. You talked to him. Give me his number. If you won't, I'll ask information."

Dilly eyed Martha and sighed. "There's a little black book in the telephone room. On the shelf." She hoisted herself up and peered at her watch. "It's nearly three o'clock—"

Martha hugged Lem's big robe around her and went out. A pale glimmer of light came up the stairs from the living-room. The house was cold; icy little draughts struck her bare feet. A single lamp was still lighted, on a table, shining down on newspapers, Dilly's big alligator handbag, an ashtray, an empty glass—homely things which seemed in sharp contrast to a nightmarish voice over the telephone. She ran, stumbling in the long robe, to the telephone room and snapped on the light there.

On the shelf lay a battered book of telephone numbers. She found the governor's number, dialled long distance, and put in a person-to-person call. After a long time a man's voice answered. "This is the governor's mansion." There was a cold and sleepy disapproval in the voice.

"I'll talk to him," she said to the operator quickly. "This is Mrs. Lemuel Bascom. I want to talk to Mr. Bascom."

"Oh — he's not here, madam. The governor is asleep."

"When did Mr. Bascom leave? Where did he go?"

"I don't know, madam. He was here—he and some other gentlemen. They left some time ago."

"You don't have any idea where Mr. Bascom went?" she insisted.

Something desperate and beseeching in her own voice

*To page 64*


**Vital Statistics 36-24-36**

**SLIM AND TRIM**
**—thanks to FORD PILLS**
**and the Ford Pills Diet Chart**
**A grateful lady writes—**
*My weight come down 22 lbs. I have been taking Ford Pills and I follow the Diet Chart for overweight. The Ford way is the safe way, and I thank you.*
V.R. of Bondi, N.S.W.

**Other happy ladies state—**
*I've now lost fourteen pounds. Ford Pills are wonderful.*
M.J. of Kurnell, N.S.W.

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*I take Ford Pills and follow the Diet Chart for slimming and I praise them to my friends.*
P.K. of Wahroonga, N.S.W.

*I took off seven pounds in one week.*
J.V.K. of St. Peters, Sydney.

*I'm back to normal and so much better in health, I can really highly recommend Ford Pills.*
C.E., Clayton, Vic.

**START FORD PILLS SLIMMING PLAN TO-DAY!**

Ford Pills will quickly help you regain the vigour and vital statistics of youth as your unwanted pounds and unlovely inches are banished.
Ford Pills are dependable, absolutely safe and not habit forming, as they contain natural extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.
Ford Pills are tried and approved as a gentle, painless, thoroughly reliable laxative, ideal for all your family.

*Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/6 and 3/9 EVERYWHERE.*

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**FORD PILLS**



**ANNOUNCING**
**PRIZE WINNERS IN THE**
**KOLYNOS**
**BANDSTAND CONTEST!**

**First Prize — 850 Morris Mini-Minor car**
Diana Dasey, Flat 14, 21 Rosalind St., Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

**Second Prize — Honda C.100 motor scooter**
Robert Ferguson, Myalla, Cooma, N.S.W.

**3 Philips 'Partygoers' portable radio record players**
Miss Gillian Carter, 21 Hextall Avenue, Tranmere, S.A.
Mrs. G. Fairbrother, 4 Hebb Court, Colac, Vic.
Mrs. M. D. Purdie, West Terrace, Laura, S.A.

**2 Wallace surfboards hand-crafted to specifications**
Max Anderson, 27 Cousins Street, Rockhampton, Qld.
Mr. K. Baltrusaitis, 9 Lanark Ave., Seaton Park, S.A.

**6 Philips 'Musictimes' portable transistorised radio**
Terry Fisk, 270 Lake Street, Cairns, Qld.
Miss Marita Holt, 21 Rankin Pde., Southport, Qld.
Mrs. M. James, 21 Santarosa Avenue, Ryde, N.S.W.
Miss Helen Szczepaniak, 50 Mill Street, Riverstone, N.S.W.
Rosemary Swan, 128 Quarry Street, Rockhampton, Qld.
Mrs. A. Tobin, 261 Roberts Road, Greenacre, N.S.W.

Winners of the **20 Vanity Hairdryers**
**50 Christine Lynch bracelets**
**75 Philips LP Records**
**100 Savlon Packs**

WILL BE NOTIFIED BY MAIL

KY701



**BAD CHIEF YESTERDAY**
**Good Chief today**

Based on a real life story

Yahoo! Another Cowboy bites the dust!
"Just look how happily Bobby's playing today," says his mother. "Only yesterday the children were squabbling and fighting. But last night I gave Bobby a Laxette. No tears today!"
Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Not habit-forming. No embarrassing urgency. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.
When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/3.




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# *Sweden has some beautiful ideas*

(ABOUT RYE CRISPBREADS)

**Swedish Breakfast:** When you have breakfast in Sweden, odds are that you will have Ry-King crispbreads instead of toast. Two reasons. Because of Ry-King's whole-hearted flavour. And because it's a Swedish tradition to be slim and trim and fashionable. In less than a generation, Ry-King has become the world's best selling crispbread. In Sydney as well as Stockholm, London, Paris or New York, people who know good food choose Ry-King. Why not bring Sweden to *your* breakfast table today?

Ry-King from Sweden — with *flavour*!

RK2.5


# AT HOME
## *with Margaret Sydney*

**● I've discovered, once again, that it's better to know some of the questions than all the answers! Wondering out loud about the flock of ewes I saw from the train window, all with black lambs at foot, has brought me a spate of most interesting letters from country readers, and even one from a poor old townie like me who'd seen the same thing and was still wondering about it.**

DON'T let me keep you in suspense — they were Suffolks!

The wife of a Tasmanian breeder whose grandfather founded Australia's third Suffolk stud has written: "I feel that perhaps the farmer in question would have been rather worried if his lambs were not black, as I am reasonably sure they would be Suffolk.

"When Suffolk lambs are born they vary from light to jet black. After about five weeks, when the lamb's fleece begins to grow, the blackness will grow out and become 'as white as snow.' "

Another reader, from South Australia, writes: "I expect quite a number of people, yes, even country folk, don't know that there are particular breeds which are born black and then go white, but have black heads and legs. Rather like white horses, which in the majority of cases are dark and then go dappled and finally white."

Another South Australian whose husband breeds Suffolks writes: "The purer the breed the blacker they are when born, and when developed the black heads and legs should finish with a clean-cut line, with no black blending into the white and no brown coloring."

Which is not only interesting, but astonishing when you consider the variety of ways nature goes about achieving similar effects.

Basically, the Suffolk and the Siamese cat and the Himalayan rabbit have the same coloring—light bodies and dark pigment in the "points."

Let's leave the rabbits out of it, because I haven't the faintest idea what color they are when they're born. But the Siamese and the Suffolk end up with the same color pattern, though they achieve it by starting from opposite ends of the line.

**The Suffolk is born dark and changes its body color to white; the Siamese is born white, and changes all its end bits — face and ears and legs and feet and tail — to dark colors.**

*Odd! I suppose there's some terrifically involved scientific explanation for the difference in the laying down of dark pigments, but I'm quite happy to believe, with Shakespeare, that nature's just bragging again.*

### *Those odd black sheep that never change . . .*

READERS from several States have written to tell me that black sheep (not these black lambs from Suffolk and similar breeds, but the odd black sheep which turn up in flocks and *stay* black) are in demand with scientists, who use them for tracing copper deficiencies in soil.

In the West, a reader tells me, the C.S.I.R.O. a short time ago was advertising for black lambs to use on the several million acres of W.A. soil which are marginally deficient in copper, zinc, and molybdenum.

Where the land is deficient in copper, the black sheep's wool changes gradually to grey, she writes.

Two Tasmanian readers have torn a lengthy strip off me for leaving their State out of the family circle when I was talking about Interstate bickering.

I'm sorry! I do apologise for failing to include you with the other black sheep.

**I also left the Northern Territory out, so before any indignant Territorian takes pen in hand to tick me off, my apologies to them, too.**

*I'm sure you can be perfectly impossible to get on with if you try, but you mustn't blame me for regarding you as nice people with nice manners who make no invidious comparisons at all!*

### *Why the road to the letter-box is a rough one*

TALKING about all those letters brings back the uncomfortable subject of my unanswered mail. All over the house there are bundles of letters from readers who wanted an answer, expected an answer, *deserved* an answer.

What's more, I meant to answer all of them. My intentions were good. And we all know just which road is paved with good intentions. So will everybody I owe a letter to accept one second-hand?

Charles Dickens wrote it to a friend called Mrs. Winter. If you read it with the help of the footnotes at the bottom, you'll see how it can be adapted to bring you my very genuine excuse for not writing.

"A necessity is upon me now — as at most times — of wandering about in my old wild way, to think (1). I could no more resist this (2) on Sunday or yesterday than a man can dispense with food, or a horse can help himself from being driven.

"I hold my inventive capacity (3) on the stern condition that it must master my whole life, often have complete possession of me, make its own demands upon me, put everything else away from me.

"If I had not known long ago that my place could never be held (4) unless I were at any moment ready to devote myself to it entirely, I should have dropped out of it very soon.

"All this I can hardly expect you to understand, or the restlessness and waywardness of an author's mind (5). You have never seen it before you, or loved with it, or had occasion to think or care about it, and you cannot have the necessary consideration for it.

"It is only half-an-hour, it is only an afternoon, it is only an evening, people say to me over and over again; but they don't know that it is impossible to command oneself sometimes to any stipulated and set disposal of five minutes (6).

**"These are the penalties paid for writing books (7). Whoever is devoted to an art must be content to deliver himself wholly up to it (8), and to find his recompense in it. I am grieved if you suspect me of not wanting to see you, but I can't help it" (9).**

*FOOTNOTES:*

*1. To dust.*
*2. I could no more get out of this.*
*3. I hold my domestic capacity.*
*4. The house wouldn't be fit to live in.*
*5. Housewife's mind.*
*6. To get rid of the family for five minutes.*
*7. For keeping house.*
*8. Who, me?*
*9. I am grieved if you suspect me of not wanting to write to you, but I HAVEN'T TIME!!*



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# Give her cushioned comfort

# AMAZING T.V. SLIPPER SPECIAL

**7/6**

Give her versatile slippers she'll wear prettily anywhere and fancy she's walking on air. Long wearing, snug fitting vinyl with cushiony foam insole . . . in colours galore. (How we wish we could show them all!)

*Truly a wonderful gift at a truly wonderful price.*

Small 2-3, medium 4-5, large 6-7

*Woolworths guarantee money back cheerfully unless completely satisfied.*

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Mother!.. **HEINZ BABY FOODS**
offer you a wonderful

# FREE SECOND HONEYMOON

Anywhere in Australia—and you get there by

## New ANSETT-ANA 727 FAN JETS

5 lucky couples must win these flights plus £250 for accommodation and spending money, the cost of a baby-minder, a Kays Rent-a-car for 2 weeks, 3 months supply of Heinz Baby Foods. And there's a host of other big prizes too. Start saving your Heinz Baby Food labels now—you and your husband may soon be winging your way on a fabulous "Second Honeymoon".

**ENTER AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE — JUST ENCLOSE 12 HEINZ BABY FOOD LABELS WITH EACH ENTRY. *CONTEST CLOSES DECEMBER 18.**

### CONTEST RULES

1. There is no limit to the number of entries submitted by any one person but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by 12 Heinz Baby Food labels. Labels are not required from residents of any State where enclosure would contravene State Law.
2. This contest is open to all mothers with children under the age of 2 years at the date of closing (December 18).
3. No more than one major prize will be awarded to any one entrant.
4. Entries must be received by Friday, December 18, 1964.
5. All entries will be examined and prizes awarded on the basis of the skill, originality and neatness shown in writing in not more than 15 words, an explanation why your selection is the most important reason why it *does* matter whose Baby Foods you buy.
6. Judges will be the Advertising Manager of the H. J. Heinz Company and the Copy Director of U.S.P-Benson Pty. Ltd. Their decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries become the property of Heinz Baby Foods.
7. Winners will be notified by mail. A complete list will be available on request.
8. Employees of H. J. Heinz and their advertising agents — and relatives of each — are ineligible to enter.
9. This contest is not intended to create any legal relationship between the H. J. Heinz Company and any entrant.
10. Money will not be given in lieu of prizes.

*It does matter whose Baby Foods you buy — Rely on*

**HEINZ** 57
BABY FOODS

## 5 FIRST PRIZES

— each comprising 2 weeks anywhere in Australia for two — and you get there flying 1st class on the new Ansett-ANA 727 Fan Jet (where routed). Includes £250 for accommodation and spending money, the cost of baby-minding (up to £40), a Kays Rent-a-car for 2 weeks, 3 months supply of Heinz Baby Foods. (24 doz. cans.)

## 15 SECOND PRIZES

Interstate trip by ANSETT-ANA 727—Flights (where routed) to a capital city in an adjoining state, Kays Rent-a-car for 1 week, £25 spending money, months supply of Heinz Baby foods.

## 20 THIRD PRIZES

— ASTOR 'Cry Baby' Transistor Mantel Radio. The set with the extended microphone that lets you keep a watchful ear on Baby.

**£5,000 WORTH OF PRIZES**

**ENTRY FORM — HEINZ BABY FOODS "SECOND HONEYMOON"**

Read the rules carefully. Complete all sections of this form, attach 12 labels from Heinz Baby Foods* and mail before December 18 to:

**HEINZ "SECOND HONEYMOON", P.O. BOX 57, DANDENONG, VICTORIA**

*Study these statements carefully:*

1. Heinz have over 12 years' experience caring for Australian babies.
2. Heinz Baby Foods offer more variety — 40 more varieties than any other brand.
3. There is no safer container than a Heinz Steri-Seal can.
4. Heinz recipes are perfectly balanced for baby's delicate digestion.

Now complete the following:

I believe No. .... is the most important reason why it *does* matter whose Baby Foods I buy because (complete in not more than 15 words) .....

.....

.....

.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN OR SUBURB ..... STATE .....

BABY'S NAME ..... BABY'S DATE OF BIRTH .....

**CONTEST CLOSES DECEMBER 18, 1964**

**Labels not required from residents of any State where enclosure contravenes State Law*



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# LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## Those secret recipes

LIKE "Asking" (Qld.), I, too, have had the experience of being refused a recipe. But I think most of us like exchanging recipes and take it as a compliment to be asked to do so. Recipe afternoons or evenings are a pleasant way of raising funds for charity. Guests bring their favorite biscuits, cakes, or savories, with copies of the recipe, which are sold for one or two shillings each. Quite a tidy sum can result, and everyone enjoys the fun of tasting before you buy.

**£1/1/- to "Fair Exchange" (name supplied), Grange, S.A.**

★ ★ ★

LAZY people who never look for exciting new recipes, test them first, then prepare them for a special dinner or party, should never ask for the recipe of a dish or cake that takes their fancy.

**£1/1/- to Mrs. R. White, Townsville, Qld.**

★ ★ ★

OCCASIONALLY you will come across a cook who believes in keeping her recipes. But at least you know where you are when she says "No." Far worse is the cook who is willing to give you a recipe, but try as you might it never comes up to your expectations. Something has purposely been left out. I believe in sharing.

**£1/1/- to Mrs. T. Smith, Kyogle, N.S.W.**

★ ★ ★

AS a young housewife, I felt snubbed when, at a club gathering, the donor of a cake refused to pass on the recipe. But one of the club oldies later told me not to take it to heart — the donor of the cake had always paid to have her cakes made and she herself did not know the ingredients. Perhaps others who refuse have bought their cakes.

**£1/1/- to "Seyah" (name supplied), Kedron, Qld.**

★ ★ ★

OVER the years a housewife finds herself changing recipes, adding this or leaving out that to suit her family or the season. One day she finds she has evolved a delicious new recipe and is delighted and proud. In my case, as I often enter recipe contests, it is pleasing to be able to send along ones which are original and have not before been printed.

**£1/1/- to Mrs. Irene D. Lewis, Henley Beach, S.A.**

★ ★ ★

I REGARD it as a compliment to be asked for recipes, and always type several copies for the inquirer — just in case SHE wants to pass it on.

**£1/1/- to Miss F. N. Breen, North Coburg, Vic.**

## Table talk

HAVING reared a large family, I would like to tell others what an opportunity mealtime offers for discussion and conversation. Parents can always introduce topics of interest, according to age, and I found my youngsters gained high marks at school because they listened and learned from table talk with older brothers and sisters. Interest in one another's affairs and learning to argue a point without fighting can help to unite a family.

**£1/1/- to "Mother of Eight" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Qld.**

### Naming gift shrubs after donors

WE have been in this house only two years, and, as my friends and relatives know how fond I am of gardening, they usually give me shrubs and plants for birthdays, Christmas, etc. I call them after the person who gave them, and when I say, "Dear Ruth is doing very well," everyone knows my Christmas bush is flourishing. I also have a daphne and japonica bought with a guinea received from The Australian Women's Weekly.

**£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Lake, Sutherland, N.S.W.**

### Origin of Ps and Qs

MRS. HILL and other readers might be interested in a different version I heard many many years ago of the origin of "Minding our Ps and Qs." This is said to come from printers mixing their lower case Ps and Qs when handsetting type.

**£1/1/- to Mr. Phillip Dawson, Como, W.A.**

### Annoying phrase

TO me the most infuriating phrase ever is "I was going to, but . . ." I hear it frequently — when the rubbish bins haven't been put out, from a relative we visit regularly but who never manages to visit us, from my husband the day after I've had a new hair-set and I finally ask his opinion. "It's nice, I was going to tell you, but . . ." What phrase particularly annoys others?

**£1/1/- to L. K. R. Brient, Coburg, Vic.**

### Leticia — they call her T-shirt

AFTER giving my young daughter the pretty name of Leticia, I warned relatives and friends that it was not to be altered or shortened in any way. All to no avail. Her grandparents call her Lee, she calls herself Ticia, and, heaven help us, her playmates call her T-shirt.

**£1/1/- to "Frustrated Mother" (name supplied), Belmore, N.S.W.**

## Too hot or too cold

● Addressing the Frankston (Victoria) Junior Chamber of Commerce, an air-conditioning engineer said that a comfortable house temperature could reduce delinquency because teenagers spent more time in the home.

*How happy and harmonious the air-conditioned house*
*Where temperatures are even and spouse won't snap at spouse,*
*Where youngsters stay contented, good-mannered, and discreet*
*And never raise a rumpus by roaming in the street.*
*Thus looms the rosy future (the theory's nice and pat),*
*Delinquency diminished, restrained by thermostat,*
*When no one sweats or shivers, unless they wander out—*
*The prospect sounds attractive and I hate to raise a doubt,*
*But those who've shared an office where the climate is controlled*
*Are well aware how personal are terms like "hot" and "cold,"*
*How bitter is the argument on choice of a degree*
*When some prefer it sixty and others eighty-three.*

— Dorothy Drain

### It's personality that counts

IN my opinion it doesn't matter whether a woman works or is a stay-at-home housewife. If she is interested in people and things, tolerant, observant, and receptive to new ideas, she will always have an interesting personality, regardless of whether she earns her living in or out of her home.

**£1/1/- to "Stay-at-Home" (name supplied), Clearview, S.A.**

### He's giving away his hoardings

LIKE Mr. D. Parker I was a hoarder. Now, at the age of 73, I am giving away my surplus possessions to friends, and am agreeably surprised to find what pleasure it gives on both sides. To all elderly hoarders, men and women, I would say, "Start giving away at once."

**£1/1/- to Mr. H. W. Thomas, Parramatta, N.S.W.**

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MAIL ORDERS 10/- (inc. postage) from above or direct from
THE VANIX CO., Dept. W.1, Box 38A, G.P.O. Melbourne.


# Ross Campbell writes...

THIS looks like being a record season for knee-watchers.

For the sheer number of knees displayed, it may be the richest since the 1920s.

Observers in trains, trams, and buses all confirm this. They say, too, that a change has come about in the attitude of ladies to the matter.

You remember how it used to be. A lady sat down in the train and pulled her skirt down over her knees. Even if it did not cover them, she at least made the effort.

But today many do not even *try*. They have given up hope of pulling the skirt down. And for a good reason — it won't come.

This is especially true of those who are wearing shifts. It seems to be a funny thing about the shift that it can't be shifted—not enough, anyway.

I don't believe all these ladies actually want to show their knees. Some of them look resentful, as if they are doing it against their will.

They sit there with a stern expression that says: "Look at my knees if you dare!"

### KNEES HO

Personally, I don't go out of my way to see knees. I am not a member of the Knee Watchers' Association. They are keen types who hold outings and take photographs of any unusual or interesting knees sighted.

On the other hand I am not one

of those who knock knees and say they are not worth looking at. I am prepared to take a normal interest in any that happen to come my way.

The trouble is that they are so prominent now it is hard to avoid looking at them.

In the train, if your eyes drop below the horizontal, they are as likely as not to light on a knee. The owner of it then gives you a "Stare, stare, like a bear!" look.

Yet if your eyes stay on a higher level you may be suspected of neck-line-peering. The only safe course is to read the paper.

Even then, unless the news is fascinating, one is tempted to dart an occasional glance at the nearby knees.

However, I am inclined to think that familiarity with knees will reduce the interest in them.

In the days of long skirts, poets became more excited by what they saw.

One of them wrote: "Her feet beneath her petticoat, Like little mice crept in and out."

Perhaps a bored modern poet will say: "Her knees beneath her chic short shift, Like wallabies were sticking out."

Then it will be time for hemlines to come down with a rush.

*Mummy, Who Is Your Husband?* a new selection of Ross Campbell's best writings, is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.

SCRABBLE STANDARD
34/9
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(Now in two editions)
1st Edition Blue
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A READER'S STORY

# Those holiday trips are no rest for Mum

**● With Christmas holidays just round the corner, parents once again face the problem of keeping their children entertained through the long weeks at home. On this page, a Tasmanian mother of five, who wishes to remain anonymous, gives an amusing account of her experiences during the last school holidays when she took her family on a trip to town.**

A SO-CALLED simple excursion to town with my family (three girls and two boys) can be fraught with the unexpected, the excitement and fright of a trip to another planet.

It was school-holiday time, so it was a matter of all going or none at all.

We decided to go to town by car with Father. This meant we got an early start before the crowds, and, also, it meant one less bus to struggle on to with Michael's pusher.

The journey of five miles into town was uneventful, if you can call being accompanied by the merry, excited chatter and alternating yells and arguing from five eager mouths uneventful.

All the children had been saving and working for pocket-money for weeks before, and so I felt the least I could do was to let them decide what they wanted to buy themselves.

**My first mistake was to give each child the choice of the shop in which they wanted to spend their money, as nobody chose the same shop.**

I sorted out that puzzle by going to the nearest shop first and working our way, one by one, to the shops farthest away.

The next problem was to entice Michael past the animals that provide a rocking ride for 6d.-in-the-slot. He wasn't old enough to stay on without help, and Mum's bones invariably rattled, too, when she tried to hold him on.

Ice-creams provided my next headache.

Jenny was choosing a book when Susan espied the ice-cream counter next door. For the sake of peace and to stall the "When are we going to have something to eat?" I gave in to the pressure of all five to have an ice-cream.

**After all, it was nearly an hour since they'd had a huge cooked breakfast!**

My next mistake was to allow them to have chocolate topping, as soon ice-cream and chocolate were dripping everywhere but down the throats of four children.

Michael was yelling lustily because he hadn't yet received his, and Mum was dabbing left and right with small handkerchiefs when what she really needed was a large bath towel and washer.

Finally I gave Michael his ice-cream without chocolate, and he was so disgusted at seeing it devoid of its topping that he tossed it over his shoulder, to the horrified gaze of all the others at such wastage.

### Confusion

Where to go to next, as we recovered from our confusion, was solved by Vicky anxiously waiting her turn to spend her money.

**Oh, dear. The counter she wanted was upstairs and Michael hated lifts.**

Peter suggested we use the escalator, but the thought of balancing a pusher, Michael, and myself on a narrow escalator filled me with horror.

I told Peter he could go for the ride if he wanted to, not realising he hadn't tackled one before.

Halfway up the escalator Peter stumbled, regained his balance by floundering up a few more steps, and disappeared to the top.

Immediately he decided to come down again, and when three hefty teenagers pushed the reluctant boy forward it looked for one awful moment as though he was going to be hurled from top to bottom.

### More trouble

After more balancing acts, he was finally pushed off the end, vowing escalators were terrible things, while Mum was trying to explain how they worked so that the younger ones weren't put off these (as well as lifts) for life.

To placate Peter and make him feel a little less miserable, we took him to his "car shop."

We stood waiting while he opened box after box to take a peek at the car inside in spite of the fact that it was clearly pictured on the cover.

"It's the color I want to see, and whether the boot lifts up and the doors open," he said.

Another look at the catalogue and he finally chose the number of the car he wanted. Then, oh horror, that one wasn't in stock.

**More boxes were pulled out, and, meanwhile, Susan cast an interested eye round the rest of the shop.**

"I want that umbrella," she said. "And I would like that scooter for my birthday." And while she was placing her orders, Jenny was casting envious looks at very expensive dolls, which are her weakness.

Finally Peter found a car, but the price was two shillings more than it should have been. He emphatically declared there wasn't another car he wanted. The result was that everyone got an extra two shillings to spend.

Next we went to a cheaper shop, as the money situation was getting out of hand.

We arrived there to find a red train installed at the door, and as we nearly tripped over it Michael called out "train" excitedly and everyone else started yelling: "Oh, give him a ride, Mum. He hasn't had much, and what he did have he threw away."

With such noisy pressure from all sides, I decided to give in, but the contraption rocked and rolled so much it completely frightened my little boy.

"Buy him a little car to make him feel better," said Peter (shrewdly thinking that he'd use it, too).

Had everyone spent their money by then? No, Susan hadn't, and WHAT could we buy for two shillings?

She wanted a book, so next there was a long wait while she deliberated in front of a huge range.

### Wearily home

Unexpectedly a book on Christmas carols won the day, and I wondered, wearily, whether it would last the months until Christmas.

**Meanwhile, I felt as though many of my Christmases had been rolled into one. I felt at least 80, and those two high steps on to the bus seemed as high as Mount Everest.**

Thank goodness school holidays don't come round more frequently. The children might like it, but here's one Mum at least who couldn't survive the prospect.

## An Australian book for young parents

"YOU AND YOUR BABY," a complete parent-craft book by Sister Mary Jacob, is now in its seventh enlarged and revised edition.

Its 300 pages are packed full of useful pre-natal and post-natal advice, and all the special exercises advised are clearly described and illustrated.

The feeding and care of the baby in the first year is given in detail, as every mother with a first baby finds this a most valuable guide.

Letters often received from mothers living in remote places all over Australia, Malaysia, New Guinea, and other Pacific islands indicate that this book is filling a need.

One country mother wrote to Sister Jacob: "I live 100 miles from a township and a doctor. I feel that I must let you know I have a copy of your book and that it has probably helped to save my baby's life.

"In it you describe a type of early vomiting, which could be very dangerous and needs urgent attention.

"At five weeks my baby began to vomit as you described, and I got him to the doctor as quickly as I could.

"The doctor told me that the baby needed an urgent operation to relieve a block in his stomach. He congratulated me on coming so early to him with the child, before he'd lost a lot of weight and strength."

Copies of "You and Your Baby" (at 15/- each plus postage) are available from leading bookstores in all capital cities and also by post from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.


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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents a COOKERY BOOK for . . .

# Christmas Parties

• Nearly 100 recipes and lots of other ideas for Christmas, holiday time, or any other time of the year when you want to give a party and to enjoy it as much as your guests.

*PARTY DISHES: Fruit Salad de Luxe and Nesselrode Pie (see recipes, page 3) with Creamy Syllabub Punch (drink recipes, page 2).*

COMPILED BY OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

December 2, 1964

BOILED FRUIT CAKE
Eight ounces butter, 1½lb. mixed fruits, ½lb. glace cher-

Serves 4, calories per serving, 312. Allow 4oz. cooked rice (100 calories) per serving.

lace moulded bra cups. Eleven intoxicating colours. £6-19-11.

trol. Six colour combinations. £7-10-0.

and plains made from Bri-Nylon and Lycra knit. £6-10-0.



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# DRINKS AND SAVORIES

**● Ladle out a good, gay punch — it's an ideal and economical way to welcome guests to your Christmas or New Year party. And, to serve with the drinks, have plenty of savories, such as the recipes given below.**

## The drinks

THERE are drinks here for adult parties, and also colorful, delicious fruit punch for teenagers' parties.

### CREAMY SYLLABUB PUNCH

(Picture page 1)

**Half cup sugar, 1 bottle dry white wine, 3 dessertspoons finely grated lemon rind, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 3 cups cold milk, 2 cups cream, 4 egg-whites, extra ½ cup sugar, nutmeg.**

Combine ½ cup sugar with wine, lemon rind, and juice; stir until sugar is dissolved, chill well. In punch-bowl combine milk and cream; pour in wine mixture, beat with rotary beater until frothy. Beat egg-whites until firm, gradually add extra ½ cup sugar, beating until stiff and glossy. Spoon or pipe small puffs of this meringue on top of punch. Sprinkle lightly with nutmeg.

### WHITE WINE CUP

**One bottle dry white wine, 1 large can crushed pineapple, 1 orange, sugar to taste, 2 bottles lemonade, ice.**

Slice orange, put into punch-bowl with pineapple (and pineapple syrup), pour over the white wine. Let stand ½ hour, then add sugar to taste if necessary. Just before serving, add ice to punch-bowl, pour in lemonade. Small bunches of black grapes can also be added if desired.

### SUMMER LEMON DRINK

**Juice 6 lemons, 1 quart boiling water, 1½ cups sugar, handful crushed mint, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 bottles lemonade, extra mint sprigs.**

Combine lemon juice, sugar, and crushed mint in large heatproof basin, pour over boiling water. Cool, then chill; add pineapple juice. Just before serving, pour in chilled lemonade. Garnish each glass with mint sprig.

### MOCK CHAMPAGNE

**One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup canned light grape juice, ½ cup orange juice, 1 quart ginger ale.**

Combine sugar and water in saucepan, bring to boil. Boil for 3 minutes; cool. Add fruit juices, chill. Just before serving, pour in chilled ginger ale.

### CHRISTMAS EGGNOG

**Six eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar (or more to taste), 5 cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon rum, 1 cup cream, nutmeg.**

Separate eggs, place whites in large bowl, beat until stiff. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Gradually add sugar, continue beating. Add milk and flavorings. Just before serving, whip cream, fold gently into eggnog. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

### CLARET CUP

**Two ounces brandy, 1oz. benedictine, 1oz. maraschino, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 bottle claret, 2 large bottles soda water, ice, diced or sliced fruit.**

Pour brandy, benedictine, maraschino into punch-bowl, stir in sugar. Just before serving, add claret, soda water, and large block of ice. Garnish with fruit slices or add diced fruit (peaches, apples, pineapple, cherries) to bowl.

### RUM PARTY PUNCH

**Six ounces pineapple juice, juice 6 oranges, ¾ cup sugar, 1 bottle rum, dry ginger ale, fruit, ice.**

Combine pineapple and orange juices, sugar, and rum. Just before serving, stir in ginger ale to taste, add large block of ice to punch-bowl, garnish with orange and lemon slices or other fruit.

### BRANDY PUNCH

**Two cups lemon juice, 1½ cups orange juice, 1¾ cups sugar, ½ pint curacao, 3oz. grenadine, 1 bottle brandy, soda water.**

Dissolve sugar in fruit juices in punch-bowl; add curacao, grenadine, and brandy, mix well. Add large block of ice to bowl. Just before serving, pour in soda water to taste, stir gently to mix.

### WHISKY PUNCH

**One and a half cups lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 bottle whisky, 1 pint strong cold tea, soda water, fruit slices.**

Dissolve sugar in lemon juice in punch-bowl, add whisky and tea; mix well. Add large block of ice to bowl. Just before serving, add soda water to taste, stir gently. Garnish with fruit slices.

### FRUIT PARTY PUNCH

**Three cups strong tea, ¾ cup lemon juice, 2 cups pineapple juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup sugar, 2 large bottles lemonade, 1 large bottle ginger ale, ice cubes.**

Combine tea with lemon, pineapple, and orange juices; add sugar. Chill until just before serving-time. Then mix in well-chilled lemonade and ginger ale, add ice cubes.

**Gin Punch:** Mix in half bottle of gin with the lemonade and ginger ale.

## Savories

ACCOMPANY the party drinks with potato chips, pretzels, small cheese biscuits, and little savory mouthfuls, such as Golden Chicken Balls.

### GOLDEN CHICKEN BALLS

**One packet creme of chicken soup, 4 cups water, 5 tablespoons plain flour, 5 tablespoons butter, 1 dessertspoon gelatine soaked in 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup minced cooked chicken, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, egg and breadcrumbs, oil for frying.**

Prepare soup with the water. Melt butter, stir in flour, cook few minutes; remove from heat, stir in soup. Stir over low heat until boiling and smooth. Remove from heat, add dissolved gelatine, chicken, parsley, salt and pepper to taste; chill overnight. Form into small balls, roll in breadcrumbs. Dip in beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs again, deep-fry until golden. Drain well, serve hot.

### POOR MAN'S PATE DE FOIE GRAS

**Half pound liverwurst, 4oz. packaged cream cheese, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1-3rd cup cream, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon vermouth or brandy.**

Blend together liverwurst, cream cheese, mayonnaise, and cream; combine with remaining ingredients, mixing very well. (Or mix all ingredients together in blender.) Chill before serving.

### TUNA TREATS

**One large can tuna, 4oz. packaged cream cheese, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, few drops tabasco sauce.**

Drain and flake tuna, combine with all other ingredients; chill. Shape into ½in. balls; if desired, roll in extra chopped chives. Chill thoroughly before serving.

### AUSTRIAN CHEESE DIP

**Four ounces cream cheese, 1 teaspoon paprika, 4oz. softened butter, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped chives, 6 finely chopped capers, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 anchovy fillet.**

Sieve cheese, combine with creamed butter; blend in remaining ingredients until mixture is creamy. Mound into neat rectangle on serving-dish, border with pretzels. Serve with buttered rye bread.

### SAVORY BACON DIP

**Quarter pound bacon, 1lb. cream cheese, little crushed garlic, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pinch pepper, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons milk.**

Remove rind from bacon, saute bacon slices until crisp. Crumble, combine with all remaining ingredients. Taste, add extra seasoning, such as little grated onion, if necessary.

### PARTY NIBBLES

**Four cups mixed crisp breakfast cereals, 1 packet thin pretzel sticks, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup blanched almonds, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon garlic salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 3 tablespoons butter.**

Spread cereals, pretzels, and nuts in single layer in shallow baking-dish. Dot with butter, into which curry powder has been blended. Heat in moderately slow oven, shaking pan often until toasty-crisp (about 15 to 20 minutes). Remove from oven, sprinkle with mixed salt and garlic salt.

# WHEN THE GUESTS STAY ON . . .

**● When the company is convivial time passes quickly—and you may want to prepare some hearty snack for your guests before speeding them on their way. Below are some ideas.**

SANDWICHES are quickly and easily made, and with a cup of hot fresh coffee make a satisfactory impromptu meal.

Serve any or all of the following:

● Rye bread, generously buttered, spread with liverwurst seasoned with a little grated onion. Cut in squares to serve.

● Open-faced sandwiches, topped with ham slices; thin slices of rare roast beef; chicken, mortadella sausage, salami. Offer chutney and French or English mustard separately.

● Toasted sandwiches, with a filling of crisp bacon slices and chutney.

Or make up generous helpings of Creamy Scrambled Eggs, Welsh Rabbit, French Toasted Sandwiches.

### FRENCH TOASTED SANDWICHES

**Eight slices bread, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, salt, little grated nutmeg, any desired filling (chicken or chicken salad, meat, ham, cheese, fried egg, chopped curried egg, etc.), butter.**

Beat eggs with milk, salt, and nutmeg.

Spread one slice of bread with filling, cover with another slice and press firmly together. Dip into egg mixture and brown in frying-pan in plenty of hot butter; drain well. Serve with tomato wedges and lettuce curls; spoon mayonnaise into lettuce curls if desired.

### WELSH RABBIT

**Two egg-yolks, 1½lb. cheddar cheese, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, ¼ cup ale, salt and pepper.**

Melt butter in double saucepan over simmering water and very low heat, then add paprika, the dry and prepared mustards, worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper; mix well. Cut cheese into ½in. cubes and add to saucepan, together with ale. Cook, stirring frequently, until cheese is completely melted. When mixture is very hot, beat egg-yolks slightly and stir into mixture. Cook 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Pour over hot toast.

### CREAMY SCRAMBLED EGGS

**One and a half dozen eggs, ½ cup cream, ¼ cup dry white wine, salt and pepper, ¼ cup butter or substitute, 1 cup medium white sauce, finely chopped parsley or chives.**

Beat eggs lightly with cream, wine, salt and pepper. Melt butter in large pan; pour in egg mixture and cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until almost set. Fold in hot white sauce while eggs are still creamy. Sprinkle with parsley or chives before serving. Serves 10 to 12.

Add extra flavor by serving scrambled eggs on hot toast spread with devilled ham or anchovy paste.



L'ORÉAL 'COLOR-GLO' is one of the inter

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# The sweets of Christmas

**● The sweet things of Christmas are the desserts, rich and luscious, each with a special festive quality; and homemade confectionery for holiday nibbling.**

ANY of these recipes will give a gala appearance to your table, and even if it is not a party will make it seem so.

### CREAMY CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM

**One and a half cups milk, ½ cup cream, 1 packet chocolate instant pudding mix, half teaspoon vanilla, whipped cream, chopped walnuts.**

Pour milk and cream into deep mixing bowl, sprinkle over the instant pudding mix; add vanilla, beat until smooth. Pour into refrigerator tray, freeze until firm. Spoon into individual serving-dishes, top with whipped cream, sprinkle with walnuts.

### SUPERB CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

**Crumb Crust: Two cups chocolate biscuit crumbs, 3oz. butter, 1-3rd cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.**

Combine melted butter with remaining ingredients, press over base and sides of well-greased 8in. springform pan. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, cool, then chill.

**Filling: One tablespoon gelatine, 4 tablespoons cold water, 3oz. dark chocolate, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, 1½ tablespoons water (extra), 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, ¾ cup milk, 2 tablespoons rum, 2 cups cream, extra whipped cream.**

Soften gelatine in the 4 tablespoons water. Chop chocolate, combine with coffee and extra water in top of double saucepan. Stir over hot water until chocolate is melted. Remove from heat, add sugar, salt, and hot scalded milk. Return to heat, stir until sugar has dissolved, then remove from heat once more.

Stir a little of hot mixture into softened gelatine, return to saucepan, stir until gelatine dissolves. Pour mixture into large bowl, place over ice or cold water to cool quickly; stir occasionally while cooling, then beat until light and fluffy, gradually adding rum. Beat chilled cream until thick, combine with chocolate mixture. Fill into prepared shell, refrigerate until firm. Before serving, decorate with extra whipped cream, if desired; sprinkle with slivered almonds or top with chocolate curls.

### CHRISTMAS SUNDAE

**Two cups fruit mincemeat, ¼ cup brandy, 1 large block vanilla ice-cream.**

Heat brandy and mincemeat together in saucepan. Place large scoops of ice-cream in individual serving-dishes, spoon over the warm brandied-mincemeat.

### FRUIT SALAD DE LUXE

(Picture page 1)

**Three oranges (peeled, pith removed, and pulp cut into segments), 1 lemon (peeled and pulp cut into segments—reserve lemon rind and rind from 1 orange), 2 green apples (diced), 2 red apples (diced), 2 bananas (sliced), pulp 3 passionfruit, 1 small pineapple (peeled and cut into pieces), 1 packet quick-frozen strawberries, 2 pears (peeled and diced), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water.**

Combine water and sugar in small saucepan, stir over heat until sugar dissolves; bring to boil. Add reserved orange and lemon rind which has been cut into thin strips. Simmer gently a few minutes. Allow to cool.

Combine all prepared fruit in large bowl, pour syrup over. Serve well chilled.

### NESSELRODE PIE

(Picture page 1)

**Pastry: Eight ounces plain flour, 6oz. sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 beaten eggs.**

**Filling: One whole egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1½ tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot milk, 4 tablespoons whipped cream, ¾ cup finely chopped red and green glace cherries (soaked in rum ½ hour), whipped cream to decorate.**

**Pastry:** Sift flour, sugar, and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute. Mix to firm dough with beaten eggs. Chill ½ hour. Roll out on lightly floured board to barely ¼in. thickness. Line 8in. pie-dish. Trim and decorate edges, prick base with fork. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from oven, allow to cool.

**Filling:** Place whole egg, egg-yolk, sugar, and flour into small bowl. Beat until light and fluffy. Add gelatine, then hot milk; stir until well mixed. Stir over heat until mixture comes to boil, then stir over ice or cold water until it begins to thicken. Mix in whipped cream and soaked cherries. Fill mixture into cooled pastry-case. Place in refrigerator to set. Decorate with whipped sweetened cream. Sprinkle, if desired, with extra chopped glace cherries.

### CHOCOLATE CHERRY-NUT FUDGE

**Six ounces dark chocolate, 6oz. sweetened condensed milk, 2oz. glace cherries, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup sultanas.**

Chop chocolate roughly, stir over hot water until melted. Stir in remaining ingredients. Turn into well-greased small tin, mark into squares, chill. When cold, cut into blocks.

### RUM CARAMELS

**One can sweetened condensed milk, 8oz. brown sugar, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 4 tablespoons rum.**

In large saucepan, mix all ingredients with wooden spoon.

Stir continuously over low heat until the mixture turns deep golden color and starts to leave sides of saucepan.

Pour into small well-oiled or greased tin, cool, mark into squares; cut into squares when quite cold.

### ALMOND TORRONE

(Picture overleaf)

**One pound almonds, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon colored jelly crystals.**

Remove skins from almonds, roast in moderately slow oven 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. About 20 minutes before almonds are finished, cook sugar over very low heat until it dissolves into thin, brown syrup; then mix in almonds. Pour on to buttered platter and, working fast, pat into round circle, as shown in picture overleaf. Sprinkle with crystals, let cool. Or the Almond Torrone can be shaped into a long, flat loaf.

# FORK FOODS FOR THE BUFFET

DISHES which can be prepared in advance, reheated if required, and eaten with a fork are ideal for buffet party foods. Here's a selection of fine main-dish recipes.

### SPANISH RICE PILAFF

(Picture page 5)

**Four tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½lb. long-grain rice, stock, salt, juice of 1 lemon, extra 2 tablespoons butter and oil, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 4 onions (peeled and sliced), ½ cup raisins, 1 small packet saffron, 1 red pepper (seeded and cut into thin strips), 1 chicken (cooked in water to which has been added few slices of onion, little salt, pepper, 2 sticks celery), 3 or 4 teaspoons curry powder, 1lb. tomatoes (peeled and chopped), few chopped toasted almonds, pepper.**

Cook chicken as directed until tender, allow to cool, then remove all meat from bones. Place bones back in stock, continue to cook further ½ hour to get a strong stock. Strain and cool. Use this stock to cook rice.

In deep heavy pan, beat butter and oil, add rice, stir over heat until lightly browned. Pour in stock, add enough boiling water to cover rice about ½in. Season with salt and lemon juice, cover, and cook gently until all stock is absorbed and rice is tender, adding more hot water if needed. This should take about 25 minutes.

Meanwhile, in another saucepan heat extra butter and oil, fry garlic gently. Add onions, raisins, saffron, red pepper strips, chicken meat, curry powder, and chopped tomatoes. Season to taste with salt and pepper, cook gently 10 minutes.

Mix this mixture into rice, add almonds. Reheat and serve.

### VEAL MARENGO

(Picture page 4)

**Four and a half pounds stewing veal, 4oz. butter, 2 tablespoons oil, 8 onions (sliced), 1 pint dry white wine, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 1 pint stock, bouquet garni, salt and pepper, 2lb. tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 1lb. mushrooms (sliced and sauteed in little butter), chopped parsley, hot cooked rice.**

Cut veal into cubes, removing fat and gristle. Heat oil and butter in large saucepan, add veal, brown quickly on all sides. Remove meat, cook onions in remaining butter until soft and golden. Stir in flour, cook few minutes, then add wine and bring to boil. Add stock, garlic, bouquet garni, and seasoning with meat. Cover, simmer gently until meat is tender. Ten minutes before end of cooking time, add sauteed mushrooms and tomatoes.

**To serve:** Spoon veal into casserole. Reduce sauce slightly by fast boiling over high heat, remove bouquet garni, spoon sauce over meat. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve with hot cooked rice.

### SEAFOOD SLAW

**Two pounds fresh or quick-frozen fish fillets, 1 onion (sliced), 1 bayleaf, few peppercorns, little water, 1lb. shelled prawns, 4 cups shredded lettuce, 4 cups shredded cabbage, 1 cup shredded carrot, 1 extra onion (finely chopped), 1 green pepper (chopped), 1½ cups mayonnaise, 1 cup yoghurt, cream, or sour cream, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 2 teaspoons sugar, salt and pepper, extra lettuce leaves.**

If using frozen-fish fillets, allow to thaw, then place in ovenproof dish with the sliced onion, bayleaf, peppercorns, and water. Cover with piece of buttered greaseproof paper, poach in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes, being careful not to overcook fish. Cut into pieces, cool. Combine lettuce, cabbage, carrot, extra onion, and green pepper. Blend mayonnaise with yoghurt, cream, or sour cream, lemon juice, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. Mix into vegetables, then add cooled fish and prawns. Toss well, serve in lettuce-lined bowl.

### SPAGHETTI MARINARA

**Three pounds spaghetti, boiling salted water, 3lb. mixed seafood (shelled prawns, diced lobster, scallops, etc.), 1 pint cream, 1 cup dry white wine, 4 tablespoons butter, little oil, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), salt, pepper, chopped parsley.**

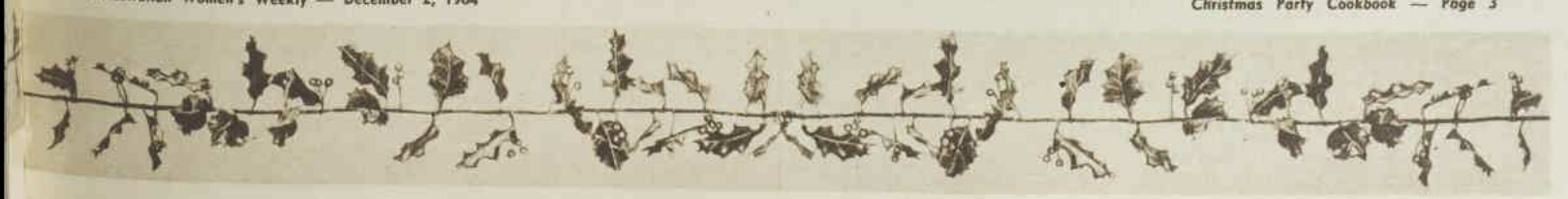
Cook spaghetti in plenty of boiling salted water until just tender (about 20 minutes). Drain well, rinse under running water; saute 2 or 3 minutes in the heated butter and oil. Add seafood and garlic, cook few minutes, then add cream and wine. Simmer until sauce reduces slightly. Season to taste, transfer to serving-dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve immediately.

### BEEF IN BURGUNDY

**Five pounds topside or round steak, 4 tablespoons butter, 24 baby onions, 4oz. fat bacon, ½lb. mushrooms (quartered), pinch sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups burgundy, stock, salt, pepper, bouquet garni, chopped parsley.**

Cut meat into cubes, brown on all sides in heated butter. Remove meat, add onions, bacon, and mushrooms to remaining fat, and the sugar; brown slowly. Remove vegetables and bacon, sprinkle in flour, cook slowly until brown. Heat wine in saucepan, then ignite. Pour into flour mixture, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Pour in browned meat, add sufficient stock to cover. Season to taste, add bouquet garni. Cover tightly, cook in slow oven approximately 1 hour. Then add onions, mushrooms, and bacon; continue cooking until meat is tender. Transfer meat to serving-dish, reduce sauce slightly over high heat and spoon over. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with hot rice.





BOILED FRUIT CAKE | Serves 4; calories per serving, 312. Allow 4oz. cooked | lace moulded bra cups.

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# DELICIOUS DISHES F

*CHICKEN a la king (left) is served in bread shells dipped in melted butter and browned in the oven. Recipe is on page 7.*

*ALMOND TORRONE (right), in the shape of a gay wreath, looks pretty on your table and is good to nibble. Recipe is on page 3.*

# DINNER PARTY M

THE festive season calls for special-occasion food when you are entertaining at home. Serve one of these gala menus.

## MENU 1 FOR FOUR

*Melon with Prosciutto Ham*
*Chinese Roast Duck*
*Rice, Green Salad*
*Coffee Liqueur Parfaits*
*Coffee*

### MELON WITH PROSCIUTTO HAM

**One medium-sized rock melon or honeydew melon, ¼lb. thinly sliced smoked Italian ham (prosciutto or coppa, available at large food stores), lemon wedges.**

Peel melon, cut into quarters, removing seeds. Place melon slices on individual serving-plates, arrange 2 or 3 slices of ham beside them. Serve with lemon wedges.

### CHINESE ROAST DUCK

(Picture at right)

**One duck (about 5lb.), 4 teaspoons honey, 3 teaspoons soy sauce, 3 tablespoons chicken stock, 1 green pepper (diced), 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon water, 2 slices canned pineapple (cut into small pieces), ½ cup pineapple juice, salt.**

Wash duck and truss; place in baking-dish. Blend together the honey, soy sauce, and chicken stock. Pour this mixture over duck, let it stand 45 minutes, turning several times. Before roasting, pour off about half the marinade and reserve for basting. Roast duck in moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours, or until tender and well browned. Turn duck occasionally and baste with reserved marinade. Half an hour before serving time, prepare sauce.

Sauce: Pour all pan juices into small bowl, skim off the fat. Parboil green pepper 5 minutes; drain. Blend together the cornflour and water, add to pan juices, place in saucepan and stir over moderate heat until sauce boils and thickens. Add green pepper, pineapple pieces, and salt to taste. Place duck on hot serving-platter. Add pineapple juice to baking-dish and heat, dissolving glaze left in bottom of dish. Add to sauce and serve with duck.

### COFFEE LIQUEUR PARFAITS

**One block coffee ice-cream (or same quantity of home-made coffee ice-cream), coffee-flavored liqueur, ½ pint cream (whipped, sweetened to taste), chopped nuts.**

Take 4 tall parfait glasses, place scoop of ice-cream in bottom of each. Pour over about 1 tablespoon of coffee-flavored liqueur, then add another scoop of ice-cream; press this down firmly. Top with whipped cream, nuts.

## MENU 2 FOR FOUR

*Seafood Cocktail*
*Fried Chicken with Curried Mayonnaise*
*Green Salad*
*Christmas Pudding with Ice Cream and Apricot Sauce*
*Coffee*

***VEAL MARENGO (left), a wonderful dish for a party, is cooked with tomatoes and mushrooms. Serve it on hot, fluffy rice. Recipe on page 3.***



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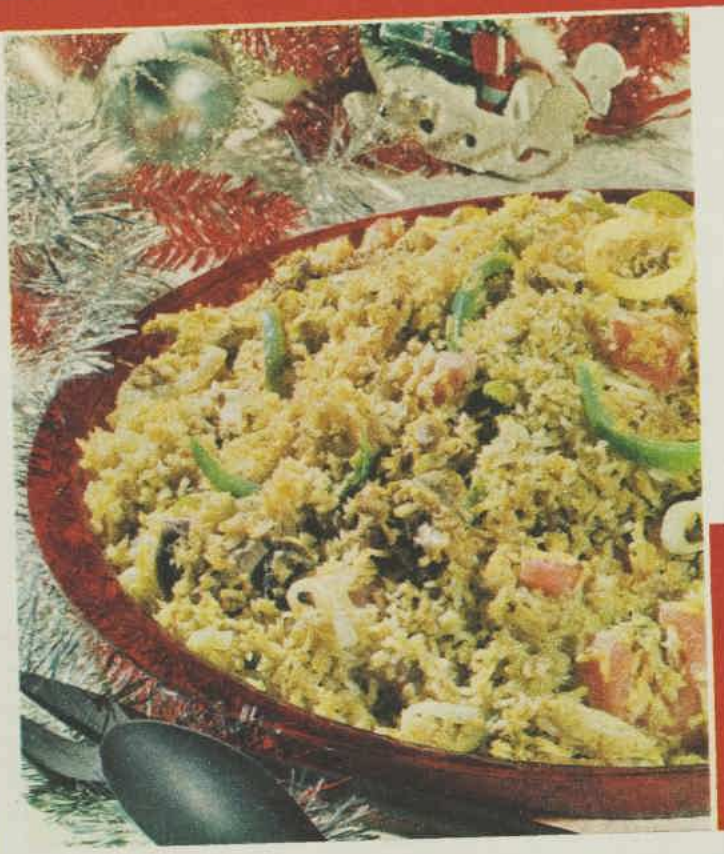
# FOR GALA OCCASIONS



*SPANISH RICE PILAF (left) contains pieces of chicken, tomatoes, almonds, and raisins tossed through rice. See recipe, page 3.*

# MENUS

**● To serve four, six, and eight people — with a choice of hot or cold menu in each section.**

### SEAFOOD COCKTAIL

**One pound mixed seafood (prawns, oysters, diced lobster, etc.), 1 cup tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery, ¼ pint cream, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, lettuce leaves, brown bread, and butter.**

Combine tomato sauce, worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, celery, and seasoning. Slowly add cream, mix well; chill. Arrange seafood in individual serving-dishes lined with lettuce leaves. Pour over sauce, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve with brown bread and butter.

### FRIED CHICKEN WITH CURRIED MAYONNAISE

**One medium-sized chicken (jointed), seasoned flour, beaten egg, breadcrumbs, oil for frying, 2 cups mayonnaise (preferably home made), juice of 1 lemon, 2 to 3 teaspoons curry powder (to taste), salt, pepper, green salad.**

Toss chicken pieces in seasoned flour, then dip in egg and crumbs. Fry slowly in heated oil until golden-brown and tender. Drain well on absorbent paper; cool. Combine mayonnaise, lemon juice, curry powder, salt, pepper. Mix well, place in serving-bowl. Pile cold chicken on platter, serve with the curried mayonnaise and bowl of green salad.

### CHRISTMAS PUDDING WITH ICE-CREAM AND APRICOT SAUCE

**One to 1½lbs. cooked Christmas pudding, 1 block vanilla ice-cream, prepared apricot sauce (see below).**

Place slices of warm Christmas pudding on individual serving-plates. Top with generous scoop of vanilla ice-cream, spoon over warm apricot sauce. Serve immediately.

**Apricot Sauce: Quarter pound dried apricots, water, piece lemon rind, 2 tablespoons sugar, juice 1 lemon.**

Soak apricots several hours or overnight in water to cover. Then place in saucepan with the water in which they were soaked; add lemon rind and juice. Cover, simmer until apricots are tender, stir in sugar. Cool, then rub through sieve.

## MENU 1 FOR SIX

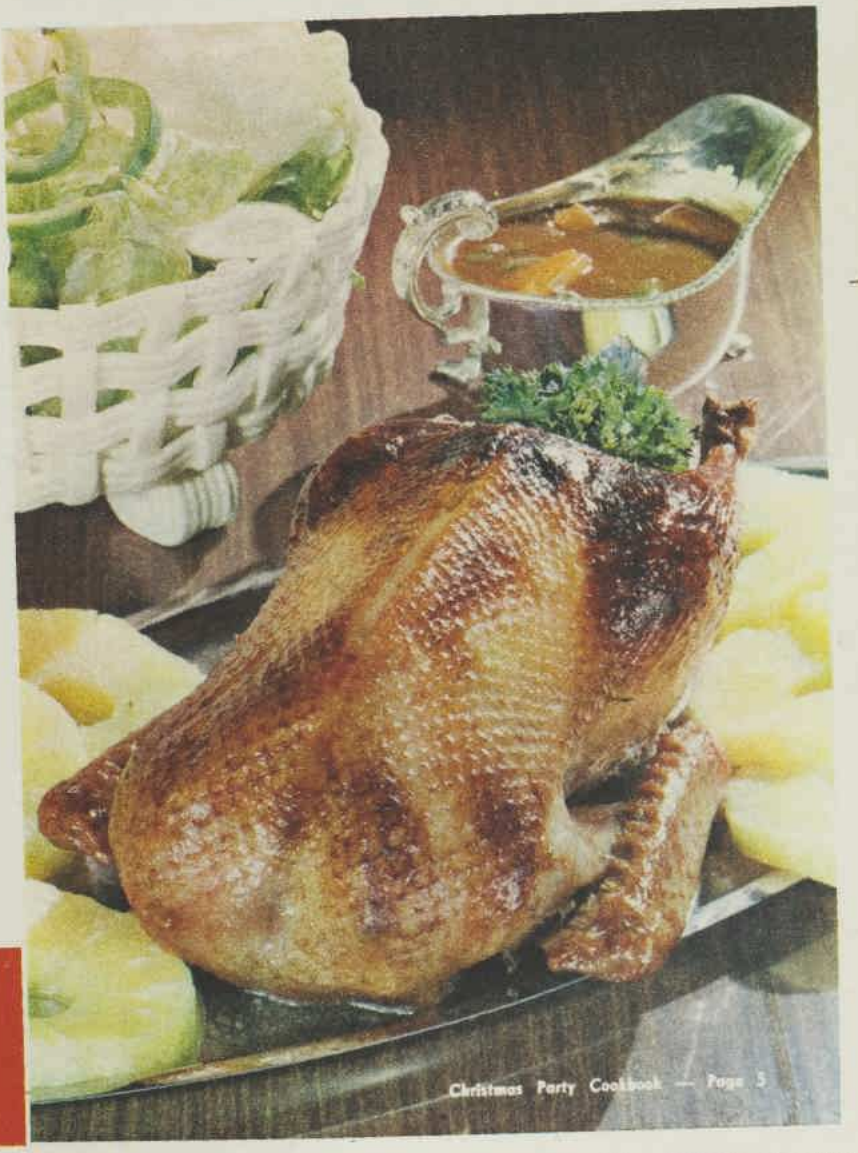
*Pineapple Cocktail*
*Crown Roast of Lamb with Mint Jelly*
*New Potatoes, Green Peas*
*Walnut Cream Pancakes*
*Coffee*

### PINEAPPLE COCKTAIL

**One medium-sized ripe pineapple or large can of pineapple pieces, thinly peeled rind of 1 orange, 1 tablespoon brandy, 4 cloves, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ cup sugar (if using fresh pineapple), 6 glace cherries.**

Peel pineapple, cut into small pieces. If using canned pineapple, drain off syrup. Place pineapple in jar with remaining ingredients (except cherries), cover and stand in refrigerator overnight. When ready to serve, remove rind and cloves, pile into individual glasses. Top each with glace cherry.

*Continued overleaf*



*CHINESE ROAST DUCK (right), honey-glazed, is served with rice so not a drop of the rich sauce is lost. See Menu 1 for Four, opposite page.*



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# DINNER MENUS . . . continued

## MENU 2 FOR SIX

*Oysters au Naturel*
*Cold Roast Pork with Sherried Apple Sauce*
*Green Salad, French Bread*
*Brandied Strawberries*
*Coffee*

### OYSTERS AU NATUREL

**Three dozen oysters (on the half shell), lemon wedges, brown bread and butter, prepared sauce (see below).**

Arrange oysters on individual serving-plates, allowing ½ dozen for each serving. Place lemon wedges on each plate, serve with brown bread and butter. Serve the following sauce in individual bowls.

**Sauce: Two gherkins, 2 teaspoons capers, little finely chopped onion, 6 tablespoons mayonnaise, salt and pepper.**

Chop gherkins and capers finely, mix with the onion. Stir this mixture into mayonnaise, add salt and pepper to taste. Serve with the oysters.

### COLD ROAST PORK

**One medium-sized leg of pork, little oil, sherried apple sauce (see recipe).**

Score pork rind with sharp knife, then rub with little oil. Place on rack in baking-dish, roast in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking until roast is done, allowing approximately 25 minutes per lb. cooking time. Do not baste. Remove cooked joint from oven, allow to cool, then refrigerate. Serve cold with sherried apple sauce and a green salad.

**Sherried Apple Sauce: Four large cooking apples, 1oz. butter, sugar to taste, 2 tablespoons dry sherry.**

Peel, core, and slice apples. Melt butter in heavy saucepan, add apples, cover and cook very gently until tender. Rub through sieve, sweeten to taste. Add sherry, cool. Serve with the cold roast pork.

### BRANDIED STRAWBERRIES

**Two packets quick-frozen strawberries, ½ cup orange juice, ¼ cup brandy, ¼ cup orange curacao, whipped cream, extra brandy.**

Place strawberries in bowl, allow to thaw. Then pour over orange juice, brandy, and orange curacao. Stir gently to blend, cover tightly, stand several hours. Serve the strawberries in individual serving-dishes with the syrup poured over. Serve separately a bowl of whipped cream, sweetened to taste and flavored with little extra brandy.

## MENU 1 FOR EIGHT

*Green Vichyssoise*
*Roast Corner of Topside*
*Baked Potatoes, Green Salad*
*Assorted Cheeses*
*Fruit*
*Coffee*

### GREEN VICHYSSOISE

**Eight shallots (chopped, with green part included), 1 onion (sliced), 2oz. butter, 4 potatoes (sliced), 1 quart chicken stock, salt, pepper, 1 cup green peas, 3 cups milk, chopped chives.**

Melt butter in heavy saucepan, cook onion and shallots until soft and golden. Add potatoes, peas, salt, pepper; pour on stock, bring to boil, cover and simmer until vegetables are tender. Cool slightly, then rub through sieve or puree in electric blender. Return puree to pan, add milk and a little more stock if mixture seems very thick. Bring to boil, rub through sieve once again. Check seasoning, cool, then chill. Serve in chilled bouillon cups, topping each with sprinkling of finely chopped chives.

### ROAST CORNER OF TOPSIDE

**One piece corner of topside (about 5lb.), freshly ground pepper, oil, baked potatoes (see below), green salad.**

Grind a little pepper over topside, and pour over about ½ cup oil. Stand 1 to 2 hours, then place in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, cook until done, allowing 10 minutes per lb. for rare meat. Remove cooked meat from baking-dish, cool. Serve cold with baked potatoes and a green salad.

### BAKED POTATOES

**Eight potatoes, oil, ½ cup cream, 2oz. butter, salt, freshly ground pepper, ½ cup chopped parsley or chives.**

Scrub potatoes, rub with oil, prick skins with fork. Bake in moderately hot oven 1 to 1¼ hours or until potatoes are cooked. (Cooking time will depend on size of potatoes.) Remove from oven, cut in halves. Scoop out insides and mash. Stir in scalded cream, butter, salt, pepper, and chives. Mix well, pile mixture back into potato shells. About 20 minutes before serving, place potatoes in moderately hot oven and cook until tops are golden brown. Serve immediately.

### ASSORTED CHEESES

There should be at least 4 varieties of cheese — a firm cheese (cheddar or gruyere), a creamy cheese (brie or camembert), a blue-veined cheese, and a semi-soft cheese such as port salut or bel paese. Serve on cheese-board with butter and crusty bread or crisp biscuits. Offer a bowl of fruit (peaches, oranges, apples, grapes, etc.) with the cheese.

## MENU 2 FOR EIGHT

*Avocados with Consomme Madrilene*
*Chicken Curry with Rice*
*Orange Ice-cream with Brandied Oranges*
*Coffee*

### AVOCADOS WITH CONSOMME MADRILENE

**Four ripe avocado pears, lemon juice, salt, pepper, 2 cans consomme madrilene, (stand overnight in refrigerator), lemon wedges, brown bread and butter.**

Halve avocados, remove seeds, sprinkle with little lemon juice, salt and pepper. Remove contents from cans of consomme (which should have set to a jelly), chop, and spoon into avocado halves. Serve with lemon wedges and brown bread and butter.

### CHICKEN CURRY

**Two medium-sized chickens (jointed), 4oz. butter, 2 cups chicken stock or bouillon, 2 onions (sliced), 1 carrot (diced), 2 pieces celery (sliced), 2 apples (peeled and chopped), 2 to 4 tablespoons curry powder (to taste), 2oz. flour, 3 cups coconut milk (see note below), salt, ¼ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon red currant jelly, 1 tablespoon chutney, hot cooked rice.**

Brown chicken pieces slowly in half the butter. Add stock, cover and cook over low heat until chicken is tender. Cool slightly, then remove meat from bones, cut into fairly large pieces. Reserve liquid.

Meanwhile, prepare the following curry sauce. Cook onion, carrot, apples, and celery in remaining butter until soft and golden. Add curry powder, cook further 5 minutes, stirring. Blend in flour, cook 5 minutes, then add coconut milk and stock. Stir over moderate heat until boiling, add salt to taste, simmer 30 minutes. Transfer to double saucepan, add chicken meat, spice, red currant jelly, and chutney. Check seasoning, reheat over hot water. Serve with hot cooked rice and any desired condiments.

**Note:** To make coconut milk, bring 3 cups milk to boil, add 1 cup desiccated coconut. Allow to stand 20 to 30 minutes, then strain through fine sieve.

### ORANGE ICE-CREAM

**One pint cold water, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups orange juice, 2 egg-yolks, 1 pint cream, grated rind 4 medium-sized oranges.**

Turn refrigerator controls to maximum. Place sugar, orange rind, and water in heavy saucepan and allow sugar to dissolve before mixture boils. Bring to slow rolling boil, and maintain this 7 to 10 minutes until mixture forms very thin syrup; strain. Beat egg-yolks lightly, add to orange juice and syrup; cook over low heat 5 minutes, stirring constantly; cool. Pour mixture into refrigerator trays, refrigerate until well chilled. Whip cream stiffly, add orange mixture gradually, beating until smoothly blended. Return to refrigerator, freeze without stirring 1½ hours. Then reduce temperature control and leave until serving time. Serve topped with brandied oranges.

### BRANDIED ORANGES

**Eight navel oranges, 1½ cups sugar, ¾ cup water, ½ cup brandy.**

Peel oranges, cut into sections. Remove all white pith from rind of 1 orange, cut enough rind into thin slivers to make 3 or 4 tablespoons.

Combine sugar, water, and orange slivers; cook over medium heat 5 to 8 minutes or until syrup spins a thin thread. Pour hot syrup over orange sections, add brandy, stir to mix. Cool, then chill.

## MENU 1 FOR SIX . . . . . continued from previous page

### CROWN ROAST OF LAMB

**One crown roast of lamb (allow 2 cutlets per person), little butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon red currant jelly, 2 teaspoons flour, 1 cup stock or water, salt, pepper, few drops soy sauce, 2 tablespoons dry vermouth (if available), cooked green peas.**

Order the roast from your butcher in advance and ask him to tie it in shape for you. Trim bones clean on top, cover tops with aluminium foil to prevent burning. Place roast in a baking-dish with little butter or substitute and red currant jelly. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, bake 1 to 1½ hours or until meat is tender and well browned. Baste frequently with pan juices. Remove cooked joint to hot serving-dish, fill centre with cooked green peas. (You will need about 2lb. peas.)

Drain off most of fat remaining in baking-dish, stir in flour; allow to brown. Add stock, soy sauce, and vermouth, stir until thickened. Simmer 10 minutes, adding more stock or water if required. Season to taste, serve with the roast.

**Note:** Alternatively, fill centre of crown roast with the following delicious stuffing before baking:

**Mint Stuffing: Two ounces butter, 2oz. mushrooms, 1 onion (chopped), ½lb. sausage mince, ½ cup sliced celery, 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs or rolled oats, salt and pepper, 1 tablespon chopped mint.**

Heat butter in pan, add finely chopped mushrooms; saute 3 minutes. Add onion, sausage mince, celery, and seasoning to mushrooms, cook until meat changes color. Remove from heat, add breadcrumbs or oats. Mix well, cool slightly, add mint and fill into centre of crown roast.

### MINT JELLY

**One cup chopped mint, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon chopped chives or grated onion, lettuce leaf.**

Soften gelatine in water, dissolve over low heat with the vinegar and sugar; stir constantly. Remove from heat, add mint and chives, refrigerate until starting to set. Stir well to mix in mint, which will be floating on top. Chill until set, turn on to crisp lettuce leaf. Serve with the roast.

### WALNUT CREAM PANCAKES

**Pancake Batter: Four tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon vegetable oil, 1 cup milk, pinch salt, butter for cooking.**

**Cream Filling: Six ounces sugar, 2oz. water, juice of 1 lemon, 2oz. unwhipped cream, 4oz. blanched, sliced almonds, 4oz. chopped walnuts, ½ pint whipped cream, 2 bananas (sliced).**

**To Finish: Two tablespoons castor sugar, little brandy.**

**Pancakes:** Place flour in bowl, add egg, egg-yolk, oil, salt, and 2 tablespoons milk. Beat until smooth with small whisk. Mix in remainder of milk; chill ½ hour. Heat heavy pan, rub base with butter. Pour thin layer of batter into pan, brown one side, turn over and brown other side. Make up all pancakes in this manner; keep warm.

**Cream Filling:** Cook sugar and water together until golden brown. Add lemon juice and unwhipped cream; cook 2 minutes, cool. When cool, add almonds, walnuts, and whipped cream. Divide filling over centres of pancakes, and before folding add slices of banana. Fold, place on heatproof dish.

**To Finish:** Sprinkle pancakes with castor sugar and little brandy, place under preheated grill until sugar caramelises slightly.





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# RETURN APPEARANCE

**● If some of the Christmas turkey, chicken, or ham is left over, use it as we suggest below; too good to be called "left-over dishes," each recipe is a classic of its type. You'll want to make them often.**

ALL the dishes in this section are hearty and satisfying and could be served as a main dish for a family meal or at a buffet party.

### CHICKEN A LA KING
(Picture page 4)

**Three ounces butter, ½lb. mushrooms (sliced), 1 small green pepper (chopped), 1 tablespoon diced red pepper, ½ cup dry sherry, 1½ cups medium-thick white sauce, ½ cup cream or top of milk, 1½ cups diced cooked chicken, pinch cayenne, 2 egg-yolks, golden shells (see below).**

Melt butter in saucepan and add mushrooms and peppers. Saute over moderate heat 5 minutes. Then add sherry and cook until wine reduces slightly. Stir in white sauce and cream; mix well, add chicken and seasoning. Simmer 5 minutes, then mix 1 tablespoon of the hot sauce with beaten egg-yolks. Add this mixture to remaining sauce, cook over hot water until sauce thickens.

**Golden Shells: Slices of bread 2½in. thick, melted butter.**

Cut crusts from bread, trim edges until there is circle of bread 3in. in diameter (or cut out carefully with 3in. cutter). Leaving wall ½in. thick, cut inside circle but not all the way through bread; carefully insert sharp-pointed knife, remove this inner circle. Dip shells into melted butter, lift on to oven-tray, bake in moderate oven until crisp and golden brown.

### TURKEY HUSSARD

**One ounce butter, ½lb. mushrooms (sliced), ½ cup dry white wine, ½ cup cream, 2 cups medium-thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 3 cups diced cooked turkey, 2 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), salt and pepper, hot cooked rice.**

Saute mushrooms in heated butter 5 minutes, then add wine, and simmer until it has reduced by half. Stir in white sauce, cream, and mustard; blend well, then add turkey and finely chopped tomatoes. Simmer gently 15 minutes. Season to taste, serve with hot cooked rice.

### CHICKEN AND CUCUMBER SALAD

**One large unpeeled cucumber, 1lb. cooked diced chicken, ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons cream, juice of ½ lemon, 1 tablespoon each finely chopped parsley and chives, salt and pepper.**

Cut cucumber in halves crosswise; thinly slice ½ and cut the other ½ into small dice. Combine mayonnaise, cream, lemon juice, parsley, chives, and seasoning; mix well, then add diced cucumber and chicken. Cover, stand about 1 hour. At serving time, pile chicken mixture on platter, surround with the cucumber slices.

### DEVILLED TURKEY SLICES

**Six thick slices cold cooked turkey, ½ cup oil, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, freshly ground pepper, dry breadcrumbs, extra oil for frying, ½ pint chicken or turkey stock, ½ cup tarragon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon butter.**

Dip turkey slices in combined mixture of oil, dry mustard, and pepper. Roll in crumbs, saute in the extra oil until golden brown on all sides. Drain well, arrange on serving-dish; keep hot. Meanwhile, boil together the stock and vinegar until reduced by half. Add mustard and butter, mix well, serve with the turkey slices.

### HAM BONE AND VEGETABLE STEW

**One ham bone, 1lb. tomatoes, few chopped celery tops, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 onion (sliced), 1 bayleaf, 8 cups water, 1lb. potatoes, ½lb. carrots, 1 can whole kernel corn, ¼ cup chopped parsley, salt and pepper.**

Peel and slice carrots and potatoes. Place ham bone in large saucepan with peeled chopped tomatoes, celery, and celery tops, onion, bayleaf, and water; heat to boiling, reduce heat, simmer 1½ hours. Remove ham bone, cut off any meat, return meat to saucepan. Add potatoes, carrots, and corn, cover, simmer 45 minutes longer; season to taste. Stir in chopped parsley. Serve with crisp fingers of cheese toast.

### AMERICAN CHICKEN HASH

**Two cups diced cooked chicken, 1 cup diced boiled potatoes, 1 egg (beaten), 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 small onion (grated), salt and pepper, 2oz. butter.**

Place chicken, potatoes, egg, sauce, and onion in mixing-bowl, season with salt and pepper. Mix well, then mould into flat cakes. Melt butter in heavy frying-pan, put in patties, and cook until golden brown on both sides. Drain well.

### HAM WITH MUSHROOMS

**Half pound ham (cut into strips), 1½oz. butter, 1 small onion (chopped), 2 teaspoons flour, 1 cup sour cream, ½lb. sliced mushrooms, salt and pepper.**

Saute mushrooms and onion in butter until onion is tender. Remove from heat and stir in flour. Cook 2 to 3 minutes, then gradually add sour cream. Stir over moderate heat until mixture thickens; season to taste. Add ham strips and heat through. Serve with hot cooked rice.

### CHICKEN NEWBURG

**Two ounces butter, ½lb. sliced mushrooms, 2 cups cooked diced chicken, ¼ cup sherry, salt and pepper, ½ cup cream, ½ cup milk, 3 egg-yolks, hot cooked rice.**

Saute mushrooms in heated butter until almost tender, then add chicken, ½ the sherry, and seasoning; cook slowly further 5 minutes. Transfer mixture to top of double saucepan, add milk and cream, heat thoroughly over hot water, stirring. Beat egg-yolks with remaining sherry and a little of the hot sauce. Stir into remaining sauce, cook until thickened. Serve with hot cooked rice.

### HAM AND CHEESE TART

**Half pound shortcrust pastry, 6 thin slices lean ham, ½ cup grated gruyere cheese, 3 eggs (beaten), 1 cup cream, salt and pepper.**

Line 8in. pie-plate with the shortcrust. Arrange ham slices over the bottom, sprinkle with cheese. Stir beaten eggs, salt and pepper into cream, mix well. Spoon into pie-shell, bake in hot oven 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 30 minutes, or until filling is set. Serve hot.

# SERVE THESE WITH COFFEE

### CHOCOLATE-CENTRED RUM BALLS

**Six ounces chocolate pieces, ½ cup sour cream, pinch salt, 2 cups finely crushed biscuit crumbs, ¼ cup rum, ¼ cup butter or substitute (melted), ¼ cup cocoa, 1 cup icing sugar, 1 cup finely chopped nuts, extra pinch salt.**

Melt chocolate pieces over hot water. Remove from heat, mix in sour cream and pinch of salt. Chill in refrigerator overnight.

Mix with fork the biscuit crumbs, rum, melted butter, cocoa, icing sugar, nuts, and salt until mixture holds together. Shape chilled chocolate mixture into balls the size of small grapes, then mould crumb mixture round. Store in airtight container in refrigerator 24 hours to mellow.

### BUTTERY NUT BARS

**One tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 2½ tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla, icing sugar.**

Melt butter in shallow 9in. square pan over low heat; remove from heat, swirl butter round so it covers base of pan; set aside.

Beat eggs lightly. Combine sifted flour, sugar, and nuts, stir into beaten eggs; add vanilla. Pour mixture over the melted butter—don't stir. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cool, cut into bars. Dust with sifted icing sugar.

### HAZELNUT TRUFFLES

**One cup ground hazelnuts, 1 cup icing sugar, 1 egg-white, 12oz. dark chocolate, ¼ cup cream, chocolate sprinkles.**

Sift icing sugar, mix with hazelnuts; stir in just enough of the egg-white to make firm paste; add cream. Chop chocolate, place in top of double saucepan, cook over hot water until melted. Blend into hazelnut mixture, stirring with wooden spoon. Turn mixture into shallow tin lined with lightly greased waxed paper; put aside in cool place to set. When mixture is firm, cut into squares, then roll into small balls between palms of hands; roll in chocolate sprinkles.

These are nicer if made the day before required so flavors blend fully.

**Note:** Hazelnuts can be ground in blender or can be bought, already ground, at specialty nut shops.

### CONTINENTAL CHOCOLATE SHORTBREADS
(Picture page 8)

**Shortbread: Four ounces butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 4oz. plain flour, 2oz. ground rice, pinch salt, chocolate coating (see recipe in Chocolate-Almond Marzipans).**

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, gradually work in sifted flour, ground rice, and salt. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll in small balls, place on greased biscuit-trays, flatten with back of fork. Top with raisins, glace cherries, or walnuts. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until lightly golden. Loosen while still hot, place on wire rack to crisp. When cold, dip in chocolate coating, place on greaseproof-paper-covered slides, chill until coating sets. Remove from paper, store in airtight containers in cool place, preferably in refrigerator.

### CHOCOLATE-ALMOND MARZIPANS
(Picture page 8)

**Marzipan: One egg-white, 1 cup almond or marzipan meal, icing sugar, lemon juice.**

Whisk egg-white until frothy, gradually work in almond meal. Add sifted icing sugar to make consistency of an easy-to-handle paste. If mixture becomes too dry, add lemon juice a drop at a time, working well after each addition. Knead well. Turn on to surface lightly dusted with icing sugar, roll out to ¼in. thick. With fancy cutters dipped in icing sugar, cut out marzipan shapes. Place on slides, chill slightly, top with almond half, pressing lightly into marzipan. Dip in chocolate coating (see below), place on wax-paper-covered slides, refrigerate until coating sets. Store in refrigerator in airtight containers.

**Chocolate Coating: Six ounces cooking chocolate, 2oz. white vegetable shortening.**

Roughly chop chocolate and shortening, place in top of double-boiler, heat gently over hot water, stirring occasionally to blend. Allow to cool to lukewarm before using.

### MOCHA NEENISH TARTS

**Pastry: Four ounces ground almonds, 1½ egg-whites, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 6 tablespoons icing sugar, pinch salt.**

**Filling: Four tablespoons butter, 8oz. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, 1oz. melted chocolate, 2 tablespoons rum or sherry.**

**Icing: Eight ounces icing sugar, 1 tablespoon warm water, 1oz. melted chocolate, few drops almond essence.**

**Pastry:** Sift together flour and salt, add ground almonds and sifted icing sugar. Beat egg-whites a little, add to mixture, form into stiff dough. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds, line small greased patty-tins. Prick well, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes; cool.

**Filling:** Cream butter well, add sifted icing sugar and coffee, melted chocolate, and rum or sherry; mix well. Spread filling quite level in tarts, refrigerate until firm.

**Icing:** Sift icing sugar, add warm water to make firm icing, add essence. Divide icing mixture in half. Spread half of each tart with white icing. Add melted chocolate to remaining mixture, spread over other half of each tart. Refrigerate until set.

**Color pictures in this cookbook by staff photographers Don Cameron, Barry Cullen, and Ian Mitchell.**

First prize of £5 to Mrs. C. M. Druitt, P.O., Residence.

worcestershire sauce, simmer further 20 minutes. Trans-

figure control, gently

Take French Leave wher-

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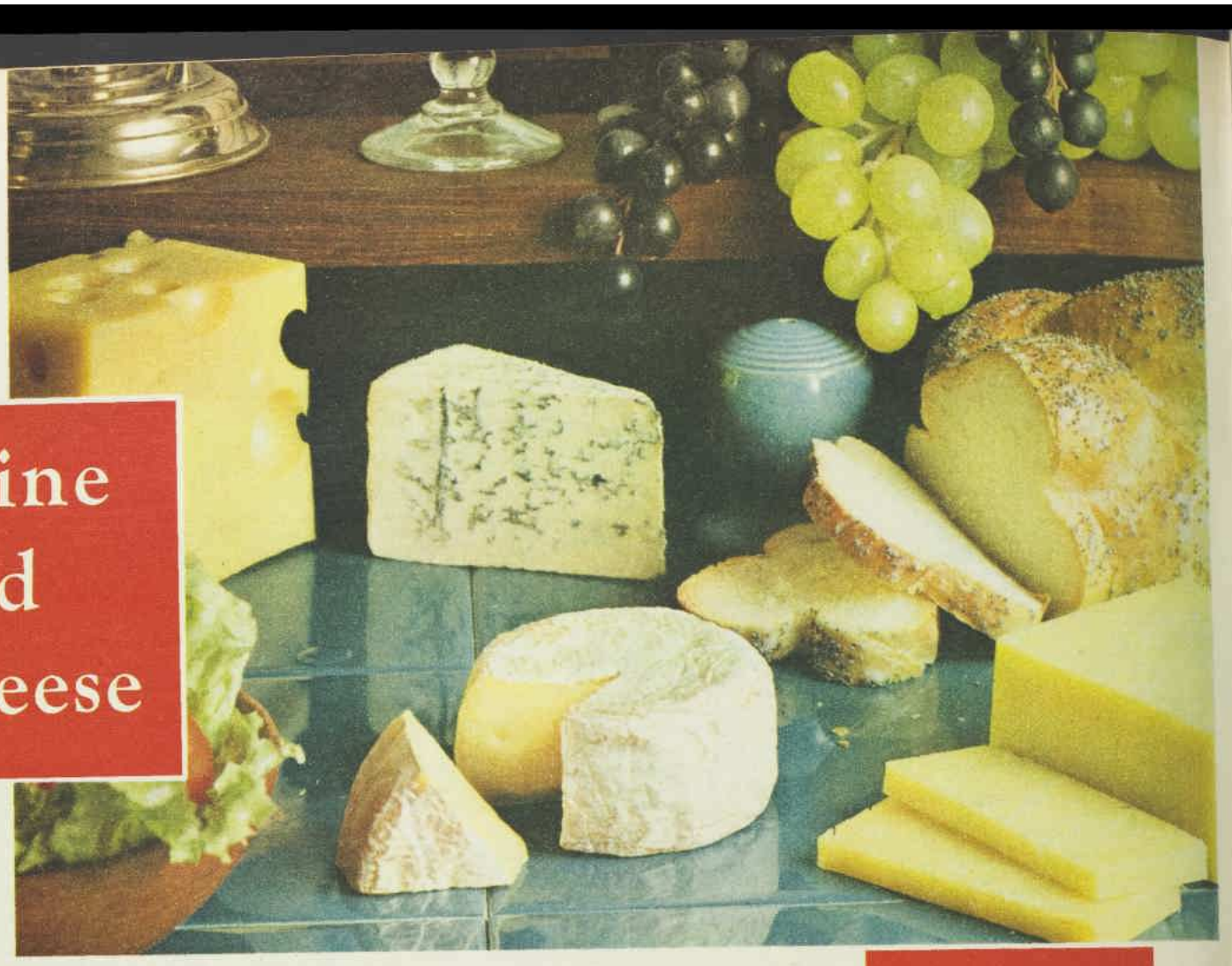
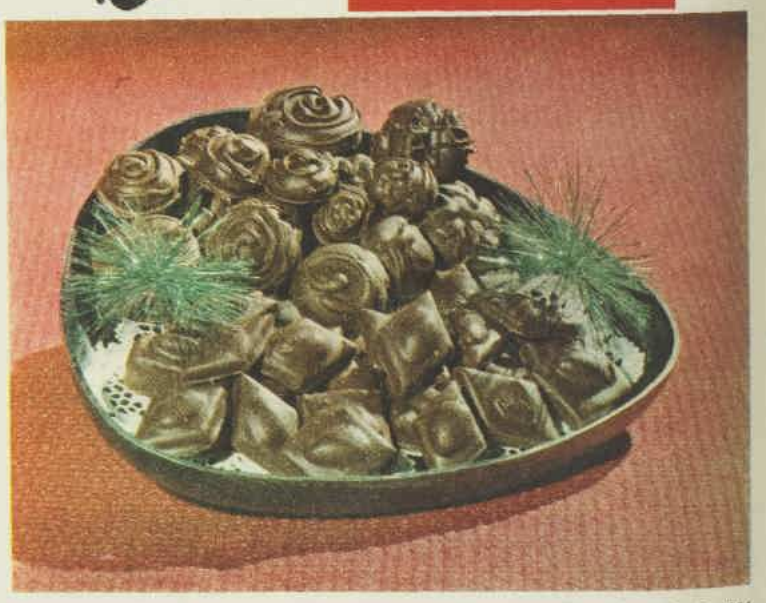
# Wine and cheese



**● A Wine and Cheese Party is the ideal way to entertain a group of friends at the holiday season. Catering and serving problems are reduced to a minimum, and the host and hostess have ample time to relax and join in the fun with the guests, who help themselves.**

***ASSORTED CHEESES,** bread, fresh fruit, and salad, plus wine are all you need for a Wine and Cheese Party. See below for party hints.*

***RICH AND LUSCIOUS** Continental Chocolate Shortbreads and Chocolate - Almond Marzipans, to serve with coffee. Recipes page 7.*



CREATE an informal and interesting atmosphere for your party. Candlelight adds charm; set each candle in an empty wine bottle. Try to choose a variety of shapes—squat, wicker-covered chianti bottles, tall, slender hock bottles, etc. Set candles on long, narrow tables with wines and glasses nearby. Breads, cheeses, and biscuits could be arranged on another adjacent table.

Cover the tables with gaily checked cloths. Gingham is the best material to use and is not expensive. Red-and-white checked gingham looks best under candlelight, so choose these colors unless they clash too badly with your permanent color scheme.

It is not necessary to provide a wide variety of wines. Greet each guest with a glass of dry sherry, then offer a choice of dry red or white wine. Allow half a bottle of wine per person, plus four bottles of sherry for every 25 guests.

It is more economical to buy wines in flagons — a half-gallon flagon of red or white wine costs from 11/- and is equal to three ordinary bottles.

A pound of cheese per four guests is a safe quantity to work on; have at least four different kinds of cheeses. There are many interesting varieties of cheese available and it's fun to try one that is new to you.

You could try French Camembert or Brie, Italian Gorgonzola, or Bel Paese, or Danish Tilsit. Don't forget the traditional English cheeses (Stilton, Caerphilly, Wensleydale, etc.) and the excellent locally made Cheddar cheeses.

Buy the cheeses on the day of the party if possible (they are at their best when absolutely fresh), but, failing this, wrap them in aluminium foil and store in the refrigerator. Be sure to remove them from the refrigerator several hours before serving, because intense cold kills the flavor of any cheese.

### VARY THE BREADS

Provide plenty of bread to eat with the cheese and make sure it is crisp and fresh. Have an interesting assortment of breads, such as French sticks, Vienna twists, cottage loaves, etc. — and let guests cut slices as required.

Many gourmets believe bread only should be served with cheese not biscuits; but offer a selection of cracker-type biscuits if you think some of your guests might prefer them. Allow 1lb. of butter to every 20 guests.

These foods will make up the bulk of the refreshments, but bowls of crisp salad greens and red tomatoes are pleasant additions.

Complete the meal with bowls of fresh fruit or fruit salad and lots of black coffee.



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## HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM READERS

**● These useful home hints from readers win a prize of £1/1/- each.**

TO keep the smooth round shape of whole onions when baking or boiling them, thread them on a skewer, or singly on wooden toothpicks. Remove skewer or toothpicks just before serving. —Mrs. E. N. Reid, Lileah, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Attractive aprons can be made from the backs of men's discarded shirts. Use the double yoke at shoulders to cut waistband, and front or sleeves to cut ties. Trim with contrasting material, bias binding, or rick-rack braid. —Mrs. D. Harris, Entrance Rd., Wamberal, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

**When using radishes in salads, do not scrape them. Wash them well and grate finely over salad. They are easier to digest this way. — Miss J. Gapps, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.**

★ ★ ★

Add a luxury touch to ordinary boiled custard by beating in one or two small buckets of ice-cream when the custard is cool and ready to serve. It gives the custard a smooth texture and delightful flavor. — Mrs. Georgia Conway, 19 Old Toowoomba Rd., Leichhardt, W. Ipswich, Qld.

★ ★ ★

**Use men's pipe-cleaners instead of rubber bands to secure plaits or pony-tail hairdos. They can be cut to desired length, are easy to use, and can be dyed according to individual needs. — Mrs. L. J. Abbey, 35 Newman Cres., Traralgon, Vic.**

★ ★ ★

If bothered by mosquitoes and the spray is empty, sprinkle 3 or 4 balls of cotton-wool with oil of citronella and place them behind and at either end of the pillow. — Mrs. B. Ney, 46 Martin St., Bourke, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Fill a small plastic pepper-pot with french chalk and keep it beside your rubber gloves. Sprinkle a little inside each glove before use and they'll slip on and off easily. — Mrs. M. Ferguson, Flat 13, 65 Park St., St. Kilda, Vic.

# Pie with novel pastry

**● A rich wholemeal pastry, flavored with almonds and cream cheese, forms the shell of the unusual fruit mince pie recipe that wins the £5 main prize this week.**

THE prizewinning recipe has a delicious filling of pineapple and dried fruits.

All spoon measurements are level.

### CHEESE-RUM FRUIT PIE

**Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. cream cheese, 1½oz. castor sugar, 1½oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 3oz. wholemeal self-raising flour, 3oz. plain flour, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ cup ground almonds, squeeze lemon juice.**

Cream butter, cheese, and sugars until light and fluffy, add egg, beat well. Sift flours, cinnamon, baking-powder together, tip back roughage. Add to creamed mixture with ground almonds and lemon juice; mix well, chill. Roll out 2-3rds of pastry about ¼in. thick, fill into 9in. or 10in. pie-plate, reserve remainder for top of pie. Chill pie-plate and reserved pastry while preparing fillings.

**Cheese Filling: Half-pound cottage cheese, 2 eggs, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.**

Sieve cheese, add eggs, sugar, and vanilla; beat well. Spread mixture carefully over pastry.

**Fruit Filling: One small can crushed pineapple (well drained), 8oz. mixed fruit, 2 cooking apples (diced), 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup pineapple syrup, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup rum, egg-white and sugar for glazing.**

Spread layer of well-drained pineapple over cheese mixture. Combine fruit filling ingredients, cook until apples are tender; cool. Pour rum over fruit, gently stir through. Spread over pineapple, top with remainder of pineapple. Dampen edges of pastry, top with reserved pastry, rolled out thinly. Trim edges, pinch a frill. Glaze with egg-white, sprinkle with sugar. Cut few small slits in top. Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, continue baking about 35 minutes or until pastry is golden, and filling cooked through. Serve warm or cold.

**First prize of £5 to Mrs. C. M. Druitt, P.O., Residence, Healesville, Vic.**

### BOILED FRUIT CAKE

**Eight ounces butter, 1½lb. mixed fruits, ½lb. glace cherries, ½lb. almonds, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup sweet sherry or brandy, 1 cup water, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, 8oz. plain flour.**

Put butter, fruit, nuts, mixed spice, soda, sherry, water, and sugar in saucepan. Boil 2 minutes, allow to cool about 1 hour. When mixture is cool, add well-beaten eggs, then gradually add sifted flours; mix lightly through. Fill into 10in. cake-tin lined with 1 thickness of white paper and 1 of brown, or 2 large loaf-tins, lined with white paper. Bake in slow oven; 10in. cake will take about 3 to 3½ hours, and loaf-tins about 1½ to 2 hours. Allow to cool in tins. This cake will keep well.

**Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. McDonell, P.O., Mt. Pelion, via Mackay, Qld.**

### MUSHROOM MEAT LOAF

**One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 finely chopped onion, ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg, salt to taste, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup tomato juice or puree, 6 bacon rashers (rind removed), 1 cup sliced mushrooms (saute lightly in little butter), 1 small can baked beans, ¼ cup water.**

Combine minced steak, breadcrumbs, onion, nutmeg, salt. Stir in egg and tomato juice or puree; mix well. Line loaf-tin with 4 rashers of bacon, place half meat mixture on top, leaving hollow in centre. Fill loaf centre with mushrooms, spread remainder of meat on top. Arrange last 2 bacon rashers on top. Pour over baked beans mixed with water. Bake in moderate oven about 1¼ to 1½ hours.

**Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.**

## LOW-CALORIE MENU

**● A jellied chicken consomme followed by savory steak with rice doesn't sound like low-calorie fare. But, with a dessert of fresh fruit, this whole menu adds up to only 557 calories.**

*Iced Consomme with White Wine*
*Green Pepper Steak*
*Hot Cooked Rice*
*Fresh Fruit, Coffee*

Total calories for meal (allowing 100 for fresh fruit), 557.

### ICED CONSOMME WITH WHITE WINE

**One tablespoon gelatine, 3 cups chicken bouillon or broth (skimmed of all fat), 1 cup dry white wine, salt and pepper, lemon wedges.**

Soften gelatine in a little of the cold bouillon, then dissolve over hot water and mix with remaining bouillon and wine. Season to taste. Cool, chill until firm. Spoon into consomme cups, break up jelly with fork. Garnish each cup with lemon wedge.

Four generous servings; calories per serving, 45.

### GREEN PEPPER STEAK

**One and a half pounds round steak (trimmed of all fat), 2 onions (sliced), 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 cup beef stock or bouillon, salt, pepper, 3 green peppers (sliced, with seeds removed), ½ cup dry red wine, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, hot cooked rice.**

Cut meat into 4 portions, brown on both sides in hot, greased frying-pan. Add sliced onions, thyme, bouillon, salt, pepper. Cover, simmer gently until meat is tender (about 1 hour). Add peppers, wine, and worcestershire sauce, simmer further 20 minutes. Transfer steak and vegetables to serving-dish. Reduce sauce if necessary, then spoon over. Serve with the rice.

Serves 4; calories per serving, 312. Allow 4oz. cooked rice (100 calories) per serving.


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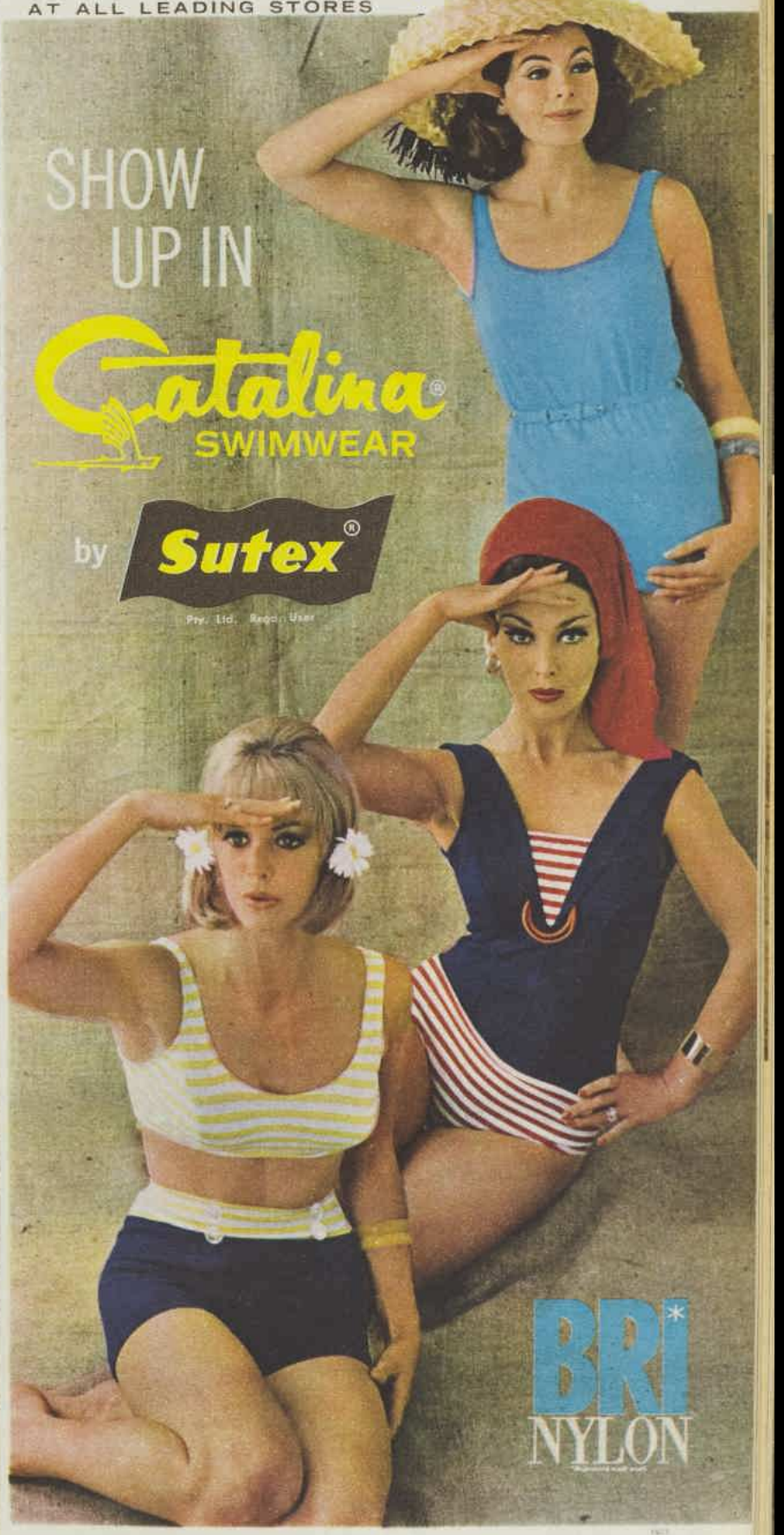


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(CENTRE) "Flirtation". Show up for the close-ups like a French matelot, with cute sailor trims. Bri-Nylon and miracle Lycra knit for super figure control. Six colour combinations. £7-10-0.

(BOTTOM) "French Leave". Show up cute, where the action is, in Catalina's two-piece this summer. Take French Leave wherever you go. Glorious combinations of stripes and plains made from Bri-Nylon and Lycra knit. £6-10-0.





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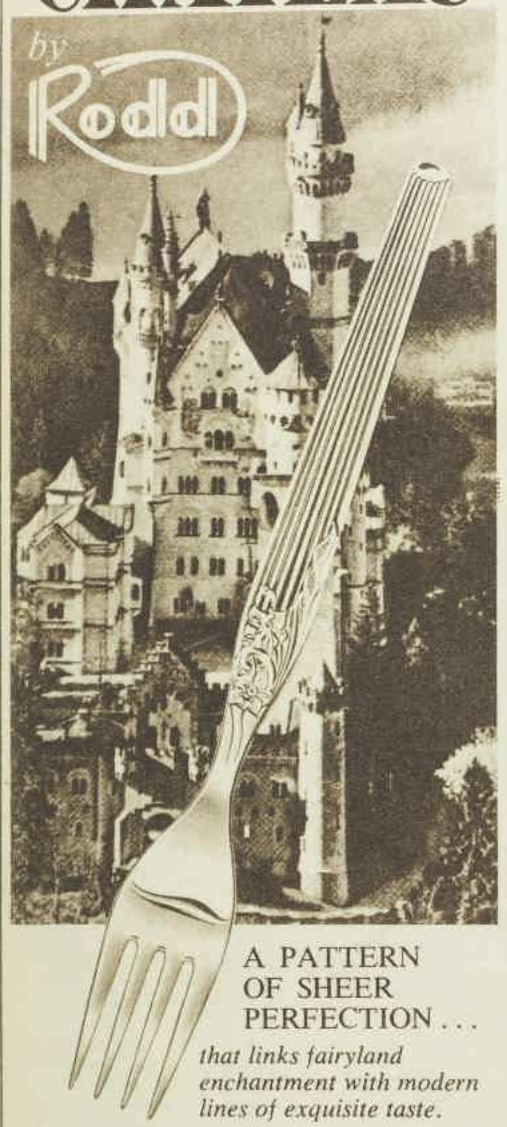
# CHATEAU

*by* Rodd



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***CONSULT OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRES.*** ***For addresses and service details turn to our Home Plan page in this issue.***

*Continued from page 31*

## DREAM OF LOVE

jeans and pointed shoes. He had a freckled, impudent face topped by a shock of curly red hair. And the girl had a dreamy quality that told me they were deeply in love, drifting like thistledown among the stars, with feet that never touched pavements, eyes that never saw buildings or buses or people.

Seventeen, I thought, scarcely that, perhaps. Which made me at twenty feel suddenly old. And then I saw their hands, fingers linked tight, and you could see the faint extra pressure as he squeezed her fingers suddenly.

They swung hands as they walked, proudly, as though the gesture of swinging hands in the street was a kind of secret code for people in love.

Don't be envious, I told myself coldly, no hand holding in public for you and Matt. It was one of the things you accepted three months ago on a bleak February morning when he strode into the office and asked for your boss. Well, not quite so soon as that, perhaps; acceptance came later, over lunch for two in a discreet cubicle at a quiet side-street restaurant.

I went on to work with the image of Matt firmly fixed at the centre of my mind, tall, dark, laughing, and lithe. I didn't want to see anything else.

Jimmy Truscott was waiting at the office. None of Matt's good looks about him — he was the square-chinned, brown-haired type. Reliable, kind to children, animals, and old ladies. Nice eyes and a temper that could erupt occasionally.

I HAD known for ages how he felt about me. Sometimes I rather enjoyed the situation, but with Matt's arrival, Jimmy became merely someone to avoid, because I knew how much he despised my relationship with Matt.

"Mr. Bannerman wants to go through the Crowther report with me this morning," Jimmy smiled. "Thought I'd catch up on it before I see him. Can I have it?"

I gave it to him. His look irritated me — like a hopeful child whispering into the ear of a department-store Father Christmas.

"Lunch?" he asked. "At the Penny Whistle? You liked that once."

"People's tastes change," I said.

It was meant to be smart, but I felt cheap as soon as I'd said it.

"That means you're going to the Steak House with Matt, I suppose," he said. "You're a fool, Laurie."

"I mind my own business," I told him and he shrugged and went out.

I kept seeing that boy and girl as clearly as though they stood by the filing cabinet, smiling at each other, looking as if love were a great, shining banner to wave on high. Silly, silly teenage love, I thought bitterly.

It wasn't a good day inside the office. Mr. Bannerman was in one of his moods. At eleven o'clock he told me to go to the Council Offices for some papers he needed.

I didn't mind; it meant a walk through the park. I was just leaving when Matt poked his head around the office door.

"See you at the Steak House, darling," he whispered and blew me a kiss.

I blew a kiss back because there was no one around. I loved him so much my heart was like a tight-wound clockwork spring.

I thought about him as I walked through the park. Never mind what the Jimmy Truscotts of this world said, you couldn't have everything.

I wasn't counting tomorrows, seeing how many months of knowing Matt could add up to a wedding ring. This was my particular dream, rosy and warm. I needed Matt, and if it wasn't quite so straightforward and easy for us, as for some, what did it matter?

In the park there was a little old woman in faded blue, tossing bits of cake to the skimming ducks. The elderly man with her had such a look of adoration on his face that it was absurd. After all, I reminded myself fiercely, they've probably been married thirty years and it's ridiculous.

I don't have to make a public display; I don't have to announce to the world that Matt and I are in love. Not like the man on the corner by the Council Offices, buying a little cluster of snowy-belled lily of the valley for the girl by his side, not like the couple earnestly looking at rings in the jeweller's window. It was the kind of day on which the newly-in-love walk proudly in the sun.

Proudly. The word prodded me all the way back to Mr. Bannermann's office. Jimmy was there. I hated his long, quiet looks, the way he seemed to hold a watching brief as though I were a client in whom he had a special interest.

Maybe it was the combination of seeing the handholders and having too much work to do that dulled the bright edge of my day. For me, the sun kept sliding behind a cloud which had never seemed so large, not since Matt and I had first talked seriously together.

I tried all kind of charms. I'll buy the shoes. I'll tell Matt how I feel and we'll hammer out something together. It will be all right when I can feel his hand hold mine under the table, hear him say, "I love you—"

Only the charms didn't work and by lunchtime I felt limp and irritable. Jimmy was there, when I came out of the office. Jimmy was always there, which was one of the reasons why he irritated me.

"Change your mind about lunch, Laurie?"

"Whatever makes you think I'd do that?" I asked with cool astonishment. "Matt and I arranged this yesterday."

"You don't have to go, break it once and you're on the way to recovery."

"Recovery? What rubbish you talk!"

"It's true. Matt's an illness with you. The situation has got a special glamor, a certain fire — or so you think. Finding little out-of-the-way places. It's fun to play hide-and-seek with the rest of the world — for a while. But didn't you ever get to thinking how nice it would be if you could walk together down any street —"

"Shut up!" I said bitterly.

Matt was waiting in our particular little cubicle at the Steak House. Each cubicle is for two or four people, and the oak seats have high backs, so that you can't see who is sitting in the next little niche.

And the lights are dim, which helps. Anyway, Matt argued, it could be a business lunch. If we needed to, we'd use this excuse.

At the sight of him, I waited for the familiar feeling to come back, wrap its warmth around me, and lift me up above all the silly, stupid little rules for living that clung like burrs.

But today the magic wasn't there. I felt defeated, and it must have shown in my face.

"What's wrong, darling?" Matt asked as I sat down.

"Nothing, just one of those mornings," I lied.

"Bannerman's in a mood," he agreed. "I spent half an hour with him. I was glad to escape."

Beneath the table his fingertips found mine, but I couldn't find the eager response that made me want to curl my fingers confidently inside his waiting hand.

Matt noticed.

"More than just one of those mornings?" he said. "Come on, darling, out with it."

I looked at him. The words that had lain buried because I was afraid of what their saying could unlock, wouldn't be hidden any longer. I had to say them, even though part of me didn't want to, wanted to leave things the way they were.

"Matt," I said. "I don't want to hold your hand, like this, under a table, where no one can see us. I want to walk down the street in the sunshine, both of us holding hands for everyone to see. I want to stop under the trees in the park and kiss you and not care who is watching us. I want the whole world to know we're in love."

I don't know what reaction I had expected, certainly not the shocked dismay that showed in his eyes.

"Laurie, you know we can't. There's Helena."

"Have you told her about us?"

"No. She hasn't been well." He was evasive. "Besides, divorce is a big step. I don't feel the same toward her — I've told you that. But I can't rush things. Wait a while—"

*To page 52*

*"This should interest you — a sale on pot holders."*

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COTY



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JEWELLERY BY DONALD SIMPSON



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Z135

*"Mum! I lost my comb in my hair!"*

## DREAM OF LOVE

Continued from page 50

Divorce, I thought. No, I had never wanted that, never really believed in it. It was well outside the dream that held only Matt and me.

I don't know why, but the sight of those starry-eyed teenagers had built up into a symbol of something I needed.

I hadn't even known the need was there until I realised Matt could never fill it.

"What's wrong with the way things are?" he was saying persuasively, his fingers hard over mine, his smile warm. "Oh, we'll work something out, maybe Helena herself — I don't know — but just to be together, surely that's enough, isn't it? We don't have to parade love to the world to prove its existence — we don't have to do a public hand-holding act for the world's approval—"

I pulled my fingers free and ran out into the sunshine. I heard him call my name, there was still time to turn back from an impulsive gesture I would regret a dozen times over.

But I didn't go back.

I FELT so empty, so cheated. I was bitterly angry with the boy and girl — if I hadn't stopped to look at the shoes in Archard's window I'd never have seen them.

Automatically, I turned toward Archard's to buy a pair of shoes I couldn't afford, because my rosy dream was a grey cobweb, and my heart was in little pieces. To buy them and wear them and wonder where I'd walk in them, what rooms I'd enter, what roads I'd tread that led away from Matt.

The shoes fitted and were beautiful. They made my feet look narrow and the buckles sparkled through a haze of tears. The assistant looked at me curiously when I said I'd wear them and she could pack my others. I didn't care.

I came out of the shop and there was Jimmy. I walked into him so fast that I trod on his toe.

"Those stiletto heels!" he yelled at me. "If they don't break your neck, they'll surely pierce someone's foot! I feel as if a garden fork has gone right through my foot! Why do you have to wear such tomfool things?"

Funny, but I needed his anger, because I could yell back he shouldn't have been cluttering the doorway, and somehow it eased a little of the misery in me. The passers-by looked and grinned; I asked him what he was doing there, anyway.

"Waiting for you. I saw you leave the Steak House on your own," he growled, gingerly testing his foot.

He didn't say any more. He grabbed my elbow firmly and steered me along the pavement. I wasn't suddenly happy or even comforted.

I didn't need Jimmy and I wouldn't need him for a long time, but one day, maybe — well, it was a thought, no more. And he was walking with me; Matt and I had never walked back from the Steak House together.

"Mind you," said Jimmy, "they're pretty shoes. I could always saw the heels off for you."

I managed the ghost of a smile. I knew what lay ahead, the misery, the loneliness, the regrets. Part of growing up was knowing and accepting all that and wanting it to be right, so that someone could hold your hand openly — or even cup your elbow firmly, with an air of looking after you, that made for a sense of belonging.

"Had any lunch?" he asked.

"No. I don't want any."

He ignored that. "We'll go to the Penny Whistle," he informed me.

It was crowded, but there was one table for two just vacant. The boy and the girl who were just leaving it smiled at us. She was young and sweet with her ruffled hair and sloppy-joe sweater.

His hair was red — and curly, his jeans were tight, and his shoes had pointed toes.

I couldn't see them too clearly because of my tears, but I knew.

They were young and happy. For them love was the way it should be.

I'd never forget that again.

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# ROLL AWAY WORK

**Paint 12′ x 15′ room in four hours—and be proud you did!**

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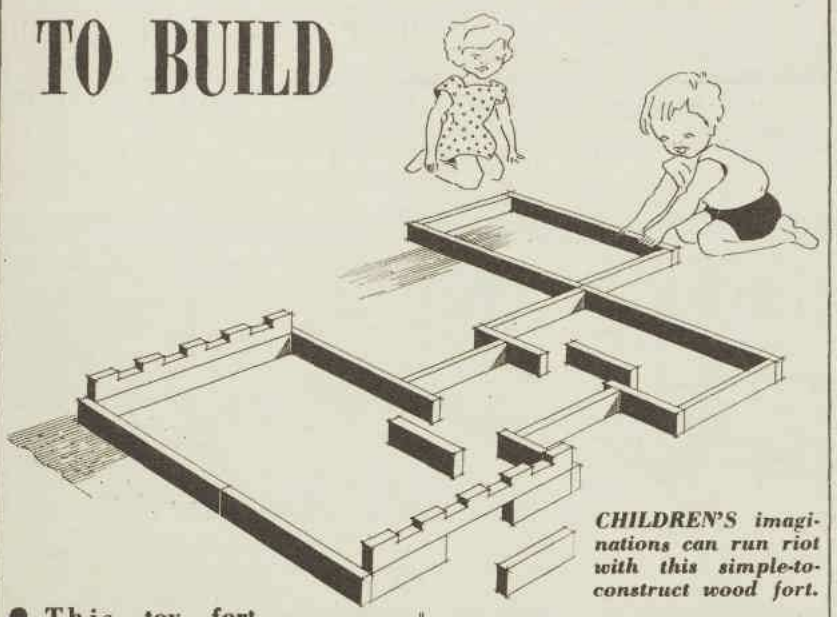

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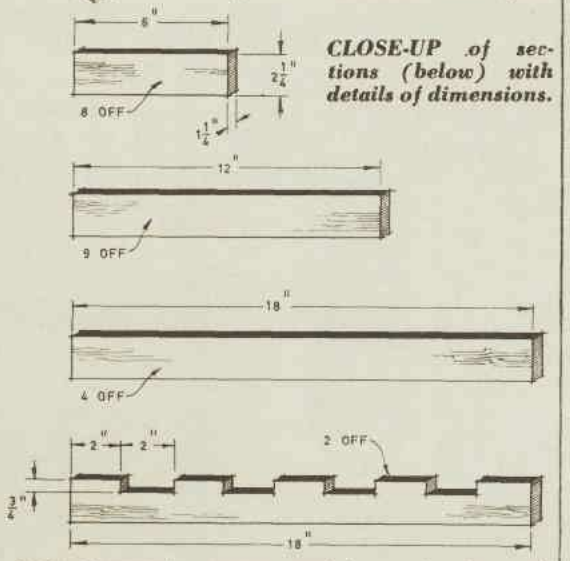
**● This toy fort would make an enthralling Christmas present for any child. Designed on a skeleton form, the pieces can be placed in any position to suit the mood—model farm, romantic castle, prince's palace.**

***CLOSE-UP of sections (below) with details of dimensions.***




HERE is a build-it-yourself toy which will provide hours of fun for the children but which represents only minutes of work for father.

A few lengths of timber, a few saw-cuts, and some sandpapering are all that are required; the children will do the rest.

Basically designed as a fort, it can be arranged in dozens of different layouts. The girls will probably turn it into a farmyard or a many-roomed house, the boys use it as a castle, stockade, or ranch.

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Timber is dressed Pacific maple or No. 1 grade oregon, cut to sizes shown in the detailed sketches, and well sanded on all edges and corners.

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Twenty-three feet of timber is sufficient to cut all the pieces shown in the sketches.

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AVAILABLE FROM ALL LEADING JEWELLERS

# THE GIRL IN THE CURIO SHOP

*Continued from page 33*

She glanced at the window. "I'm sorry — I didn't think you were interested."

"What are you asking for the cookies?"

She picked up the package and turned it over in her hand. "This doesn't seem to be marked. Let's say two and a quarter."

"That for three," I said. "I don't suppose you'd sell them separately?"

She frowned and bit her lip.

"It's all right," I said. "You wouldn't want to break up the set. I understand."

She put them back in the window: three ordinary-looking cookies — oatmeal, I believe.

I looked at several other things: a collection of moths in a frame; a Civil War hat; a plaster statue of an Indian. It was time for me to get back to the office, so I asked her the price of the statue. She said it was three dollars fifty. I noticed that it was cracked and chipped in several places.

"The statue sems to have had considerable wear," I said. "But I guess I'll take it."

THE girl looked at me without a smile and said, "You have good taste."

"That's very kind of you," I said. This sounded a little flat. "As a matter of fact," I added, "I'm an architect."

She said, "Oh?"

"Yes," I said. "I design buildings — houses, that sort of thing."

"It's nice to know the Indian will have a good home."

"I have to be getting back to the office now," I said. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye." As I opened the door she called to me, "One more thing—"

"Yes?"

"What did you care how much the statue cost if you didn't intend to pay for it, anyway?"

"I'm sorry," I said, "believe me."

She said, "That's all right, it happens every day."

When I got back to the office my partner, Arnie, was sitting at his desk shooting paper-clips at the waste-paper basket. He reached out to examine the statue. "How much? he asked and then said I had a bargain when I told him. Now Arnie doesn't know any more about antiques than I do — maybe less. But that's the way he is. He has the knack of sounding authoritative on any subject that comes up.

Arnie is the contact man. He locates the clients and sells them some charming little sketches. Then I have to figure out some way to turn them into houses. It works out fine. I put the statue on my desk and sat down. I had a lot of work to do, but I couldn't get the girl out of my mind.

"Arnie," I said, "what is your opinion of a girl who would charge two and a quarter for three cookies?"

He said that wasn't very much to go on, so I went ahead and described her in detail. When I had finished, he put down the clips and the rubber band and swirled around in his chair facing me. "If you want my opinion," he said, "this girl is a real find. What do you care what she charges for cookies?"

"It isn't the money," I said. "It was more her attitude." Then I told him the whole story, starting with the tangerine. "Now that I've put it in words," I said when I'd finished, "it sounds pretty tame."

"Yes, it does," Arnie said; "that's what impresses me most."

"It does?"

"Los Angeles is the superlative capital of the world," he went on. "If something isn't the biggest, or brightest, or funniest, it might as well not exist. But this girl of yours has the rarest of all qualities — restraint."

He was right. I had been trying to figure out what it was that set her apart, and that was it.

Arnie had got up and was striding round the room, his eyes shining. "She didn't use a whole basket of tangerines — she didn't say they were fifty dollars each. One tangerine — a buck and a half." He shook his head wonderingly. "That's class."

"There was a kind of dignity about her," I said. "It's hard to explain, but it was as though it were a vase or something she was showing me. And I didn't want to do anything to change the mood.

## FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."***

***— Romans 8:38, 39.***

I wonder now if it would have been better if I hadn't mentioned the tangerine at all."

"No, it wouldn't," Arnie said. "To make a point of ignoring it would have been as bad as asking for an explanation. No, the only thing you might have done was to ask about something else."

"Something else?"

"Yes, you could say, 'There's something in your window that caught my eye,' and then when she asks what, you say, 'The snuffbox — the one next to the tangerine.'"

Well, we always think of these things too late. All I could say was I'd done my best. The next day I had to go to San Francisco and it was a week before I got back. As soon as I could get away from the office I went over to the shop.

Everything seemed pretty much the same as before except there were no cookies, no tangerine, and no girl.

The proprietor was short, bald, and wore glasses. "Can I help you?" he asked. "Something special in mind?"

What could I say? I couldn't tell him all I had in mind was his assistant. It might even be his daughter.

"The other day in your window," I began, "I noticed a tangerine——"

"Oh" — he raised one hand and hit himself on the head — "another one of those."

"Another one of what?" I asked him.

"Let's not waste any of your time, any of mine," he said. "I don't know where she lives. I don't know her name. She is gone — out of my life forever, I hope."

"What gave you the idea I was going to ask about her?"

"It's a trend," he said. "Yesterday morning I come to work for the first time in two weeks. Doctor's orders. The first customer is a young fellow; he says my assistant has shown him a hard-boiled egg — price a dollar thirty-five. Well, in this business you meet all kinds. Anyhow, it turns out all he is interested in is my assistant. I explain she was only temporary help; I don't remember her name. I don't know where she lives."

I said, "But you must know."

He stared at me for a minute and then shrugged. "Exactly what the first one said. Also approximately what the second, third, and all the others said."

"The others?"

"You are number seven — maybe eight. One of them has seen a piece of pie in the window — another a pickle. What do they think I am running here?"

"About the girl's name—"

He closed his eyes. "What I ought to do is have a folder printed up — hand one to each customer. All right" — he jabbed his finger at me — "I'll explain one more time. I got sick. I put an ad in the paper for somebody to run the shop.

"The girl answered. She had references — good enough. To a man with my blood pressure what is a name? It seems like it might have been Brown or maybe Black." He turned away wearily. "Or it could be it just sounded like a color."

"Well," I said, "thanks, anyway." I handed him my card. "If you should happen to hear from her, you might call me. I'd appreciate it."

He didn't look at the card. "I used to have such a nice quiet little business," he said.

WHEN I got back to the office Arnie was on the phone. The floor all around the waste-paper basket was covered with paper-clips. "You're using too flat a trajectory," I told him when he hung up. "You should arch your shots more." I went over to my desk.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "The price of cookies gone up?"

I told him.

"You going to try to find her?"

"I want to find her," I said, "but I don't know where to start."

"Don't you ever watch TV?" he asked. "The lieutenant always goes over to the wall, to a big map." He got up, stepped over to the map of Los Angeles County and drew a circle with his finger. "Now, we know the person we're after is somewhere inside that circle." He thought for a minute. "Either that or she's outside the circle."

I said, "Well, at least it's a start."

He shook his head. "On television they always seem so sure." He went back and sat down. "All right, we don't know where she lives, but that's not important."

"No?"

"She isn't going to stay in the house all the time, is she? Chances are she's out looking for another job right now—" Suddenly he snapped his fingers.

"You've got it?" I said.

"She got her last job through a help-wanted ad. That's the way to get in touch with her. You advertise for an assistant in running a curio shop — somebody with experience in perishable goods."

"No," I said slowly, "it's no good. Even if she did answer the ad I wouldn't have any job to offer her. She'd know it was just a trick. Besides that, I'd get answers from every nut in Southern California."

*To page 56*

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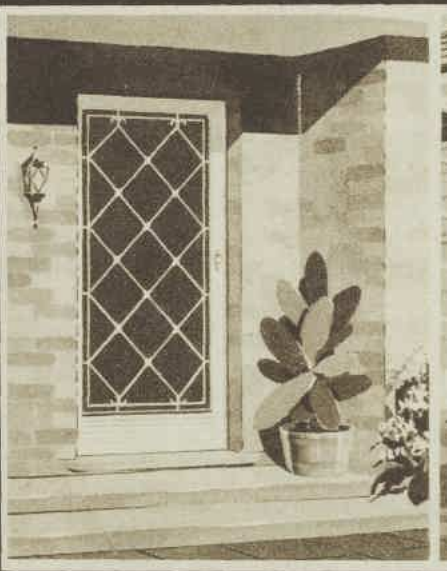

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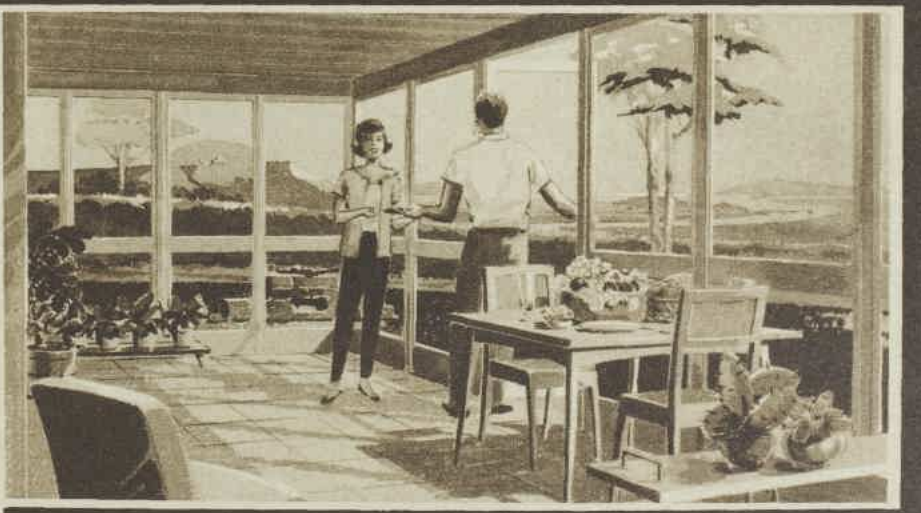

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## THE BOYFRIEND

*"Watch closely and I'll show you how to stand up!"*

Continued from page 54

# THE GIRL IN THE CURIO SHOP

"Only trying to help," he said. He fired another clip at the waste-paper basket.

"If you'd put the basket against the wall, you could make a lot of the rebounds."

"Very true. Or I could walk over there with the box and empty them all in. But there's the sporting element to be considered." He tried a couple more shots — very sporting but not very close. "You know there's something romantic about this quest of yours — sort of like a wandering troubador searching for his lost love."

"No troubador ever had to search through a place like Los Angeles."

"That's true, it's a big town."

"Too big," I said.

"Well, if you ever figure out what can be done about that, let me know." He took one final shot and tossed the rubber band on the desk. "Now, look, we've got work to do. It's time we stopped all this kidding around and got down to business."

I said, "You're right."

He sharpened a pencil and reached for a pad of paper. "All right then — where do you suppose this girl might go in her spare time?"

I thought about that for a minute. "I can think of three places she might go—Fisherman's Wharf, Chinatown, and Seal Rocks. The only trouble is they're all in San Francisco."

"Yeah," he said. "For the moment let's stick to this area. Well, there's Disneyland"— he started making out a list— "the Rose Bowl, Mussel Beach, Knott's Berry Farm ——" He wrote down a total of maybe a dozen places. Then he studied the list a minute or so, and starting at the top he crossed them all out.

He scratched his jaw. "You know, we may have a bigger problem here than we realised. I'm beginning to think this girl is out of town."

I could see what he meant. She wasn't the L.A. or Hollywood type. "I guess that does it," I said, "It was bad enough before, but now she could be anywhere in the country."

"Not so fast," Arnie said; "that's not healthy thinking. We know she was in town the day before yesterday, so if you're going to look for her we've got to assume she's still here."

"If you say so."

"Also we have to assume that she'd like to see you again."

"Why do you have to assume that?"

"Because if she doesn't want to see you there's no point in finding her."

"It seems to me we're making a lot of assumptions."

"If you want to get ahead you've got to," Arnie said. "Look at Columbus. He didn't know America was here — he just assumed it was."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "he assumed it wasn't. He was trying to get to India."

ARNIE stared at me "You're sure about that?"

"It's all in the books."

Arnie said, "Take George Rogers Clark. He had to have faith that he'd discover the Northwest Passage."

"He was wrong about that, too."

"Oh," Arnie said, "do you want to sit there and show how smart you are, or do you really want to locate this girl?"

"I'm sorry. Where do we start?"

"You actually want to get started? You don't have any more hot flashes about Columbus you'd like to tell me about?" He shot another clip and missed by about a foot. "OK then. There's one problem we haven't gone into yet. The girl doesn't know your name. You say there are other fellows looking for her, too. Even if we should be able to get some kind of message to her, how would she know it was you?"

This was something that hadn't occurred to me before. How was I going to identify myself? "I did buy the cigar-holder," I said, "and the statue of the Indian — I almost walked off without paying for it — I'm sure she wouldn't forget that."

"Fine," he said. "That gives us something to work with."

He looked up at the ceiling, tapping his teeth with the pencil. "What we'll have to do is stage a robbery—— Now take it easy. I don't mean a real one. You mess up your apartment a little and then call the police to report a burglary. They'll ask what's missing. You tell them a fifteen thousand dollar cigar-holder and a twenty thousand dollar plaster Indian. It will make all the papers — all the newscasts. The girl can't miss it."

I hated to disappoint Arnie, but I couldn't match his enthusiasm for this scheme. I've never been very good at lying to the authorities, for one thing. Also, Arnie wouldn't be the one to go to gaol if something should go wrong. "I'm afraid not," I told him.

He shrugged cheerfully. "It was just a thought."

During the next few days he had a number of other thoughts of about the same calibre. I didn't try any of them. "It looks like a washout," I said. "I don't think I'm ever going to see her again."

"You've got to have faith," Arnie said. "Didn't you ever hear about Robert Bruce and the spider."

"Certainly I've heard of him."

"He'd just lost half a dozen battles and he was about ready to quit. Then he saw a spider trying to do something or other and it didn't succeed until the seventh try. So then he went back and did whatever it was he'd been trying to do — kill a lot of Englishmen or something."

"I don't see how that's going to help me."

"Neither do I," Arnie said, "but it's a part of our cultural heritage and it doesn't hurt to think about it from time to time."

Probably I've been giving the impression that very little architecture was going on at this time, which is incorrect. When Arnie was out of the office I got quite a bit accomplished. Fortunately he was out a lot. Then one afternoon he happened to be in the office and I was out. When I got back he had a message for me.

"A woman called—a Miss Julia Towne. Does that ring a bell?"

"Towne," I said. "It sounds like a color."

"You're right. But then lots of names do — Maud Turple, Herman Torange—"

"The man in the shop thought her name sounded like a color. What did she say?"

"Wanted to know if you were here, that's all. I told her I didn't know when you'd be back, so she said she would wait — said she would be in Palisade Park."

I got in my car and headed down Santa Monica Boulevarde. When I reached the park, I left my car and started walking. The path ran near the edge of the

To page 63

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM

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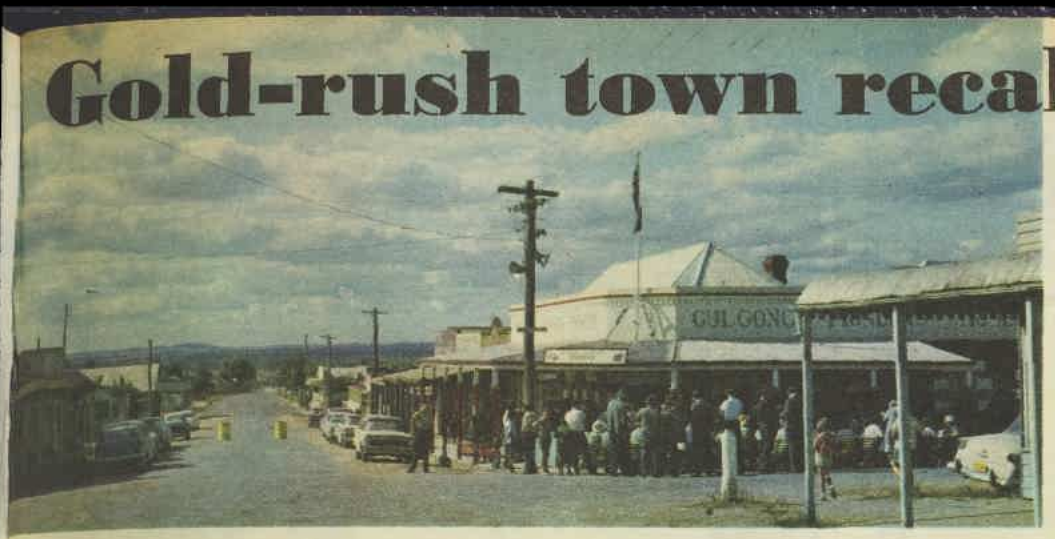
# Gold-rush town recalls the boom



*A CROWD gathers outside the Gulgong Pioneers' Museum in Herbert Street, Gulgong.*

*A FORMER Mayor of Gulgong, Mr. H. J. Gudgeon, 86, and the delicate robe he was christened in. "The fancy cot's not mine," Mr. Gudgeon said. "I slept in a wooden box!"*

*JO-ANN DEMPSEY, 5, in the museum. Her father, Mr. Bill Dempsey, is the curator.*

**● They say the dogs in Gulgong wag their tails up and down because the streets aren't wide enough to wag them sideways . . .**

By KIRSTEN WARD

THIS is an exaggeration, of course. The streets are narrow and winding because they follow the bush tracks of days of gold, but they are not as narrow as all that.

The town of Gulgong is literally built on gold.

"There's plenty still there," said one old-timer wistfully. "But it's mighty deep now."

In April, 1870, a shepherd, who with others had already been fossicking casually without finding anything much, came upon pieces of gold lying in the grass where the sheep were grazing.

**Within a few weeks the wild yells of Gold! Gold! Gold! had spread like a flood, and Gulgong, the boom town, was born.**

The people of Gulgong, many of them descendants of hardy men and women who came to look for gold 90 years ago, are extremely conscious of their historical and romantic past, and they have given their time, money, and property for the Gulgong Pioneers' Museum.

The Museum, which the Royal Australian Historical Society recently said could be a model for other museums, takes visitors and locals, young and old, into another world—a hard world made romantic by time.

It was established in what was the bakery of 1872, and officially opened last Easter.

Wandering through, one can overhear elderly people, their memories jogged by things familiar to their youth, remarking, "I remember mother using one like that . . ." or "Dad brought one of those home, and we thought it was marvellous!" Or of a pair of ankle shoes, "I remember those terrible buttons and laces."

The Folk Section includes a Victorian bedroom complete with wig-stand, chamber-pot, brass-and-iron canopy bed, pomade jar, and a hundred other knick-knacks and pictures, curtains, a hand-knitted towel, rocking-chair, and washstand.

Every detail as far as possible is authentic, and the bedroom is beautiful.

The parlor has a chaise-longue, an old oak table complete with velvet tablecloth, kerosene lamp, brass flowerpot.

As you walk past these things you can well imagine the rustle of Mother's taffeta dress as she sat with her needlework while Father read aloud from Dickens by the light of the kerosene lamp.

In the kitchen is a wooden trough, worn smooth and soft, used to knead the dough for the miners' bread, and many old cooking utensils.

The Gold Section, which displays tools and equipment used by gold-fevered men nearly 100 years ago, brings a vivid picture of how it must have been.

One imagines the search starting at dawn and a day of digging, filtering, washing the soil—and the excitement when a nugget of any size was found.

In the evening the miner would probably walk into town to brag and swop stories with other men in one of the many pubs.

He may have talked with the Irishman Paddy and listened to the stories of Paddy's youth as a circus clown, told with Irish humor.

Or he may have yelled a "G'day!" to John Scully, the baker, who made £53,000 out of the gold and died poor a few years later.

Their talk may have turned to Ned Kelly, who passed through Gulgong harming no one because he was given food and shelter, or to the latest deed of Jimmy Governor, the aboriginal bushranger.

There is a display of aboriginal weapons and implements — some perhaps used by those hostile natives who greatly hindered local pioneers Cox and Rouse in the early 1880s.

Those early boom years were exciting times, despite the hardships.

Men of various nationalities brought their wives, children, and goats, their beds, tables, and few precious belongings and set up "home" under a calico tent or slab of stringy bark.

Within the next few years no less than 40 hotels were flourishing and there were banks and tailors, butchers and bakers, perhaps even candlestick makers. There were churches and some sort of school and hospital. The town even rated a court, newspaper, post office, doctors, and police.

*SITTING-ROOM of the museum complete with velvet tablecloth, chaise-longue, and potted palms.*

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

**Living conditions for families were dreadful—over-crowded and unhygienic. There were epidemics of pretty well every disease. The cemetery is a record of the dreadful infant mortality rate.**

But the wave of excitement and gold-fever that swept the town quickly into life died just as quickly.

By 1878 the mining return had reduced from the yearly 134,455oz. it was in 1872 to 6488oz.

By 1880 only a few thousand of the population of 20,000 were left.

These turned to the land for a living.

Many of their descendants still live in Gulgong, and some can just remember their childhood in the boom years.



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# Dancing family

*DANCERS ALL: Mrs. Dorothy Potter (holding a trophy), Douglas, Robert, Lynette, and Mr. Bob Potter, all ballroom champions.*

**● Ten dancing feet in one family might be hard on the carpet, but it's a wonderful recipe for togetherness, according to the Potter family, of Maroubra, N.S.W.**

By PATRICIA JOHNSON

PARENTS Bob and Dorothy Potter and their three children, Robert, 18, Douglas, 15, and Lynette, 12, are all ballroom champions.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter do not dance in competitions any more — Mr. Potter is usually one of the judges, anyway — but now they run a large dancing school.

The walls of the studio are festooned with the 500-odd sashes the children have won in past competitions.

Glass showcases in the studio and at the Potters' home hold almost 200 trophies won by the children.

Robert, Douglas, and Lynette each dance in an average of 500 competitions yearly, all over Australia. (There can be up to 40 competitions in a day in the festivals.)

In this year's world championships Douglas won the Junior Old-Time and Modern Dancing sections and Lynette came third in the Juvenile sections.

Robert, who won the World's Junior Modern Championship in Melbourne two years ago, is now practising hard to compete in adult championships.

Dancing just comes naturally to the Potters.

Bob Potter won his first competition (for charlestoning) when he was 11.

He met Dorothy when she came along to his studio for lessons more than 20 years ago.

**They partnered each other and won many competitions in ensuing years.**

The three Potter children were dancing almost as soon as they could walk.

"There wasn't any question of being forced into dancing," said Robert. "It seemed natural that we would all be dancers, too, like Mum and Dad."

When Lynette was four and Robert six, they won first prize in an old-time competition — at the time Lynette was the youngest child in the world ever to win a ballroom contest.

Robert, Douglas, and Lynette have ambitions to turn professional some day.

"I want to go overseas," said Douglas.

"England is the home of ballroom dancing and I think experience there would be very valuable."

So far Robert is the only one allowed to go to public dances, although all three practise regularly each week.

"I'm keen on the Twist and Stomp," said Robert, "but they just don't compete with the old-time dances. Ballroom dancing is a complete form of expression for me."

*DOUGLAS, LYNETTE take up a ballroom pose.*



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# INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Good chances offering now.

By MARY BROKER

**● There are several good "rights" to new issues now being traded, which should prove attractive in the medium- to long-term. Here are some of them.**

THE first is Security and General Insurance Company Ltd.

Insurance appears to have a good future in Australia, although the industry is fiercely competitive. With rising population and rising standard of living, there will be more and more people to insure more and more possessions.

Security and General is what I call a "bustling" company — that is, a little neat one which has good management and obviously intends to go places.

## NEW ISSUE AND NEW FLOAT

**● Last week I spoke about new issues. I think I should point out here the difference between a new issue and a new float.**

**First, the new float:**

**As you know, there are many very successful companies which are not listed on the Stock Exchange.**

**At some time, for a multitude of reasons (including the new tax legislation which defines a "public" company — which is taxed at lower rates than a private company subject to certain conditions — as one which is listed on the Stock Exchange), directors of a "private" company may feel it would be in the company's interest to have the shares publicly held.**

**They, therefore, "float" the company and issue a certain number of shares to the community at large.**

**A new issue, as far as I am concerned here, is made by a company already listed which needs more funds.**

Principal offices are in all the capital cities as well as in Newcastle and Launceston, with a very brisk business also transacted in the main cities of New Zealand.

**Capital is only small — for an insurance company — at £300,000. After the present issue capital will be £350,000.**

In addition, Edward Lumley and Sons Ltd., a member of the Lloyds of London syndicate, who are the company's chief agents, have a substantial shareholding, which means that there are fewer around for the individual investor.

Since listing in 1962, profits have risen from £65,000 to £125,000 in the year to June 30 last.

This gave an earning rate of 41.6 per cent. on ordinary capital, compared with 32.5 per cent. two years ago. Dividend has been a constant 12½ per cent.

### *Trading now*

The present issue is at par 5/-, in the ratio of one for six. Books closed on November 6 to determine who should get the shares, and rights will be traded until December 4.

Such issues, I might add, are becoming the rule rather than the exception at each year's end, and if the trend continues, you could end up with quite a reasonable holding at a low average cost.

In December, 1962, a one for four par issue was made, and in December, 1963, a one for five par issue.

Rights, as is understandable, are not being frequently traded, but you may be lucky enough to pick up a parcel. At the current price of 35/-, one hundred would cost you, in total, £203.

### *Attractive*

A second attractive rights issue now available is to new shares in Evans Deakin Industries Ltd.

**I have talked about this company before when looking at the growth taking place in Queensland.**

Evans Deakin has been operating in Queensland since 1911 and has proved itself as an extremely efficient engineer.

Results have always been good, but in the year to June 30, 1964, were excellent.

Profit rose from £207,000 to £329,000, and earning rate jumped from 16.1 per cent. to 25.5 per cent. Dividend was steady at 12½ per cent.

The current new issue, to provide funds for expansion, is on the basis of one for five and is at par 5/-. Books closed on October 30, and rights will be traded until December 15.

They are now selling at around 10/-, compared with the old shares at 15/6, which gives a difference of 6d.

One hundred rights, plus application money, would cost £77.

# "Born scribbler's" success

**● Success has come quickly to Sydney author Elizabeth Kata. Her first novel was praised by critics, her second is about to be made into a film, and her first screen story has become a Hollywood suspense drama.**

ALL this has happened in three years crammed with literary activity by an attractive brunette who says she is "a born scribbler."

Mrs. Kata, who is married to a Japanese, is living in Australia while her son, 18, attends university.

Her screen story, "The Night Walker," stars Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.

"Producer Bill Castle in Hollywood phoned recently to say the film was ready," said Mrs. Kata.

She met Mr. Castle when he was in Sydney last year promoting his film "The Candy Web," and he told her she must write his next film story.

**"We signed a contract on a story that wasn't even written," said Mrs. Kata.**

She sent her first novel — "Be Ready With Bells and Drums" — to London "just out of the blue" in 1961.

In America it was chosen by the Discoverers' Book Club as the book of the month. Then a London producer bought the stage rights, and British producer Guy Green the film rights.

Her second novel, "Someone Will Conquer Them," was an immediate success in London in 1962.

Actor Rod Taylor bought the film rights.

"I heard recently that filming could start in February in Japan, with Mr. Taylor playing the lead," Mrs. Kata said.

At present she is at work on her fourth novel (the third is at the publishers).

As well as reviewing books for magazines, Mrs. Kata has made a screen adaptation of James Vance Marshall's book "The Children." She recently posted a stage comedy to London, too.

● *Elizabeth Kata.*


message to women born before 1940

have you felt these danger symptoms lately? Cramps in the legs? Swelling of the ankles and veins? An odd feeling of heaviness in the legs? Dull pains and aches . . .

THESE EARLY symptoms can mean you are one of the million or more people of all ages who are present or potential victims of varicose veins. This distressing condition embarrasses both men and women. Housewives, shop assistants and nurses are prone to it. Anyone who spends time standing up or lifts heavy weights can get varicose veins. People who have to sit down a lot get them too.

THE SYMPTOMS often subside and then go unnoticed. This is the tragedy of it. These early warning symptoms must not be ignored. At this stage, the condition can deteriorate rapidly, even though you think "it can't happen to me".

IN THE EARLY stages the progress of the condition can be stopped. There is no need to wait fatalistically for the drastic therapy of surgery. This cannot be attempted until the disease has become serious. You need never reach this ugly stage. Tests on actual sufferers have established that varicose disease in the early stages can be stopped and ultimately reversed with Venoruton Tablets.

HOPE FOR chronic sufferers. Even at this late stage, Venoruton Tablets are of the greatest value in checking the development of more serious disturbances. By effectively easing pain and swelling, Venoruton Tablets promote better health and a brighter outlook. Venoruton's active ingredient, Tri-(hydroxyaethyl)-rutosidum is one of the most significant developments in the treatment of varicose veins. It is a method developed and exhaustively tested in the Zyma Laboratories in Switzerland in conjunction with University Clinics. Naturally, the chronic case will need a longer course of treatment.

NEGLECT now is painfully expensive later. Can you afford the time and money it takes for varicose vein surgery? Is it fair to yourself and your family to endure the lifetime of pain and suffering, the embarrassing ugliness, the curtailment of your activities that is all too often the lot of the varicose vein sufferer?

IT AFFECTS the entire family. Could you run your home, look after your family if you were in constant pain, unable to stay on your feet for long? If your husband were affected, think of the effect it could have on family life

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# IRIS: Variations on a lovely theme

MARHIGO strain of Iris kaempferi in Mr. and Mrs. H. Sutton's garden at Bowral, N.S.W.

● The fragile beauty of the flowers, contrasting with the handsome vigorous foliage, makes irises among the most attractive of garden plants

"STATEN ISLAND," a beautiful bearded iris, is one of the new varieties in Australia.

"HELEN COLLINGWOOD" (above) is another bearded iris. This and "Staten Island" were grown at Owen Fletcher's Garden, Bowral, N.S.W.

AT LEFT: Iris ochroleuca, which does well in a garden or on the bank of a pool. This plant photographed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Trenham, at Bowral. It is tall-growing.



THERE are irises for dry places and for boggy ground; there are tall kinds and dwarfs. So many species and varieties are grown that some knowledge of their classification is helpful.

*By R. H. ANDERSON*

An examination of the flowers of most species shows that they consist of six main floral parts—an outer row of three, usually drooping, and known as the "falls," and an inner row of mainly erect petals, the "standards."

For practical purposes irises can be separated into two main divisions, those growing from rhizomes (underground creeping stems, superficially like roots) and those growing from bulbs.

Those with rhizomes are further divided into three subdivisions: 1, the bearded irises, which have rows of hairs on the "falls"; 2, crested irises, in which the "falls" have a crested ridge or cockscomb crest; and 3, beardless irises, in which the "falls" are smooth.

IRIS INNOMINATA is a dwarf, growing to about 10in., and makes a dense clump. Many colors.

The **BEARDED IRISES** are the largest subdivision, and include **regelias** and the old **germanica.** They do well in a wide range of soil and climate, but need good drainage.

They are lime-loving plants and respond well to an application at the beginning of winter. A dressing of superphosphate (4oz. to each square yard) helps in early spring.

New plants are readily obtained by lifting the old clumps and breaking off the strong outside fan growths. Remove the old rhizomes but leave ones with fibrous roots intact.

If no roots are present the pieces will usually develop new roots when planted. It is customary to cut off half the top growth of leaves to reduce transpiration and prevent loosening by wind.

Planting is done after flowering and before the end of December or early January, so that the young plants can be well established before the next season. Otherwise plant in early autumn.

**CRESTED IRISES** contain some beautiful species, including the fast-growing **Iris japonica.**

It produces sprays of dainty pale lavender flowers in winter and early spring. Does well in partial shade, and is readily propagated by pulling away some of the outside fans from a mature clump.

**BEARDLESS IRISES** contain a number of groups, the most important being the sibirica, ochroleuca, laevigata, unguicularis, and California.

The **sibiricas** usually have narrow, almost grass-like leaves and do best in a moist but well-drained soil; dislike lime and respond to applications of animal manures. They flower to the end of December and are mostly blue, lavender, or white.

**Iris ochroleuca** is a very handsome plant up to 5ft. tall, with large white flowers marked with gold patches on the "falls." It makes an outstanding clump in the garden and is excellent for planting near water.

The **laevigata** group includes many of the water-loving irises. The most commonly grown are **Iris pseudacorus** and **Iris kaempferi.**

The former, known as the yellow flag iris, is a delightful plant with yellow or golden flowers and is easily grown.

It makes an attractive show along watercourses.

**Iris kaempferi** (Japanese iris) is not a true bog plant, but likes a moist, rich, well-drained, unlimed soil and does well at the edge of water, if the drainage is good. The flowers are different from most irises, being flat-headed, but have a wide range of color.

IRIS PSEUDACORUS, the common wild swamp iris of Europe, grows to about 3ft. Color varies.

**Marhigo irises,** an American strain of Iris kaempferi, produce very large flowers in late spring and summer and have a magnificent range of colors, at least 40 varieties being available. Normally they don't flower well until the second year. Dislike lime; need plenty of moisture.

**Iris unguicularis** (also known as Iris stylosa) has narrow leaves up to 2ft. long and forms thick clumps. The flowers (mainly winter and spring) are a lovely clear lavender-blue, flecked near the centre with gold. They are somewhat hidden at times by the leaves and become the prey of snails and slugs. Thrives on poor or fairly rich soils; prefers plenty of sun, a fair amount of lime.

Cut back old clumps in late summer; divide in spring or autumn.

California irises are dainty and colorful and include several species, of which the dainty little **Iris innominata** is one of the most attractive.

It has a long flowering period, a fine range of colors, and is adaptable to most conditions. Does best with plenty of lime in light shade.

The **BULBOUS IRISES** include the **Dutch, Spanish,** and **English.** These die down in summer and are propagated from bulbs or from bulbils off the main bulbs, planted from February to April. Excellent for cut flowers, especially the Dutch iris.

Bulbous irises do best in a moderately rich soil with good drainage and some lime.

Applications of superphosphate and blood-and-bone are helpful. Lift the bulbs every second year and store in a cool, dry, well-aired place.







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Remember, too, your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes a new Westinghouse easy to own. It's guaranteed, too, so that . . .

You can be sure if it's

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# THE GIRL IN THE CURIO SHOP

Continued from page 56

cliff, high above the ocean. I found Miss Towne under a palm tree eating popcorn, her shoes on the bench beside her. I sat down on the other end of the bench.

"I was surprised to hear from you," I said.

She offered me some popcorn. "I went back to the shop for my sunglasses. Mr. Gruber said you wanted to see me—he gave me your card."

"It was good of you to call."

"I debated it," she said. "Then I decided any man who would try to steal a plaster Indian couldn't be all bad."

I took some more popcorn. It was pleasant sitting there in the shade with the white beach and the surf far below. "I enjoy this," I said, "watching the waves come in."

She said, "You're in luck."

"I am?"

She nodded. "Yes. It's a good thing you don't like to watch them go out, because they never do."

That was something I'd never thought about. "I believe you're right, now that you mention it."

"You don't have to take my word for it," she said. "Try an experiment. The next time you happen to be on a small island, stand on the north shore and you'll notice the waves will all be coming south. Go to the south end and you'll see they're all coming north. Wherever you are, all the waves in the world are coming toward you. It's a nice feeling."

There was something about this girl that was hard to describe. She made ordinary things seem different.

I said, "After I bought the statue I had to be out of town for a week. When I went back you were gone. Your boss didn't know where you lived."

"I wondered why you didn't come back."

"I've been trying ever since to figure out some way to locate you. My partner, Arnie, thought I should do something to get my picture in the paper. Then if you saw it you might get in touch with me."

"Do something like what?" she asked.

"Well, Arnie came up with this idea. We were thinking maybe I could hire a helicopter, get about five hundred pounds of rice and take it up and scatter it on Disneyland." She choked, "Then when the authorities asked me why I did it I would say, 'Because it was there'."

For a moment she didn't speak. Then she turned toward me. "You would have done that for me" — her eyes were shining — "that's something I'll treasure always."

"I didn't actually do it, you understand, I only thought about it."

"It's the thought that counts," she said.

Then we sat there for a while, not saying anything, just watching the ships move slowly across the horizon.

"Do you know," she said, "you're a very unusual person?"

"I am?"

"Uh-huh. I saw you walk by the shop and then come back to take a second look. And you didn't bat an eye when I told you the tangerine was a dollar and a quarter—"

I said, "A dollar fifty."

"You're right. Anyhow, the others were so persistent. They seemed to feel that if something is a little out of the ordinary there must be some gimmick — some angle. They had to have some kind of explanation. Naturally I didn't give them any."

"Naturally."

SHE put a handful of popcorn in her mouth and chuckled. "One woman was quite indignant. She said it was outrageous to charge such a price. That was for the hard-boiled egg. I told her I was only a clerk, I didn't have anything to do with company policy. But you didn't ask for any explanation. You were the only one."

I reached out and took her hand.

"You're perspiring," she said.

"It's butter," I said, "from the popcorn." I waved my free hand at all the people passing by.

"You know," I continued, "out of all the millions of people there are it's a remarkable coincidence that we ever met. And then to find each other a second time — it's almost unbelievable."

"It's a coincidence whenever two people meet — your parents, your grandparents. It increases geometrically. There had to be a million coincidences just for us to be sitting here."

It was almost too much to comprehend. "When you think of it that way," I said slowly, "it makes it seem almost—"

"Inevitable?" she said. "Naturally. All the waves of the world — ever since time began — all of them rolling our way."

I moved her shoes and slid over, putting my arm around her shoulders.

Inevitable or not, I wasn't taking any chances. There had been too many near-misses. If I hadn't given the man my card — if she hadn't put the tangerine and the cookies in the window. It must have been part of a pattern — a pattern I hoped would include children, grandchildren, a golden-wedding anniversary —

Maybe after all those years I'll ask her why she did it.

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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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# AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 25.

**ARIES** MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ You could get embroiled emotionally with a friend, 25th. There is a possibility of loss and deception as well. The 30th and 1st are good for domestic matters and romance.

**TAURUS** APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ The 25th could lead to career trouble. The 26th is delaying and muddling, when it is best to stick to routine and keep your own counsel. The 30th and 1st favor marriage matters.

**GEMINI** MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ The 30th and 1st are best days of an unfavorable week. Get important issues under way then, because next week is definitely adverse. You'll have to be on the alert to avoid muddle.

**CANCER** JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days Thurs., Monday.

★ The week could begin with lovers' quarrels or a rift in the domestic lute. Conditions are mainly unfavorable until 30th and 1st, when urgent matters should be decided on.

**LEO** JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ There is danger of strained marital relationship, and if a working woman, trouble on the job. Tread water until the 30th and 1st. Get things done then, for next week brings problems.

**VIRGO** AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ You might work harder to get the same result — could miss out on breaks and have muddling delay, particularly on the job. The 30th and 1st are best, when romance is favored.

**LIBRA** SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ You could need that love of balance to help you through a trouble spot. Stick to routine and be alert for muddle, delay. The 30th and 1st are the days for action.

**SCORPIO** OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, navy, gold. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ Your guiding star gets embroiled with Venus, so there could be discord romance-wise. Since next week is particularly adverse for you, try to get things cleared up on 31st, 1st.

**SAGITTARIUS** NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, lilac, rose. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ This is normally a cycle of get-up-and-go when self-promotion is enhanced, but the week begins unfavorably, and next week is worse. Go quietly until 31st, 1st.

**CAPRICORN** DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, yellow grey. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ There could be strife and emotional upset in family life. Marriage and partnership come under discordant influences. The 30th, 1st, 2nd are best days. Next week is bad.

**AQUARIUS** JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ Since next week is a period of unrest and uncertainty, weighty issues should be decided beforehand, preferably 31st-2nd. There could be delay and deception with ventures, 25th-27th.

**PISCES** FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

★ You could find it difficult to keep a clear head this week, although conditions improve 28th-2nd. Act then and avoid delay, frustration, and double dealing. Don't be your too-trusting self.

★ [The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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seemed to rouse the man at the other end of the wire. "I'm sorry, madam. I'm the governor's butler. I really can't say where Mr. Bascom went. The governor is asleep, but if it is serious I can call him."

"No. No. Thank you—"

She put down the telephone. The icy little draughts seemed to circulate all around her. There was no way of knowing where Lem had gone; she felt sure that some night-long conference concerning ways and means of meeting the emergency she had brought upon them was going on somewhere between Lem, the party chairman, Bob Newton, perhaps others — but where?

She saw herself in one of the mirrored walls: her hair was tossed back and shining in the light, her face was pale as a ghost's above Lem's red dressing-gown.

*Continued from page 41*

## RUN SCARED

Well, then, she would call the sheriff. She remembered his face, though, tired and troubled. She remembered his saying, "I'm muddled. Guess I'm getting to be an old man."

But he hadn't been so muddled that he hadn't seen at once what she knew now that Lem had seen —that if the autopsy proved that the dead man had died Thursday night, then somebody else had threatened her with tyre marks on a raincoat.

Who, she thought. How did he know of the car accident? How had he got the raincoat?

Dilly must have left a door open somewhere, that or the wind had blown it open. The chill breeze circled around her. She went out of the telephone room and the front door was standing a little open.

She closed it hard and bolted it. It cut off the cold night breeze, yet something behind her rustled.

Somebody behind her laughed. Somebody said, "Now we'll have our little talk."

Her heart leaped into her throat. She turned slowly. A tall black figure, black-overcoated, black-hatted, stood within the circle of light from the lamp.

She stared for a moment. "Why, you — you're the magazine writer —"

"I'm no magazine writer. There's something I want to talk to you about—"

"How did you get in here?"

"Simple. A strip of celluloid opened that old lock."

She couldn't see his face distinctly, but she thought his lips drew back, showing ugly teeth. "This house was easy. You should see some of the locks I've opened. Now we'll talk business. I have that raincoat and I'm prepared to make a trade with you."

"Who are you?"

"Just call me a friend of Jack Mansour's," he said, touching her arm.

"Jack Mansour?" The name, though, did have a ring of familiarity. Somewhere she had heard it, and recently.

"I forgot. You've been out of the country till lately. Didn't you read the newspapers?"

Memory suddenly gave her a key; she could see the governor munching a hot dog and talking seriously of Jack Mansour, saying that when Lem was elected he'd have his problems; something about — why, yes! "You mean the man who is convicted of murder?"

"But you're going to get him off. That's why I'm here. It's a good thing you didn't succeed in talking to your husband just now, Mrs. Bascom, because if you had told him about me I'd have blasted him and you all over the newspapers today. I'll still do it unless you're willing to talk business."

"So that's what you want!"

"Did you think I'd ask you for money? No, it's Jack Mansour's release I want and you're going to provide it."

"That's why you phoned me — that's why you —" She stopped short. "You said you had a raincoat—"

He broke in. "I do have a raincoat with your car's tyre marks on it. You didn't report the accident. Now don't talk, just pay attention. There are two things I can do. I can get your promise now to use your influence with your husband later on and get him to pardon Jack—"

"I can't — I couldn't —"

"I can make you promise now, tonight. If you refuse, I'll see that your husband is defeated. All I have to do is give this story to the papers and he's a dead duck. They'll never vote for a man whose wife is headed for gaol on a hit-and-run driving charge. Wait — don't talk yet. Listen. My intention is to wait until after your husband is elected — then expose you — unless you get Jack a pardon. The day Jack is pardoned you get the raincoat back. Not till then. So, you see, that's my insurance against your breaking any promise you might feel like making right now. Anything you want to say?"

She moistened her lips. "So it wasn't really an accident."

He shrugged. "A neat trick, if you ask me. Not much danger in either. That little car of yours can't do much damage."

"How did you know that I would be driving here — at just that time?"

"Ways. Easy. You're in the papers. Everybody knows where you are and what you're doing. All right, what's it to be?"

"Whose idea was this? Yours?"

*To page 70*

### *IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY*
*By RUD*

go on, enjoy yourself

**Vita-Weat helps you slim and enjoy it**

Yes. You can have a little more. Vita-Weat helps you slim and enjoy it. Lets you eat more at lunchtime, dinnertime, snacktime. Simple reason is that Vita-Weat is the lowest calorie (only 23) crispbread there is. Wonderful reason is that Vita-Weat tastes good, too. So go on, enjoy yourself. With Vita-Weat.

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**NEW SUNBEAM QUICK CURLER.** For touch up setting in next to no time, Sunbeam Quick Curler directs air through a single roller of hair. Complete with air-guide brush rollers in three sizes.

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*TERRACE of Mr. and Mrs. David Bell's home at Nerang, Qld., has a Japanese tile floor of charcoal, green, and white. White terrace chairs have purple deerskin cushions. Mrs. Bell (above) looks at the beautiful view of the Nerang River and surrounding countryside. Steps from terrace lead to Mr. Bell's office and a studio where Mrs. Bell makes pottery and mosaics.*

# GARDEN SETTING— INDOORS AND OUT

**● Surfers' Paradise architect David Bell started a new trend in Gold Coast living when he moved out of that sophisticated holiday resort to rural Nerang, five miles away, to build for his family this beautiful Japanese-style house. See story and more pictures overleaf.**

*SWIMMING - POOL (left) is surrounded by a slate terrace, rockeries, lawns, and a decorative stone wall which provides privacy for the pool. Family room, formal sitting - room, and the boys' bedroom have doors which open on to terrace. The other side of house overlooks the Nerang River.*

Color pictures by Bob Anthony



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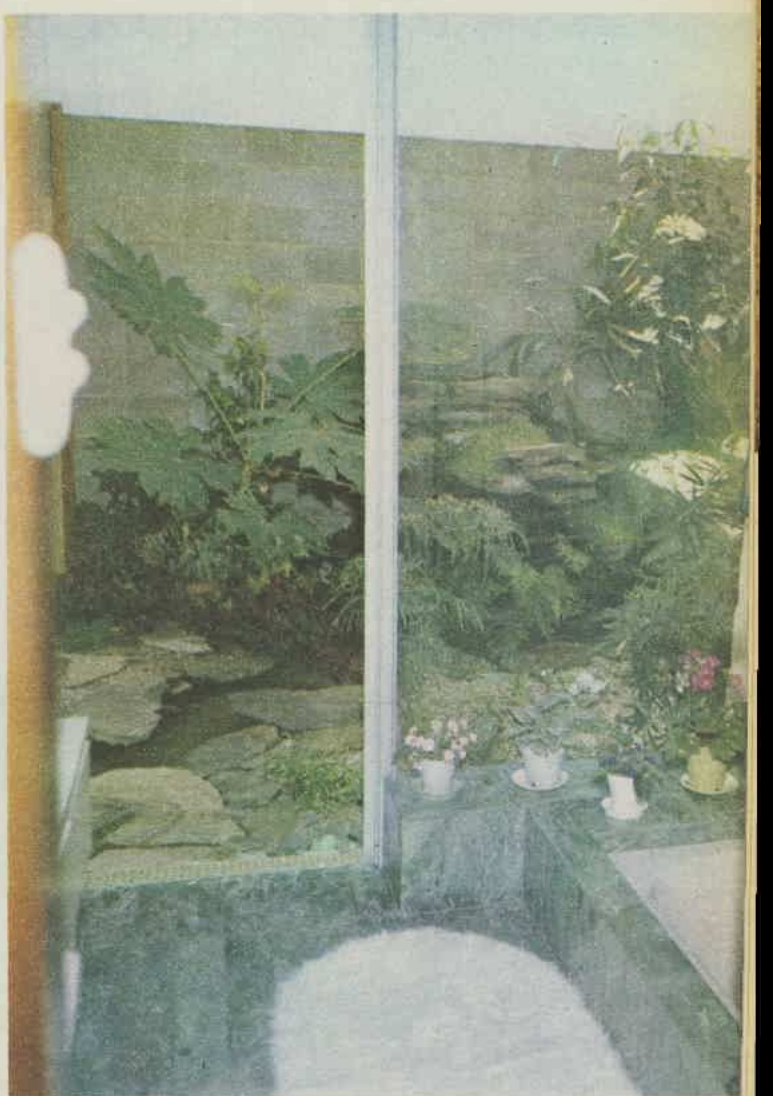
*TINY slate bridge marks the entrance to Mr. and Mrs. Bell's suite, comprising master bedroom, two dressing-rooms, two bathrooms, and their own formal dining- and sitting-room. Fresh hibiscus hangs in a straw basket. Straw screen conceals the garden opening from Mr. and Mrs. Bell's bathrooms.*

*ENTRANCE (above) to Mr. and Mrs. Bell's suite has a terrazzo floor. At right is a rockery and indoor pool surrounded by tiny stones and a Japanese temple. Over this hangs a brass oriental lamp. The door opens on to slate-paved terrace which surrounds the swimming-pool.*



*GREEN Italian marble surrounds orchid-pink bath in Mrs. Bell's bathroom (above). Ceiling is painted jade-green and has, over this, an unusual white fretwork of circles and arches. A glass door opens on to a Japanese garden.*



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*BOYS' BEDROOM features an interesting room-divider — a half wall of wardrobes. The ceiling is of cedar.*

*GIRL'S BEDROOM, with its pretty furnishings, is in sharp contrast to modern decor of rest of the house.*


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GARDEN SETTING . . . continued.

# Japanese in style

By AUDREY CHAPMAN

**● In contrast to busy Surfers' Paradise, Qld., where allotments round houses are getting smaller, Mr. and Mrs. David Bell's house, five miles away at Nerang, is set in 7½ acres.**

THE grounds include a waterhole, an orchard full of pecan nut trees, figs, and peaches, and space for three horses to graze.

In the house there is a strong Japanese influence — in the indoor waterfalls, rockeries, oriental wallpapers, and tiny garden temples.

The Bell children—Susan (14), Christopher (12), and Ian (9) — have their own bedrooms and bathrooms at one end of the house and Mr. and Mrs. Bell have a suite at the other.

This comprises their bedroom, two dressing-rooms, two bathrooms, and their own formal dining- and sitting-room. Between the two bedroom wings are a family room, dining area, and kitchen.

To enter the house from the outside you cross a tiny slate bridge over a stream on which float pink frangipanni blossoms and ferns. Inside is a slate-paved entrance hall with a stream in one corner set with Japanese temples, pebbles, and plants.

**You can hear the musical splashing of a waterfall set in a private courtyard outside Mr. and Mrs. Bell's bathrooms.**

In this tiny enclosed courtyard is a beautiful Japanese garden, with orchids, ferns, white pebbles, and the waterfall cascading over large, flat slates.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell's bathrooms are in sharp contrast—Mrs. Bell's is in soft colors of jade-green, white, and orchid-pink; Mr. Bell's has a cedar ceiling and tiles in stripes of blue, brown, and cinnamon.

Brilliant colors are used in the master bedroom — flamingo-pink silk for bedspread and curtains, purple Thai silk for an armchair, and olive-green for the carpet. The bedhead is covered in soft beige kid.

Mr. Bell prefers modern furnishings, but his daughter Susan's room is his one concession. Modified four-poster beds and matching wardrobes, dressing-tables, and bookcases, in period style, and pretty furnishings give this room a romantic atmosphere.

The two boys share a bedroom, but a half wall of wardrobes in the centre of the room gives each boy privacy.

**The boys have their own bathroom and dressing-room, and the bathroom opens on to the terrace of the swimming-pool.**

A feature of the house is the magnificent cedar used in the ceilings in some of the rooms and the garage. All the walls are masonry brick. In the family room the bricks are painted a silvery grey, and the floor is paved in creamy terrazzo set with marble chunks in olive, garnet, black, and grey.

There is a river view from one side of this room and a view of the swimming-pool and courtyard from the other.



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# Easy-to-make! Scrumptious 'Tulip' Christmas Cake and Christmas Pudding

CHRISTMAS PUDDING: 1 lb. Tulip margarine, ½ lb. white sugar, ½ lb. brown sugar, 2 lb. mixed fruit, 1 lb. seeded raisins, 4 ozs. peel, 8 eggs, 1 lb. plain flour, ½ lb. S.R. flour, 6 tblspns. brandy or rum, pinch salt, ½ teaspn. mixed spice, ½ lb. blanched almonds, 1 small teaspn. carb. soda, 2 teasons. caramel colouring.
METHOD: Mix all fruits, chop peel and almonds and pour over the brandy or rum. Cover and leave stand 24 hours. Cream Tulip margarine and sugar, gradually add eggs, then the fruits, sifted flours, carb. soda, salt and spice and caramel colouring, mixing thoroughly. This mixture can be steamed in a greased basin securely covered with four well-greased thicknesses of paper, or boiled in a floured pudding cloth or placed in a greased basin covered with greased paper and securely tied in a pudding cloth and boiled. All methods require 6 hours cooking and on the day of using, cook further 2 hours. Half quantity requires 4 hours cooking and one hour to reheat.
DELICIOUS SAUCE FOR PUDDING: Juice 1 lemon, ½ teaspn. grated lemon rind, 2 large tblspns. golden syrup, 1 level tblspn. sugar, 1 dessertspn. Tulip margarine, 1 cup water, 1 tblspn. cornflour, blended with water. METHOD: Place all ingredients in a saucepan. Stir over low heat till it boils. Serve from sauceboat while hot. HARD SAUCE (Basic Recipe): ½ lb. Tulip margarine, 1 cup icing sugar, 1 teaspn. vanilla essence. METHOD: Have Tulip margarine at room temperature — cream thoroughly, add sugar gradually, beating until smooth and fluffy. Add vanilla, drop by drop, to keep from separating. For a richer sauce, add ½ cup heavy cream. CHILL WELL BEFORE SERVING. VARIATION: Brandy sauce — Flavour with 1 dessspn. brandy. Lemon hard sauce — add 1 teaspn. grated lemon rind and 1 dessspn. lemon juice. Wine sauce — Beat in 2-3 tblspns. sweet sherry or madeira. Sprinkle lightly with nutmeg.

CHRISTMAS CAKE: 1 lb. TULIP margarine, ½ lb. brown sugar, ½ lb. white sugar, 9 eggs, 2 lb. raisins, 2 lb. mixed fruit, 4 ozs. dates, 8 ozs. drained cherries, 1 tblspn. preserved ginger, 1 tblspn. golden syrup, 2 pieces each crystallized pineapple, apricot, fig, paw-paw, apple, 4 ozs. blanched almonds, ½ cup brandy or sherry, 1 lb. plain flour, 2 ozs. S.R. flour, pinch salt, 1 level teaspoon each cinnamon, spice, nutmeg.

METHOD: Pour brandy over fruit and almonds, allow to stand 24 hours. Cream Tulip margarine and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beat in well, add golden syrup. Sift flours, salt and spice, add alternately with fruits. Mix by hand continuously at least five minutes. Bake in 1 x 10" cake pan or 2 x 8" cake pans lined with two thicknesses of brown paper and two of greaseproof. Bake in slow oven 4-4½ hrs. for two cake pans or 6½-7 hrs. for one pan.

**TULIP** MARGARINE

*Spreads your money further*



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Continued from page 64

## RUN SCARED

"That's none of your business, little lady. What shall I do? Take the story and the raincoat to the papers or—"

"You wouldn't dare! They'd say where did you get this raincoat? What do you know about—"

"Oh, no. All I have to do is send the raincoat and the story by messenger. Let them check up on the tyre marks. And they will — police, everybody. Come on — all I want is your influence with your husband. That ought to be easy. A bride — good-looker, too—"

"I could not influence my husband. Who was the man — the man there in the road—"

He shrugged. "Walt Sykes. Little Walt Sykes. That's the man you ran over."

She waited a moment testing her own courage and her own wisdom in questioning, and quickly decided to ask, "Did he give you the raincoat?"

"Right. And I'm going to hang on to it."

"Then there were two of you—"

His ugly teeth flashed again. "Call it two. I was at the side of the road. Saw you stop, saw you run back. Saw how scared you were. Walt wouldn't have had the courage to dash out in front of your car if I hadn't — that is—" His boasting had carried him a little too far. He said quickly, "Walt had had a little too much to drink, maybe. But he did it and our guess was right. You were too scared of publicity to report it. So we've got you over a barrel, little lady. I'll take your promise now but you'll get the raincoat back when Jack is free."

She wondered if she dared question him further. "Where did you know Jack Mansour? How did you plan this?"

"That'll do from you. All I want right now is a promise. I'll stick to my side of the bargain just as long as you stick to yours. Come on, I haven't got all the time in the world."

Tell him the truth? Why not. She clutched the red robe around her. "You're too late. I have reported it. The sheriff and the police and my husband, all of them know the whole story—"

"You're lying!"

"You can't threaten me with anything—"

"That's a lie! I've watched this house for days—ever since Thursday night when you ran over him. There's been no police here!"

She thought swiftly of the way she and Dilly had drawn the curtains at night as if they sensed that stealthy surveillance.

And then she thought, if Jim didn't kill that man, who did kill him?

She shrank back, staring at the face in the shadow. Did you kill him, she thought, did you kill him?

"I wasn't here tonight," he said sulkily, as if debating the possible truth in what she had told him. "I took time off — I went to a movie—" Suddenly then he sensed a change in her attitude, perhaps the terrible question in her mind, for he looked a little puzzled and leapt forward, lithe and strong as a leopard. As he gripped her arm she screamed, "Dilly — Dilly —"

"You're trying to trick me! I'll not have any tricks—"

"Dilly—"

"Tell me the truth. You haven't told anybody about running over Walt! Don't try to lie—" He stopped as Dilly's high-heeled bedroom slippers clattered hurriedly down the stairs. His hand relaxed and Martha jerked away as Dilly came running, stumbling to her side.

"He is the man," Martha cried. "He says he has got the raincoat. I told him the police already know about the car accident. He won't believe it."

Dilly grasped it all at once. "She's told you the truth. That man was found tonight. The police came—"

"Found!" The ugly black figure jerked back into the shadow of the lampshade. There was an instant's sharp silence. Was it surprise, Martha thought, or was it fear?

She couldn't tell, for he said, "What do you mean, found?"

Dilly replied. "In the lake. Shot. Dead."

There was another pause. Then he cried harshly, "He couldn't have been found. He's in — he's nowhere near here. He's going to meet me later — no, you're both lying."

Dilly said flatly, "They took away the dead man tonight. It's the man who was in the car accident."

Martha could read no expression whatever in the pallid, shadowed face. "Then where's her husband? Why are you two women alone here?"

"Her husband has gone to — to see some people."

HE seemed to consider that. Then he gave a short, jarring laugh. "You're both trying to trick me. You know I have to have Walt. He is my big card. I need him. You're lying. Just remember I've still got the raincoat." The eyes in the shadow of his hat brim fastened on Martha. "If you know what's good for you, you'll see to it that Jack Mansour is pardoned. And if you try any more tricks — I'll fix you if it's the last thing I do!"

He went, swift and feral as a leopard, across to the door and out.

"He still doesn't believe it," Dilly said, as if to herself. She clutched her pink dressing-gown tight around her, her hands in its pockets, and trotted over to the door and opened it.

The cold wind struck across the room.

In a moment Dilly closed the door hard. Martha heard the click of the bolt. Dilly came back, slowly, into the light. "He's gone. Maybe he did believe it."

"We should have kept him here till the sheriff comes! We should have phoned for the sheriff and—and kept him talking—"

"How?" Dilly said. "Do you think he'd have just let us go to the phone and call the police?"

"Oh, no. No — but, Dilly! How did he get the raincoat? Did the dead man, this Walt — Walt Sykes give it to him?"

"Walt Sykes? Is that his name? Did he say so?"

"Yes — yes — he said — oh, Dilly, Archie was right! It was all a — a frame. A scheme. A trap for me, and I walked into it. There's a man, his name is Mansour, he's in prison, he's convicted of murder. This man tonight and the other man — he said his name was Walt Sykes — they planned it all —"

"Where are you going?"

Martha was already at the telephone room. "Calling the sheriff, of course."

"He can't do anything tonight that he couldn't do as well in the morning."

The operator said, "Yes, Mrs. Bascom."

"Ring the sheriff, please. Hurry —"

Dilly hovered for a moment behind Martha, huddling her thin robe around her. Then she disappeared and the sheriff's voice said sleepily. "Sheriff Parker—"

To page 71

Golden Days Salad

simple, sustaining summer meal with the goodness of

peel a can today

INGREDIENTS: 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple, 8oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese (cut in cubes), 1 lettuce, 4 medium tomatoes (cut into wedges), Kraft French or Italian Dressing.

METHOD: Tear lettuce into bite-sized pieces and place in salad bowl. Arrange cheese cubes and tomato wedges in rings round central circle of pineapple slices. Garnish pineapple with twirls of lettuce and chill. Just before serving, pour over French or Italian Dressing and toss lightly.

Serve health serve a salad every day

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TROPICAL
SLICED
PINEAPPLE

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Martha told him swiftly. "—he said they had planned it all. He didn't know about the dead man. He was here — it's been only a few minutes—"

She didn't know exactly what she said; she was vaguely aware of the throb and roar of the ancient furnace below and that Dilly must have turned up the thermostat; she was vaguely aware of noises in the kitchen, the clatter of a pan. She answered the sheriff's questions as swiftly and as accurately as she could.

He had said he was a friend of Jack Mansour. He had said that they had plotted to cause a car accident, one that wouldn't hurt the dead man; he'd called him Walt Sykes. He had said that they counted on her fright and failure to report the accident. He had said he had the raincoat. Oh, yes, he was the man who had telephoned her; she recognised his voice. Yes, they had told him that the dead man had been found and that the police knew about the car accident. No, he hadn't believed it, he thought it was a trick. Yes, she could describe him. She did. "I think he was staying at a house—a Mrs. Grange's house — Bill Holcomb described him."

"The Widow Grange. I've seen him. Tall fellow, dark flashy clothes. Did he have a car?"

"I don't know. Yes, he must have had a car because he arrived here —he was in the house just a few minutes after he phoned. I went to tell Dilly and then I tried to phone Lem and couldn't—"

"We'll get him. I'll get busy now. I'll call you later."

WHEN she went back into the living-room Dilly was there, with two glasses of hot milk. "Want some brandy in this? It'll make you sleep."

"Dilly, he could have killed this man — Sykes!"

Dilly poured brandy into the steaming glasses. "I don't know. He seemed surprised when I told him. It's true — he did need him — I mean the dead man — to back up the evidence of the raincoat."

Dilly sat down and sipped her milk. "Tell me everything he said. Better drink that hot milk. No use getting pneumonia."

"I wasn't afraid — not really — till I thought he might have killed that man. Then I was terrified and he saw it, he knew it — he caught my arm and, oh, Dilly, I think I'd have died if you hadn't come!"

"Well, it's over now," Dilly said sensibly. "I heard something. I thought you were talking to Lem over the phone. Then it went on so long I came out in the hall — then you screamed and I ran downstairs. Go on, what did he say?"

Martha told her, every word that she could remember, pausing to sip the hot milk.

"So it was a frame. That's what Archie said—" she finished.

"That's what Lem suspected," Dilly said. "I'm sure of it. Well, you ought to be glad. You're still under a charge of hit-and-run driving. But this should provide what they call extenuating circumstances."

Continued from page 70

## RUN SCARED

"I walked straight into it. I did exactly what they expected me to do."

"You can't blame yourself for that. I stopped you. Did you talk to Lem?"

"No. I don't know where he is. He'd left the governor's mansion."

Dilly swung her foot in its pink velvet slipper and eyed it thoughtfully. "On the whole, of course — yes, it might be better if Lem and you — consider this man's proposition—"

"Dilly! You mean—but we can't keep the car accident quiet! The sheriff knows and—"

"I know, I know. But just until the election is over. Besides — the Mansour case — there was some doubt about his conviction, as I remember it."

"Do you mean to say you think he ought to be pardoned?"

Dilly sipped her milk. "It was an odd case. I read about it in the newspapers. Do you believe in capital punishment?"

"I—I believe in the law."

"You broke the law, though," Dilly said mildly.

"You needn't remind me."

"If Lem is elected he could pardon Jack Mansour, that's true."

"That's what the governor said."

"What? When? Were they talking about it?" Dilly asked, sipping her milk.

"The governor told Lem that Mansour's execution date would fall after Lem's election — and that there would be pressure."

"What did Lem say?"

"He—oh, he agreed. He said he had seen Mansour once. He came to Lem's office once."

"Oh, I knew that. I saw him there."

"You saw him!"

"We were both waiting to see Lem. He went into Lem's office first and I heard Miss Stanley — you know, Lem's secretary — announce Mr. Mansour. Later during his trial I saw the photographs in the papers and recognised him." Dilly put down her empty glass as a car raced up the driveway. "Who's that? The sheriff?"

Martha ran to open the door, but she was cautious, too; she opened it a bare slit and saw the sheriff standing outside.

"I thought I'd better come along and talk to you myself, Mrs. Bascom." He said over his shoulder, "Wait here." Martha had a shadowy glimpse of a uniformed policeman in the car that was drawn up at the steps.

The sheriff shivered as he came in. "A cold night." He seemed subtly different from the troubled, fatherly, and kind man who had talked to her and to Lem as if he were only a friend, trying to help, regretful because he had a duty to perform. He was now altogether an officer of the law.

"Now then — tell me the whole thing, Mrs. Bascom," he said, settling wearily down into the sofa and refusing Dilly's offer of a drink. "Everything — take your time. The State police have got out an alarm. They'll pick him up. Now then—"

To page 75

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● *Melon dish.*

# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● **Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.**

● *"Sore throat" drinking-bowl.*

*I HAVE two unusual pieces of china in my possession. Could you give me any information as to the date and source of my "sore throat" drinking-bowl? Also the origin and date of the dish?—Mrs. E. Lloyd Jones, Potts Point, N.S.W.*

Your "sore throat" feeding-bowl (right) is about 70 or 80 years old. The forerunner of the "sore throat" bowl was the pap-boat, usually made of pewter, although some fine silver examples dating from the early 18th century are encountered. The early pap-boat is a shallow boat-shaped vessel with a long lip. During the 19th century potters made these vessels with a long tubular spout. They were used for feeding infants or invalids.

The very attractive dish (above) is an early 20th century Japanese porcelain melon dish.

* * *

*CAN you please give me the date and origin of a white enamel saucepan a friend of mine has? It has a blue willow pattern almost all round the outside, with a blue frieze round the top and a blue handle.—Mrs. D. A. Henderson, Goondiwindi, Qld.*

The saucepan is English, of the late Victorian period, about 1880-1895. The willow pattern is transfer printed. Thomas Minter engraved the original plates for the willow pattern in 1782 (at Coughley). It was popular throughout the 19th century for porcelain and pottery decoration. It was used on enamel late in the 19th century.

* * *

*COULD you tell me something about my chair? It is hand-carved. The wood is fine-grained and dark. We believe it came originally from China.—M.W., Christchurch, N.Z.*

Your chair (below) is late 19th century. It is made of Chinese teakwood, designed in the Italianesque manner.

● *Chinese teakwood chair.*

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# Only three weeks to go time to start your Marville Christmas Dips

for when company drops in

### Cheese & Cucumber

3 oz. Marville margarine, 3 oz. cream cheese, ¼ cup grated cucumber (well drained) 1 dsp. Praise mayonnaise, salt and pepper, green colouring.

**Method:** Cream Marville, add cream cheese, cucumber and Praise. Season and tint pale green with vegetable colouring.

### Olive Cheese

4 oz. Marville margarine, 8 oz. cream cheese, 2¼ oz. devilled ham, 1 medium onion, 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce, ¼ tsp. dry mustard, 8 stuffed olives.

**Method:** Cream well Marville, cheese, ham, onion, add Worcestershire Sauce and mustard, then chopped olives.

### Blue Cheese & Almonds

2 oz. Marville margarine, 2 oz. blue cheese, crumbled, 1 oz. tasty cheese, grated, 1 dsp. Worcestershire Sauce, ½ tsp. paprika, ¼ cup toasted, salted almonds.

**Method:** Cream Marville with cheese, Worcestershire Sauce and paprika. Add nuts.

### Devilled Crab

2 oz. Marville margarine, 1 small tin crab meat, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), pinch mustard powder, dash salt and pepper, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, ¼ cup of Praise mayonnaise.

**Method:** Drain, bone and flake crab meat. Cream Marville and mix in other ingredients. Serve on croutons with parsley.

### The Secret

Marville — the margarine that creams so easily because it's specially blended for cooking.

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Continued from page 71

# RUN SCARED

He left perhaps half an hour later; he had said very little himself, yet somehow completely disproved his own self-accusation as to being muddled and getting to be an old man. Martha didn't know exactly how he did it unless it was in the quiet yet tenacious way in which he extracted from her everything she could remember, even the fact that she had seen the overcoated man Friday morning, that he had tried to talk to her then, and that she had believed him to be a magazine writer to whom she wouldn't talk.

"This will come as no surprise to Lem," the sheriff said at last. "He suspected something like this—told me so when he followed me out to my car tonight. Said that obviously if the autopsy proved the dead man had died Thursday night or Friday sometime, then somebody else was in on the deal—somebody else had that raincoat and had been phoning to threaten you."

He sighed. "Lem smelled a rat. So did I. I've known this lake a long time. Every so often we have a drowning—the condition of the body—oh, yes, I didn't think I could be much mistaken about the approximate time of his death. So it did look as if some kind of pressure was going to be brought on Lem. It did look as if it was some kind of trap. Lem wasn't sure—he only said it might be on the cards."

"Do you think this man tonight shot the—the other one? Walt Sykes?" Martha asked.

The sheriff shook his head. "I don't know what I think yet. You couldn't tell whether he was surprised or scared—or both. Sounds as if Walt Sykes—if that was really his name—got scared and intended to take to his heels; go somewhere, some city, to hole in and wait. Instead he got himself shot." The sheriff brooded for a moment. "Yes—they'd both expect to be paid off if they got Mansour out. On the other hand, this guy tonight might have wanted you to think that he believed Sykes was still alive. Hard to say right now. Have to see what happens."

He went away; he left the policeman, who came in the house, told them politely that he'd keep an eye on things and they weren't to worry.

Easy to say, don't worry, Martha thought, huddled again under the red eiderdown and watching Stinky, who had got himself up on the window-sill and watched the gusty night and the blackness over the lake, hunched up and shaggy, his long striped tail twitching nervously.

Martha wished he would go to sleep. She wished she would go to sleep herself. She wished the house would be quiet, as it wouldn't, for the wind surged around it, flapped a loose shutter somewhere, sighed and moaned and rustled dead leaves.

She did sleep, though, at last, for she roused with a sharp sense of something happening in the house, something normal and wonderfully commonplace, and then realised that there were sounds in the kitchen and a floating fragrance of coffee. It wasn't like Dilly to start breakfast. When Martha got downstairs she found that the policeman was gone and a pleasant-faced, crisply starched woman was busy in the kitchen. "I'm Chrissy," she said, beaming. "You must be the new Mrs. Bascom. My, my—I've seen your pictures—don't do you justice."

Martha shook her extended hand. "My husband has told me about you."

Chrissy chuckled. "I could tell you a few things about him. His mother always said, 'Chrissy, if he needs a whacking, you give it to him.' To think I've whacked the governor." Chrissy chuckled again and then looked awed. "Maybe even the President. That's what they all say."

No, Martha thought; they're all wrong, and it's my doing. Chrissy said, "Now I'll fix your breakfast. It's late. Then the grocery lists—you and Mrs. Downes have really cleaned out the store cupboard! How could you eat so much in a few days? I should have come along Thursday and done for you but Mrs. Bascom—I mean Mrs. Bascom, senior—said today would be all right."

Martha sat down at the long kitchen table.

"Don't you want this tray in the dining-room?"

"No, I'd rather stay here." Close to your comforting, warm presence, Martha thought, and then thought how Chrissy would change if — when — she knew the truth.

"I gave that policeman some breakfast before he left. Guess from now on you and Lem will have a kind of guard," Chrissy said, supplying her own reason for the policeman's presence, and busied herself with grocery lists. "I came in the back door. I've had my own key for—why, it's close to thirty years. Now let me see. I'd say two cases of ginger ale, two cases of soda water. No telling how many people will be here. Don't let your breakfast get cold. I'll phone in the order now." She took herself and her lists happily out of the room.

SHE would have told Martha if Lem had telephoned; Martha would have heard the telephone ring. Surely even if Lem didn't want to talk to her, didn't want to telephone her, still he would keep in close touch with the sheriff.

She had finished her second cup of coffee when the back door opened and Lem came through the little entry and into the kitchen.

"Lem!"

"I'm sorry I couldn't get back last night, Martha. I didn't think anybody — this man with the raincoat — would approach you so soon. I wasn't even sure he existed except—oh, I thought so."

He dropped wearily into a chair. He was unshaven, his shirt was wilted, there were dark lines of fatigue around his eyes.

"I'll fix your breakfast."

"No, we stopped at a diner. I went to see the sheriff before I came on home. He told me all about it. I should have been here. I shouldn't have left you alone. Those telephone calls coming Friday and Saturday. I didn't think the sheriff's first impression about the time the man died could be wrong. The sheriff knows more than he thinks he knows. I thought of some kind of pressure. I didn't know exactly what, but it seemed to me if he wanted money he'd have said something about money." He rubbed his hand over his tired eyes. "I never thought of Mansour, though."

"Have they found the man—the one last night?"

"No. But apparently you are right, he is the man who has been staying at Mrs. Grange's and calling himself a magazine writer. He rented a car from Doug Williams, who owns the garage. Showed him his driving licence. It was made out to John Smith and Doug thinks it was dated sometime this fall, he can't remember when."

"He came here Friday morning. He wanted to talk to me—"

"The sheriff told me. They've got out an alarm for the car, no report yet."

"Lem, will he go to the newspapers today? He said he would—"

"It seems to me he's more likely to get as far as he can as fast as he can. He's got a murdered man to explain and the—the car accident."

Lem didn't want to talk about the car accident. He didn't want to talk about the gulf her own action had opened between them. Sometime, Martha thought, coldly clear, they'd have to talk about it and about themselves. But not now.

She said, as she had said to the sheriff, "Do you think he shot the other man — Sykes?"

"I suppose he could have. Some quarrel between them—anything. Are you sure he—Sykes—was wearing a raincoat when your car hit him?"

"Yes—"

"Then if the man last night has really got that raincoat he'll have more explaining to do. When he got it. Where. It depends on whether or not it was Jim's shot that killed him — or somebody else's shot later, after this—John Smith — got the raincoat from Sykes. Well—they'll have the results of the autopsy sometime today. They'll find this guy calling himself John Smith.

"I'd like to get my hands on him first. The sheriff is sure the dead man's fingerprints will identify him, they'll be on record somewhere—" He turned as Dilly's high heels tapped through the pantry.

"Chrissy's ordering enough food for the whole county," Dilly was saying and saw Lem. "Lem! When did you get back? Where have you been?"

"Driving," Lem said shortly and rose. "Archie's folded. He's asleep in the back seat of the car. Get him out, will you, Dilly? I'm going to take a shower and a sleep. I'm beat."

"Wait, Lem—where were you? What have you been doing?"

"I'm too tired to talk now, Dilly," Lem said shortly.

Dilly caught his arm. "Lem, don't do anything rash. Don't do anything silly. Old Zeke would say, take some time and—"

Lem gave her a queerly hard look. "And what?"

"Well—compromise with this man if need be. Take time and—"

"And promise to pardon Mansour!"

"I'm thinking of Martha—"

"I know exactly what you're thinking. Call me if the sheriff comes, Martha." Lem shook off Dilly's hand and went out.

Dilly whirled around to Martha. "He's trying to do something—you've got to find out what. You've got to stop him, make him think, make him wait—"

Martha shook her head. Chrissy's voice came from the dining-room, where she had met Lem. "You look like death warmed over!"

"Hello, Chrissy. I just need a hot bath and some sleep."

"I'll run up and straighten the bed for you."

Dilly said, "I'd better get Archie awake and on the job. Tonight is Lem's big speech, his last one. We've got a half-hour's television coverage instead of fifteen minutes. They're working on it — it means everything to Lem, especially now. You go and turn off the telephone in his bedroom. I'll see to the phone down here—"

To page 78

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# Dress Sense

*By BETTY KEEP*

**6167. — One - piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6167, price 8/6 includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.**

**● This dress is my design choice for a late-afternoon party. The style was requested by a reader.**

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

***"I would like you to publish a simple style suitable for a spotted black-and-white silk dress, and also suggest correct accessories. I am attending an afternoon function and the frock is for this occasion. I want something cool-looking and fairly simple. I am only a 31in. bust size."***

The design for your afternoon dress is the semi-fit, A-line dress illustrated. My accessory choice is turban in white silk, plus above-elbow white gloves and white sandals.

A paper pattern is available for the design. The pattern also includes a design with a wide V decolletage.

***"I am just between sizes 12 and 14 and when I am buying ready-to-wear clothes wonder which size I should choose."***

I think you should buy the larger size. Expensive clothes are always cut with a bit of leeway, and that's a good thought to follow.

***"Mine is a teenage query, and I hope you will answer it personally or in your column. I am having a frock made by my aunt for dancing. What would be a nice trimming to use? The frock is white silk."***

Frills and ruffles in the same fabric as the dress or in net or lace are a currently popular trim.

***"I have never owned an evening coat and now I have a summer frock with a long skirt I don't know what to wear over it."***

Buy a length of chiffon or silk, hem it, and throw it round your shoulders.

***"I do my own sewing and am about to make a party frock for the holidays. I considered a shift, but do you think it would look too ordinary?"***

No. A plain style in a beautiful fabric and flattering color will often make more impact than a fussy design.

***"Is a long or short evening frock correct to wear to a formal wedding at 6.30 p.m.? Do I need to wear a hat, and what color gloves? I would also like to know if I could wear a fur stole instead of an evening wrap."***

The long formal dress is very much in fashion, and I think you will find quite a number of guests will choose to wear one. However, a short-skirted evening dress would be quite correct. Some type of head covering is usual — a band of ribbon, a ribbon bow, or veil is quite adequate, You will wear gloves—white or a bone shade both look formal. Your fur stole will be correct for an evening wrap.

***"Is it true that a bride should wear something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue?"***

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**APRICOT AND CUSTARD FLAN**

(Illustrated above)

INGREDIENTS: (Level measurements)

FLAN CRUST:
1 tablespoon Bonlac
1 cup Flour
2 tablespoons Butter or Margarine
1 teaspoon Sugar
1 Egg Yolk
Cold Water, Pinch Salt

FILLING:
1 cup Sugar
½ cup Flour
1 cup Bonlac
Pinch Salt
2 teaspoons Vanilla Essence
2 Egg Yolks
3 cups boiling Water
1 large tin Apricots

GLAZE:
¼ pint Fruit Syrup
1 teaspoon Gelatine
Squeeze of Lemon Juice

METHOD:

FLAN CRUST:
Rub butter into flour, Bonlac, sugar and salt until crumbly. Mix to stiff dough with egg yolk and water. Roll thinly and line flan or 9" pie plate; pierce with fork. Bake to golden brown, cool.

FILLING:
Sift flour, Bonlac, sugar and salt into top of double saucepan. Stir in boiling water gradually and cook 15 minutes over hot water, stirring until thickened, then stir occasionally. Add beaten egg yolks, cook 3 minutes, add vanilla essence, cover tightly, chill. Fill flan shell with custard filling and cover with drained apricots. Soften gelatine in syrup and dissolve over low heat, add lemon juice and cool; when almost set spoon it over fruit. Chill. Top with whipped cream if desired.

Available in 3½ LB. and 14 OZ. CANS and the 2 LB. REFILL PACK

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She went wobbling rapidly out the back door. Nothing, Martha thought dully, could change or divert Dilly from what she considered the main issue.

It seemed strange to be sitting in the pleasant kitchen, where everything was commonplace and comfortable — and not know whether or not she was guilty of manslaughter. Jim Stenson still did not know whether or not he had killed a man.

If Jim's shot hadn't killed Sykes, if she hadn't killed him, if his death was no accident but was murder, intentional, planned murder, the man last night, the man whose driving licence was made out to John Smith, had looked fully capable of murder.

It was curiously comforting, really, for if John Smith — whatever his real name proved to be — if he had shot the little, ferrety-faced man, then murder lay outside, didn't actually enter that house, didn't in fact touch her or any of them.

She roused and went upstairs to turn off the bedside telephone. She wouldn't ask Lem any questions though, as Dilly had told her to do; she had no right to question Lem about anything.

She met Chrissy on the stairs and Chrissy was grumbling. "I've seen plenty of elections in this house, heard about plenty of campaigns. Never saw anybody tuckered out like Lem. You look kind of peaked yourself. Oh, well, it'll be over tomorrow."

The bedroom telephone tinkled as Martha picked it up; when she answered, the operator said, "It's a cable from London, Mrs. Bascom. For your husband."

*Continued from page 75*

## RUN SCARED

"Wait—" Martha called above the little buzz of Lem's electric shaver. "There's a cable from London."

"Take it, will you?" he shouted.

It was from Carter Bascom. Martha turned off the switch, put down the telephone, and called to Lem again. "It's from Carter. He says, Good luck old chap."

Lem came out, pulling a sweater over his head. "Getting very British. That bed looks good." He stretched himself out, put his hands behind his head, and stared at the ceiling.

"Dilly quotes Old Zeke as if he's an oracle," he said in a tired voice. "He was loyal, I'll say that for him. Honest according to his lights. He was also the squirmiest, wiliest, smartest old buzzard that ever lived. I saw him in action once. Well, I saw him in action a lot of times, but this time — it was at a convention in Chicago, at the International Amphitheatre. Great big auditorium, roof so high that the air and the banners all blended together in a kind of blue haze. It was after my father died. Ma was there. Old Zeke had jobs for me and Carter and Howard. Carter's the lady's man in our family — he saw to flowers for the delegates' wives, changed reservations that didn't suit them, got them back and forth to teas, all that. Howard and I helped ride herd on the delegates. Old Zeke always had a million chores. Most of the time I didn't know what the messages meant. Anyway —"

Lem yawned. "Anyway, this time a crucial roll call began while some of them were still debating there on the floor. It's a queer moment. Sends a sort of tingle over you when the clerk calls 'A-A-la—bam—ma—' You know that the next thirty minutes may mark the course of history. Well, it goes on, you know, through every State. We were in Zeke's box. All at once a ballot got out of line with Old Zeke's count. Then another ballot was two votes off. Old Zeke moved right in. Sent me and Howard to speak to this one and that one, there on the floor, through the mobs of people and the banners. Got one man at a time, up on the ramp behind his box—" He yawned again and looked for a long time at the ceiling.

Martha said finally, "What happened?"

"—Old Zeke's man got in on the second ballot after that."

FOR a moment while he talked of the convention and Old Zeke, it had seemed to Martha as if she and Lem had almost insensibly moved back into their former relationship; it was the easy, confiding talk of marriage.

But they hadn't. Lem's talk of a presidential convention was like salt in a new wound. She said presently, "Was Dilly there?"

Lem's drooping eyelids opened briefly. "Oh, yes. Doing everything Zeke told her to do. Adding some fancy touches of her own. She was —" his eyelids drooped; he said drowsily, "a good wife to Zeke."

Dilly would be a good wife to Lem, Martha thought again; some demon of self-torture entered her; she said, "Old Zeke couldn't have been the right man for Dilly. She couldn't have been in love with him."

Lem got up on his elbow and reached for the telephone. "Dilly doesn't know anything about love. I'd better talk to Jim Stenson."

Perhaps love isn't as important as the same language, Martha thought.

Lem was talking to Jim "—yes, the sheriff told me. If your shot did go wild and hit him nobody's going to blame you. Don't worry about the election, that's my problem—"

Martha went out and closed the door softly behind her. It was too late to undo anything she had done.

There was no place to go.

She was an intruder in the house that for three days, living truly in a fool's paradise, she had thought of as her home. It struck her that the sensible thing to do was simply to leave, take herself out of Lem's life then and there.

It would certainly be the easiest thing to do.

She couldn't leave. Even if there had been no election, no sense that come what might she and Lem were obliged to put a good face on the situation, she still couldn't have left, because in cold fact she was likely to be charged with a criminal offence and must await whatever indictment became mandatory.

Archie and Dilly were wrangling in the living-room and Martha, at the top of the stairs, could hear them.

"—I tell you, Dilly, we may as well cancel that speech tonight and save the money. Once the newspapers hit the stands it's all over."

"We've raised the money for extra time," Dilly said inexorably. "Lem's got to make such a good speech that nobody would care 'if his wife was Lizzie Borden. So you'd better get busy. Unless you'd rather get out — go back to work for John Huxton."

"You really are a brute," Archie said, and Martha fled back along the hall.

She went past the closed door behind which Lem was apparently still talking to Jim, for she could hear the murmur of his voice. She turned down a few steps and found herself in what must be the old-fashioned cluster of servants' rooms, bare now and cold. She went into the first room and sat on a brass

*To page 79*

Cole Slaw!

Cool COLE SLAW brings a touch of Scandinavia to your summer meals. And it couldn't be simpler or **quicker** to make. Because it's made with '2 MINUTE MAYONNAISE' – Australia's favourite and most convenient made-to-your-own-taste mayonnaise. Serve a spoonful or two of Slaw with every salad plate. Or by itself, with cold meats. Cole Slaw is the perfect flavour-mate for barbequed steaks and chops and sausages, too. And a must for your smorgasbord or buffet table. Cole Slaw is in because you'll love it! Like to serve COLE SLAW soon? It's 2 step easy:

(1) Prepare '2 Minute Mayonnaise'

INGREDIENTS: ½ tin Nestle's Sweetened Condensed Milk; ½ teaspoon Salt; ¼ cup Vinegar; 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard.
METHOD: Mix the ingredients thoroughly, stir until mixture thickens.

(2) To the mayonnaise add: 2 shredded carrots; 1 shredded capsicum; 1 small shredded cabbage; 1 shredded white onion. Mix shredded vegetables into mayonnaise. Chill and serve.

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bed, stripped down to its mattress cover, and stared at the pine dresser opposite her with its misty mirrors.

The mirror seemed ghostly for it gave her back her own pale face; she'd forgotten lipstick and there were dark smudges below her eyes. Even her blond hair had lost its shine and looked pallid above her yellow sweater. She thought of Lem calling her Goldilocks or Buttercup. Or Mrs. Schultz.

She turned away from the dismal mirror, curled down on the bed, and wished she could stay there, out of sight, hidden, until it was all over, and knew she couldn't do that, either. The only thing in the world she could do was wait it out and accept what came with as much strength and dignity as she could summon. Once she thought of Dilly, loyally fighting to the last, refusing to accept failure. Lem could replace Martha in his life. He couldn't replace Dilly.

Dilly's present disagreement with Lem was temporary; probably both of them knew it. Their basic understanding was strong enough to weather many disagreements.

She envied Dilly and she knew it. She also reluctantly admired her. But the cold fact was that Dilly was more important to Lem than Martha. Of course, Martha could cling to Lem like a limpet; she could go through life like that, hanging on to him. She wouldn't.

IT must have been two hours before Archie called her. "Martha, where are you? The sheriff is here. Lem wants you."

So whatever this was to be had come.

Archie was standing at the top of the stairs when she came along the hall. "Where on earth have you been? We looked everywhere—" He shouted, "Here she is, Lem—"

Lem came to the foot of the stairs. "Martha, it's all right! It was the shot that killed him."

She clung to the newel-post for a moment. Lem started up to meet her. "It's true. The sheriff is here. They've done the autopsy." He put his hand out toward her, but Archie took her elbow and hustled her down and Lem stood aside. "Tell her, Sheriff," he said.

The sheriff couldn't have had any sleep at all, yet there was a kind of restored energy and resolution in his tired face. "It's true, Mrs. Bascom. As far as we can tell, your car didn't touch him. It was the revolver shot that killed him. He was drunk, full of alcohol, no question of that. We believe the whole thing was a frame, set up to catch you. So there's no charge of accidental homicide. Feel better now?" he said kindly.

Martha sat down because her knees wouldn't hold her up. Lem was beside her; he put his arm over her shoulder. "You do understand, Martha. You had nothing whatever to do with his death."

"Yes — yes. What about Jim Stenson?"

The troubled look came back to

Continued from page 78

## RUN SCARED

the sheriff's face. "Well, that's bad. The doc is sure he died sometime Thursday night. The shot didn't kill him instantly. There was evidence of — of —" He hesitated as if trying to be tactful and looked at Lem.

Lem said, "Internal hemorrhage. Dr. Wales says he could have gone on for some time, not realising he was so badly wounded."

"He likely followed the old waggon road, thinking it would lead somewhere so he could get help, stumbled around in the woods, must have lost consciousness there at the lake and — died. The doc says he was alive when he fell in the lake, but barely. There's no sign of anybody trying to put weights on the body. Yes, it's likely he was dying, didn't know it, stumbled into the lake. It could have been Jim's shot all right. But we haven't had time to get a ballistics report on the slug the doc got out and compare it with a slug from Jim's revolver. Jim came straight in and gave himself up. He didn't need to — at least so soon."

"Do you mean Jim's under arrest?" Lem asked sharply.

"No, no. We can find him if we want him! Lem, I talked to the warden. You were right, there had to be some kind of hook-up with the dead man and Mansour. There was a Walt Sykes, let out of prison October third. He was in for burglary, suspicion of dope-peddling which wasn't proved. His description fits the dead man; we've sent his fingerprints to the prison for positive identification but there's not much doubt that he was Walt Sykes. And, what's more, the same day another man was released, tall, dark, thin — sounds like our man, calling himself John Smith, but his real name — if it's the same man — is Oliver Brown."

"Might as well have stuck to his own name!" Archie said shrilly. "What's the difference between John Smith and Oliver Brown? Common name — millions of them —"

"Not with this Oliver Brown's history," the sheriff said sharply. "Oliver Brown was in for burglary, too, but on a bigger scale than Walt Sykes. Point is it all adds up. Both men with new clothes, prison-pale faces, turning up here at the same time, as if they'd known each other. The warden said, of course, there wasn't supposed to be any way for Mansour to communicate with them but that there always are ways, nevertheless. He's checking on that end. He'll question Mansour — I doubt if he gets much out of him.

"But meantime we haven't found any trace of Brown or of the car he rented. He'd paid his lodging by cash — paid a deposit on the car rent in cash. We've been over his room at the Widow Grange's for fingerprints, got one full set that we'll send to the warden for identification. But I think it's a safe bet that the dead man was Walt Sykes and the other fellow's Oliver Brown."

"And Jack Mansour planned the thing," Lem said.

To page 80

### OUR TRANSFER

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*Continued from page 79*

## RUN SCARED

The sheriff nodded. "Looks like it. Must have promised to pay them off if he got out."

Archie broke in again. "What about the newspapers, Sheriff? Martha didn't have anything to do with this guy's death. Can't we keep the whole thing quiet —"

The sheriff looked at Lem. "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, Lem. But we couldn't keep it quiet if we tried. I only wish we could get it over with, the whole thing out in the open right now, today."

The sheriff rubbed his pouched eyes. "Trouble is this guy Walt Sykes being shot. That's what makes it bad for you, Lem — and your wife. No telling how people will garble it up. We know we've got two different — well, crimes —" He gave Martha an apologetic look.

"That is, the accident. The shooting. Two different things altogether. But too many people don't think, they jump to conclusions. I wouldn't put it past some of your political enemies to start some rumors — oh, any kind. Might even say your wife shot Sykes and Jim Stenson stepped in and said he'd shot at Sykes in order to protect her. Now I don't really think anybody's going to say that. But you're in a vulnerable position. I'll make the whole thing as plain as I can, but there are always people who say there's more than meets the eye. Always somebody saying that somebody else is trying to cover up, especially with a name like yours, Lem. You're a sitting duck."

Archie said slowly, "He's right. You can bolt the gates, lock all the doors, guard yourself every way you can and still, if you're in politics, somebody can knife you in the back." His own sombre flight of fancy seemed to shock him. He rubbed his hands over his face and cried defiantly. "I say it's wrong to sacrifice Lem's whole future for a man like that! Sheriff, keep it out of the newspapers, just for a day —"

"That is settled, Archie," Lem said briefly.

"But I tell you it's wrong," Archie cried and appealed to Dilly. "Dilly, you tell him—"

Dilly said flatly, "Only one more day and such an important one."

"And how would the voters who voted for me feel the next day?" Lem said wearily. "Listen, Dilly—Archie knows what we were talking about last night. He knows or guesses what we said."

Dilly sat up. "Who said?"

"I said. And the governor, the chairman, Bob Newton, everybody. This has got to come out as fast as it can."

"Why?" Dilly said.

"First, it's the truth. I will not knowingly deceive voters —"

"The idealist?" Dilly said softly.

"Let's be realistic, too. You can't cover up anything like this. It would come out sometime and look far worse than it really is—"

"You mean you think it would haunt you the rest of your political life." Dilly gave her own interpretation a second's consideration. "You've got a point there, but I think we can call it a calculated risk. It might come out, yes — but chances are it never will."

There was a deep flash of anger in Lem's eyes, but his voice was even. "They're going to find this Oliver Brown. What do you suggest then, Dilly?"

Archie burst in, "Brown's turning up last night, threatening Martha, proving that the whole thing was a frame changes everything. We didn't know that last night! None of us knew that. It proves it was a frame and Martha's not guilty of anything! Nothing anybody can blame you for, Lem. Keep the whole thing out of the papers —"

"Archie," Lem said with hard-held patience, "don't you see that getting the whole thing out in the newspapers is the only way to spike Brown's guns? He'll read it, he'll know Martha and Dilly told him the truth last night. He'll know he's got nothing whatever to hold over Martha or me as a threat."

Archie gnawed at his fingernails for a moment. "I'll agree that that makes sense. But I say it can wait till tomorrow. Haul in Brown, throw him in gaol —"

"On what charge?" the sheriff said, eyeing Archie with disfavor.

"Oh, hell, any charge. Breaking into this house, vagrancy—"

"Dilly," Martha said at a sudden memory, "he could have taken your emerald pin."

**Mrs. H. WIFE**

The sheriff jerked around toward her swiftly. Lem said sharply, "What pin?"

"Nothing," Dilly said. "I thought I'd lost an emerald pin. I found it in a book."

"Oh." The sheriff looked disappointed. "It would have been a good thing to hold him on, suspicion of theft, until we got our case ready. But we've got to find him first. I can't see how a car and a man can drop out of sight like this. He's got to eat, get gas, turn up somewhere. I'd better be getting back on the job, Lem. I—"

He put his hand on Lem's shoulder, seemed to struggle for words, and then said slowly, "I can guess what this means to you, Lem. We all figured you were as good as in the executive mansion. Fact is we figured you might be on your way to The White House. We were proud of that around here. But—I don't know just how to say this—but I guess there are bigger things. Fact is, I'm proud of you now, Lem. You and your wife. Now I'll be getting back—"

Lem went to the door with him and out on the steps.

Dilly said to Archie, "What exactly is Lem going to do?"

"I'm not sure. I was in on part of the talk, about releasing the story to the newspapers at once. Then Lem had a long talk alone with the governor and the chairman and Bob Newton."

"What did they say?"

"I tell you I don't know! They kicked me out. Then we left the governor's mansion and went to Bob Newton's place, and the party chairman and Newton and Lem talked all night. I couldn't hear, but they were arguing about something. They even got hold of the State's attorney and talked to him. No use asking me; I don't know what they said, except they're all trying to talk Lem out of whatever it is he's got in his head. This business of a frame, though. We didn't know that and it puts a completely different light on the whole thing—"

Lem scooped a coat out of the closet near the entrance and came back with the coat dangling over his arm.

"Come on, Archie. We'll be late—"

"Late for what?" Dilly asked, sharp as a needle and soft as cream.

Archie replied, "For a Press conference Lem made me set up. Lem, if you don't tell them the whole truth—all about this man Brown and a frame, then I will—"

"What can you prove about it?" Lem said shortly. "The frame is surmise and only surmise. We haven't got Brown. We haven't got a positive identification of either Brown or Sykes. We know Brown came here, threatened Martha, offered to trade the raincoat and his evidence for Mansour's freedom—if I were elected. But we've got to have proof of it all before we can tell them it's a frame. We've got to find Brown. We've got to get a confession out of Mansour or out of Brown. And if the slugs they got out of Sykes' body didn't come from Jim's gun we've got to find out who did shoot Sykes. No, I'll do the talking at the Press conference, Archie."

Dilly pushed up her spectacles. "Lem, you can't have got it into your head that you want to withdraw as a candidate!"

"Lem!" Martha had never once thought of that.

Lem didn't answer. He took Martha's hand. Dilly padded over to him. "You

*To page 82*

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# Christmas gifts for tiny tots

**● Two Christmas gift ideas for children — a soft toy owl for a small child and pretty handbags for a little girl's summer wardrobe. Both are inexpensive and easy to make. Directions are on this page.**

## Flower-trimmed bags

**Materials:** Four pieces main color, 1 piece contrast color, Tura-Bast Brilliant Raffia; 1 pair white 3in. plastic rings; Aero crochet hook No. 8; 1-6th yd. lining fabric.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain, d.c., double crochet, tr., treble crochet.

**Measurements:** Completed bag, 5½in. by 6½in.

Using main color, begin at top of bag with 27 ch. (7in.).

**1st Row:** 2 ch. as 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

**2nd Row:** 3 tr. in 1st d.c., taking up 2 loops, * miss next st., 1 d.c. in next st., taking up 1 loop, miss next st., 3 tr. in next st., rep. from * to end (7 shells), 1 d.c. in last st., 2 ch., turn.

**3rd Row:** 3 tr. in 1st d.c., * 1 d.c. in centre st. of 3 tr. in former row, 3 tr. in next d.c., rep. from *, ending row with 1 d.c., 2 ch., turn.

Rep. 3rd row until 10 shell rows worked. Fasten off.

Make another piece the same.

### TO MAKE UP

Lay pieces tog., join with d.c., taking up 1 loop on each piece and fitting shells alternately along sides (21 sts.). Work along trebles only on base, missing the d.c. to give a straight edge.

To attach handles, using contrast color, crochet 27 d.c. over each ring, leaving end free at start and finish to sew to bag. Attach handles and flower trim before lining bag.

### FLOWER DESIGNS TO TRIM BAG

**Wild Rose with Leaves**

**Materials:** 1 skein each Rose-Pink, Deep Rose-Pink, Pale Leaf-Green Tura-Bast Brilliant Raffia; Aero crochet hook No. 8.

**Back Petals:** Using Deep Rose-Pink, begin with 3 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. as 1 d.c., * 2 ch., 1 drawn-up tr. in ring, 2 ch., 1 d.c. in ring, rep. from * 4 times, 1 sl-st. in 1st ch. Fasten off, leaving 7in. end.

**Inner Petals:** Using Rose-Pink, begin with 3 ch., join into ring with sl-st.

**Next Row:** (1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in ring 4 times, sl-st. in 1st ch. Draw tog. at centre by working a few sl-sts. at back. Fasten off, leaving 7in. end, which is passed down through centre of back petals where ends from both petals are tied tog.

**Leaves:** Using Pale Leaf-Green and leaving short end, begin with 12 ch., join into ring with sl-st., pull raffia skein through loop and work 5 ch. inside ring, sl-st. over opp. edge of ring from joining ch., 16 ch., 1 sl-st. in 13th ch. from hook, work 5 ch. inside ring as before, 1 sl-st. over opp. end of ring, 1 ch., draw through tightly and fasten off, leaving short end. Cut ends to about ¼in. on slant to form tip.

**Daffodils**

**Materials:** 1 skein Golden-Yellow Tura-Bast Brilliant Raffia; Aero crochet hook No. 8.

Leaving 7in. end, begin with 3 ch., join into ring with sl-st.

**Next Round:** 1 ch. as 1 d.c., * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in ring, rep. from * 4 times.

**Next Round:** 1 sl-st. in 1st ch. of former round, 6 ch., 3 tr. drawn up to ¾in. each in 2nd of 6 ch., 1 sl-st in last of 6 ch. and draw raffia up to tube length, 1 sl-st. in ch. at base of tube (i.e., same st. as 3 drawn tr.), 1 ch. Fasten off, leaving 7in. end. Draw end through centre of petal ring and tie with end left at beg.

**Bluebells (make 2)**

**Materials:** 1 skein Sky-Blue Tura-Bast Brilliant Raffia; Aero No. 8 crochet hook.

Leaving 7in. end, begin with 5 ch.

**Next Row:** 7 tr. drawn up to ¾in. each in 1st ch., * 1 sl-st. in top of 5th ch. and draw raffia up to length of bell, 1 sl-st. into 1st ch., * 6 ch., 7 drawn tr. in 2nd of 6 ch., rep. from * to * once, 1 ch. Fasten off, leaving 7in. end. Tie this end with end left at beg.

### TO FINISH OFF

Sew flowers to bag with remainder of tying ends.

*PRETTY FLOWERS trim these small-fry handbags in raffia.*

*TOY OWL is made of velvet. Complete directions are given below.*

## Wise old owl

**● This delightful old bird can be made with just a few scraps of material. Stuff him with foam rubber pieces or nylon stockings to make him washable.**

**Materials:** ¼yd. washable velvet; small pieces of felt in three contrasting colors for face, chest, ears, beak, and feet; small scrap of black felt for eyes; small piece of stiffened interlining; embroidery cotton; stuffing.

**To Make:** Enlarge pattern on graph paper (see diagram — one square represents 1in.). Cut pattern pieces: Wing (cut 4 from velvet); body (cut 2 from velvet); ear (cut 4 from felt —2 of each color); leg (cut 2 of A, B, and C from felt); face (cut 1 from felt); chest (cut 1 from felt); beak (cut 1 from felt); eye (cut 2 of each piece from felt).

Place two wing pieces right sides together and sew along seam line. Turn right sides out and stuff. Repeat for other wing.

Oversew ear pieces together using one piece of each color for each ear. Stuff.

Embroider face, using fly-stitch for markings. Sew eye pieces to face, placing a little filling under the eyelid.

Pin face to head on one of body sections and sew.

Fold beak along fold lines (see diagram), join edges. Stuff beak and sew on to face, shaping beak as you sew.

Embroider chest, using fly-stitch. Pin lower chest to body piece.

To make leg, pin one B and C piece together, matching fold lines (see diagram). Sew up seam to fold line.

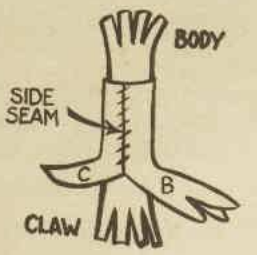
Cut a rectangular piece of stiffened interlining, wide enough to be rolled to fill out leg piece, and 1in. longer than leg piece. Place rolled interlining in position and sew up other leg seam.

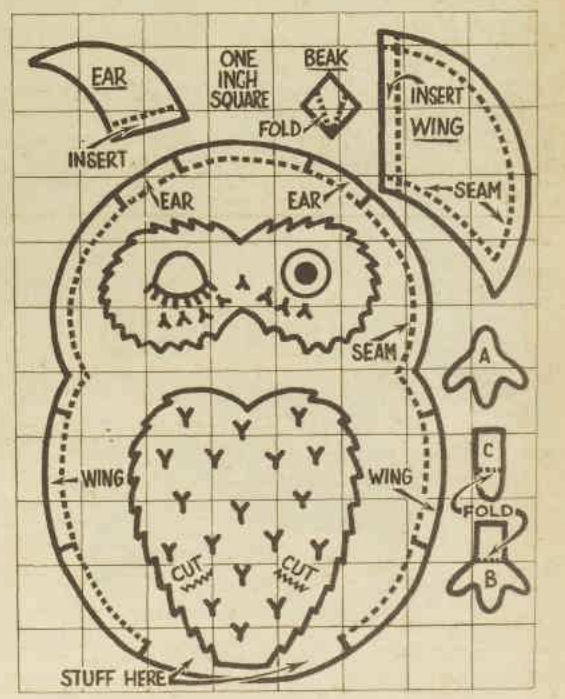
Now slit both extensions of interlining so that it forms a tuft at both ends (see diagram). Thread one tuft through cut in chest (see diagram), spread tuft out and firmly sew to body.

Spread other tuft out and trim to fill claws. Sew part A to B and C, using tuft and a little filling to stuff claws. Repeat for other leg.

Pin rest of chest to body and sew in position.

With body pieces together, right sides facing, seam from one arrow to the other, inserting wings and ears into seam at positions marked on diagram and leaving bottom open. Turn right sides out and stuff. Sew up opening.




*DIAGRAMS (above and at right) show pattern pieces and how to make legs for toy owl.*



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# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

189

**No. 189.—SHIRTMAKER FROCK**
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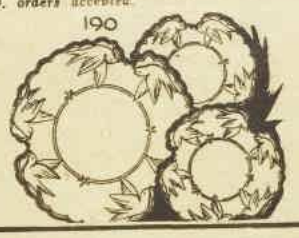
190



191

*Continued from page 80*

## RUN SCARED

can't withdraw! It's against the law. If a candidate wants to withdraw he's got to say so before—"

"I'm sorry, I've got to go now, Martha," Lem said. "I'll get this and tonight's speech over with and—"

"Lem!" Dilly raised her voice for the first time in Martha's knowledge. "I tell you it's impossible to withdraw. You'd have had to do that weeks ago. The committee would have to—heaven knows what they'd have to do. They can't do anything! There's no time. The lieutenant governor—" Lem held Martha's hand and looked down at it, his face closed. Dilly whirled around to Archie. "Is that what Lem intends to do? Get the committee to put in Chester Evans as governor instead of lieutenant governor?"

Archie shrugged. "How should I know?"

"They can't!" Dilly cried. "The—why, the whole mechanism of voting, the ballots, the — besides, Lem cannot withdraw. There's no legal way to do it now."

Lem put Martha's hand down, leaned over and kissed her briefly. It was again, Martha thought, like a gesture, formal and kind, but that was all.

"I'll be back as soon as I can tonight but it may be late," Lem said to Martha and turned toward the door. "Come on, Archie."

"Okay, okay." Archie groaned and followed him. "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred." The door closed after them. The car started up and shot down the driveway away from the door and was gone.

"Well," Dilly said, "that's that. It's all over. This speech of Lem's tonight could have turned the trick."

Chrissy said from the doorway, dismayed, "I waited lunch and now Lem's gone!"

Dilly pulled her dumpy little figure upright. "We'll have lunch, Chrissy." She looked at Martha. "Old Zeke always said when there's an emergency do what you have to do and go ahead with routine. Come on, Martha, lunch."

CHRISSY served waffles, her pleasant face troubled. The telephone rang sharply and Martha started up to answer.

"No," Dilly said, "don't answer."

"But suppose Lem—"

"It's not Lem. Some reporter's got wind of something at police barracks. Chrissy—" Dilly called. Chrissy stuck her head in the pantry door. "Don't answer the phone. No matter how often it rings this afternoon, don't answer it."

"Suppose it's the grocer—"

"Don't answer," Dilly said flatly.

Chrissy blinked. "Well, all right, Mrs. Downes. But there's a police car out in front and a policeman just came in the kitchen and he says the sheriff told him to watch the house."

Dilly hesitated. "Well, that's all right."

Chrissy's blue eyes sought Martha, and Martha thought, She's too good and loyal a friend to be kept in the dark. She said, "Chrissy, we've had some—some trouble here."

"You mean that man that they think Mr. Stenson shot." Chrissy said calmly. "I heard about that before I came to work this morning—"

Dilly interrupted. "So we're going to stay out of sight. We're not going to talk to anybody. That's what Old Zeke—I mean my husband—always said. Get out of sight and stay there till it all blows over."

This is not going to blow over, Martha thought. Chrissy said quietly, "Yes, Mrs. Downes," and disappeared.

A minute later she returned looking more cheerful. "There's some telephone men here, too. They want to know where to set up the extra lines. They want to bring them into this room, they say it's easier. They always used to set up an extra line in the library, and only one in the Senator's time."

"Times have changed," Dilly said. "Tell them to go ahead."

"Oh, and Mrs. Downes," Chrissy said, "I wish you'd take better care of your jewellery. I picked up some beads and a watch off the bathroom floor. They're on your dressing-table."

"Thank you, Chrissy," Dilly said, unperturbed.

Somebody shouted to somebody else outside the windows. "Bring those lines from the garage roof—"

"I'd better clear the table," Chrissy said, "that is, if you're finished."

"There's nothing I can do," Dilly said. "I may as well get some sleep."

Martha followed her upstairs. The door to Dilly's room was open and Chrissy had given the whole room an orderly look which Martha knew wouldn't last ten minutes after Dilly got back into it. The beads Chrissy had found, Dilly's magnificent pearls, lay with Dilly's wristwatch on the dressing-table. Martha said, "You didn't tell me you'd found your emerald pin."

"I forgot it. I'd put it in a book as a bookmark."

"Where is it?"

"Oh—on the table."

"Here are your pearls and your wristwatch, but there's no pin." Martha eyed the wristwatch. "Your bracelet's not here, either." A strange, swift suspicion flashed into Martha's mind. "Dilly! Did you give your pin or—or your bracelet to Oliver Brown to—to shut him up? Keep him quiet? Bribe—"

"What an idea," Dilly said mildly, shutting a window.

"Last night when you came downstairs you had your hand in your pocket as if you were holding something. Except I thought then that you were only holding your dressing-gown together because it was so cold. But then you went to the door, after him. And when you came back you weren't holding your hand in your pocket and—"

"Really, Martha!" Dilly pulled off her jacket.

"Answer me, Dilly. Did you give him your bracelet last night? Or your pin or — Dilly! Did you guess Oliver Brown—I mean Friday when I thought he was a magazine writer — did you guess he had something to do with the man I ran over? Did you give him your pin that day? Did you talk to him that day? Did he try to blackmail Lem —me—through you?"

Dilly stared at her. "Would I have kept that to myself? Would I have kept that a secret? Would I have paid him?"

"Yes," Martha said.

Dilly's eyes looked very tired. "The next thing I know you'll accuse me of shooting Sykes. Go and get some sleep, Martha. You need it. You certainly do need it." Dilly flattened herself on the bed and shut her eyes.

Martha went slowly to Lem's room.

Dilly would have paid Brown or anybody for silence just then — or would she? No. Martha decided that her impulsive conjecture was out of all reason. Even assuming that Oliver Brown had approached Dilly first — and there would be no reason for him to do so — an attempt to deal with him secretly would be going too far, even for Dilly. The telephone was ringing downstairs; Martha shut the door but didn't quite shut off the persistent ringing, which continued at intervals all the rest of the afternoon.

Once she crept out into the upper hall and down to the landing of the stairs. From there she could see the front steps and the driveway. There were two police cars now, one at the steps and one at the gate, and three policemen, trim and businesslike in their uniforms, were standing at the gate.

She didn't know whether they had been there to keep

*To page 84*

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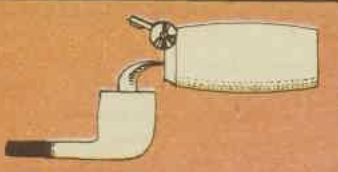

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her in the house, to keep reporters out — or to capture Oliver Brown if by any chance he should try, stealthily, to return and renew his demands.

She thought for the first time of his blustering threat: "I'll fix you," if things went wrong for him. But he was uneasy and uncertain, not knowing just what to believe, and had taken an ignorant man's refuge in bluster, that was all.

The telephone downstairs began to shrill again and she went back to Lem's room and looked down at the grey lake. She wondered when some enterprising reporter—or Oliver Brown—might remember that the lake provided an easy access to the house.

But Oliver Brown and the car he had rented were nowhere in the vicinity: a man might lose himself, but it's not so easy to hide a car.

Martha didn't hear Mrs. Bascom's arrival. The first she knew of it was when Mrs. Bascom knocked at the door and called out, "Martha, may I come in?"

Here was another hurdle. Martha wanted to shrink down, pull the eiderdown over her head, do anything to avoid Lem's mother. She said, "Come in—" and scrambled up to meet her.

Mrs. Bascom, still with her hat on, still in a fur coat, came hurriedly into the room. "My dear. I'm so sorry. You couldn't have helped it — Martha—" She put her arms around Martha. She held her, she spoke with motherly tend-

Continued from page 82

## RUN SCARED

erness. "There now. Take it easy. You didn't kill that man."

Dilly said from the doorway, "What did Lem tell them?"

"The Press?" Mrs. Bascom said simply, "The truth. He said that Martha had a car accident. He said that his wife knew nothing of politics; he said that Martha tried to get help for the man she struck and believed he was uninjured, which proved to be a fact, so she failed to report what she was sure was the most trivial accident. He said that Martha was not to blame, it was Lem himself, because owing to the campaign he had given Martha a false idea of the harm that such a story would do."

"It wasn't Lem's fault—" Martha began.

Mrs. Bascom said reasonably, "Well, he couldn't accuse you, could he? Besides — oh, yes, it was Lem's fault—what you did, Martha. Lem's fault and my fault and your fault, Dilly."

Dilly didn't seem to hear Mrs. Bascom's rebuke. "What else did Lem say?"

"He said—" Mrs. Bascom slid out of her coat. She took off her hat and went to the mirror. "He said that he is going to withdraw from the candidacy. He'll make the announcement at tonight's rally."

"It's against the law! How can he withdraw?" Dilly said flatly.

Mrs. Bascom fluffed up her hair. "On the grounds of disqualification."

"He can't do it." Dilly snatched off the spectacles and then shoved them on again.

"Lem is a lawyer, Dilly."

"It's not possible!"

"He made the statement at the Press conference. He asked them to hold the story of his withdrawal until after tonight's rally."

"They won't do that!"

"Lem thinks they will."

"Disqualification! Because his wife broke a little traffic law. Because she had every reason to believe that there was no accident? How can Lem disqualify himself on such a trivial basis?"

"The man — Sykes or whatever his ugly little name is — was shot and killed. It clouds the issue. Lem cannot run for the highest office in the State with a thing like that connected with him in any way."

MRS. BASCOM sighed a little. "If there were any time to get the thing cleared up; find out who shot this man, Sykes; get it all out and prove that neither Martha nor Lem had anything at all to do with the killing — but there isn't. No, I think Lem is perfectly right and I told him so."

"When did you see him?" Dilly asked. "After the Press conference or before?"

"I didn't see him at all. He phoned me just before the Press conference. We had a very short talk. He only told me the situation and what he was going to do."

"Ma Bascom, didn't you tell him not to?" Dilly asked.

Mrs. Bascom gave Dilly one of her gimlet glances. "I'm his mother and that's all. I did all the advising a mother should do when he was a boy. I would be very wrong to offer my advice now. Besides, I think he was right. He couldn't go into public office with a thing like this hanging over him, unsettled."

"What does the committee say about this? Have you talked to any of them?"

"All of them, I think. The phone's been going since early morning. The governor, the chairman, Bob Newton, all of them seem to have spent the night trying to talk Lem out of his decision. When Lem phoned me, of course, I knew what it was all about."

"Bob Newton has got the most political sense. What does he say?"

"What can he say? He's against it. Says it's too late for Lem to withdraw. Says Lem is not in fact disqualified — although he admits that Lem has some reasonable basis for it. What does it matter?"

"What can they do? Even the printed ballots —"

"It's too late for the committee to do anything but put in Chester Evans. He's made a good campaign; he'd make a good lieutenant governor. He'll be a good governor."

"If he's elected," Dilly said. "He won't be. Nothing like this has ever happened — has it?"

"Not that I remember, certainly. They all say there's no precedent. Dilly, Lem has made up his mind. There's no use in talking about it. Did Chrissy come to work?"

"This morning."

"Then I want an early dinner." Mrs. Bascom put her arm around Martha again. "Don't take it so hard, child. Worse things have happened. Just be thankful you didn't kill that man. Come along now —"

She whisked Martha downstairs with her. Dilly followed them. Mrs. Bascom went briskly out in the kitchen. Martha could hear her voice and Chrissy's, greeting each other apparently in their usual warm and friendly way, as if nothing had gone wrong, as if there had been no rat-faced little man in the road — in the lake under the layer of dead leaves. As if Lem were still on his triumphant way to Election Day.

Mrs. Bascom came back and settled herself in a chair. "We'll get dinner over in time to hear Lem's speech," she said with perfect calm.

Dilly had had time to think of more questions. "Ma Bascom, what did Lem tell them about Sykes and this other man, Oliver Brown? Didn't he say that the police have every reason to suspect a frame, a trap? Didn't he say it was a put-up job—"

"How could he? There's no proof of that."

"Proof enough! The threats, the raincoat, the man came here and tried to make a deal with Martha—"

"Dilly," Mrs. Bascom said with something of Lem's straightforward authority, "there is no proof of any of this. Lem believes it. Probably the police believe it. But Lem cannot make a public statement about it until there's proof."

"The sheriff could make it!"

"And let people say whitewash? No—"

"Well, then Archie could suggest it. Give some hints—"

"Not if he knows what's good for him," Mrs. Bascom said shortly. Stinky had appeared and was wreathing with pleasure around her ankles. She stooped over and pulled him up, shaggy and battle-scarred, into her lap where he began to purr hoarsely.

"It's done, Dilly. There's nothing we can do to change it. It's unfortunate that the thing happened just when it did. I think what Lem is going to do is right, and in any event he's going to do it, come hell or high water, so there's no use trying to stop him."

There was a long silence. Dilly sat staring at nothing. Mrs. Bascom rubbed Stinky's jowls and his hoarse purring grew louder. Martha said at last dully, almost to herself, "Lem shouldn't have told them what I did was his fault. It wasn't—"

Mrs. Bascom gave her a keen look over Stinky's blunt, ecstatic head. "Martha, no man who deserves the name man will accuse his wife! Besides—Lem was right. We were more to blame than you. All of us kept giving you advice, don't do this, don't do that—"

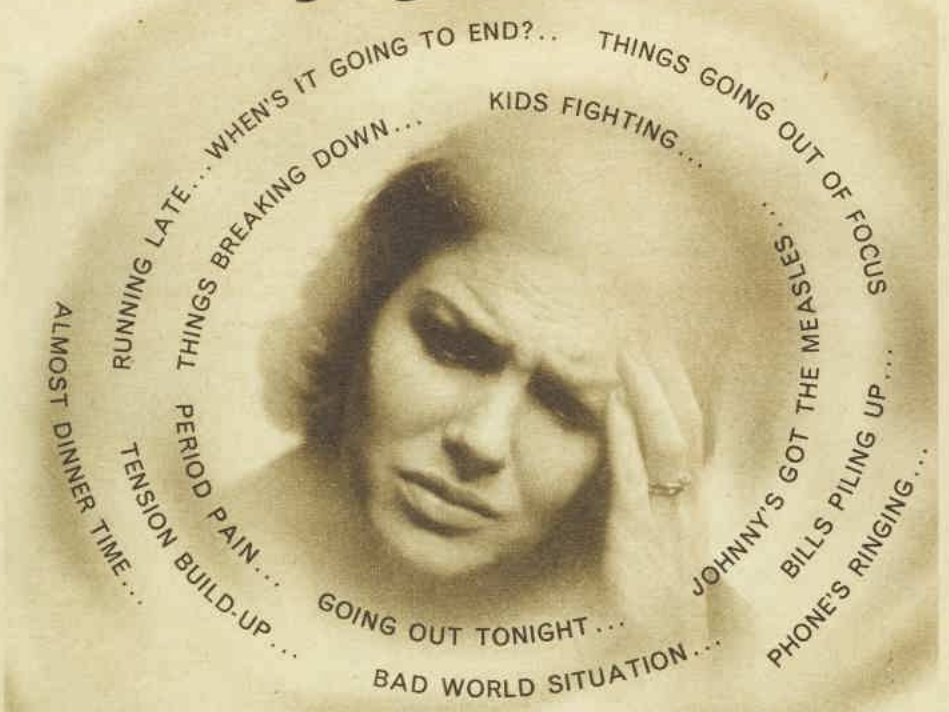
Martha had hurled almost those very words, accusingly, angrily at Lem. Yet in fact she had been proud and happy to stand beside Lem as his wife.

Mrs. Bascom was eyeing her shrewdly; she said, "If you had followed your own instincts, Martha dear, you'd have reported this accident at once. We—all of us, the campaign—frightened you. You wanted to please Lem—and me and Dilly, everybody. That's natural. So, instead of just doing what you thought was right, you did what you thought—and what Dilly told you—was best for Lem. I should have known better than to advise you. I should have known enough of human nature to know that you didn't need advice—"

Dilly broke in as if she'd been following her own train of thought. "Lem did this the wrong way. He ought to have come straight out and

To page 87


# Get off the tension merry-go-round....

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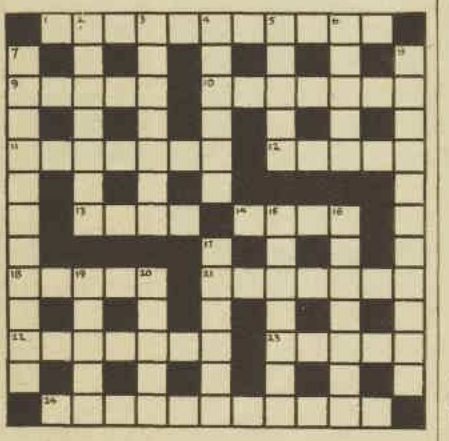
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

### ACROSS

1. Side or signs, they will lead you away from the main point (11).
9. Attack with broken stone (5).
10. Learn as a storage place for weapons (7).
11. Apparatus for gymnasts; its top part is turned (7).
12. Exhausted, possibly because its heart is full of anger (5).
13. Careen with the head of the father of antiseptic surgery (4).
14. Chinese weight and coin could be late (4).
18. Entered with a bar of precious metal (5).
21. Fall again into harmonious combination, or purge (7).
22. Real gin in an oriental pipe (7).
23. A prickly shrub (5).
24. Wishy-washy (4, 2, 5).

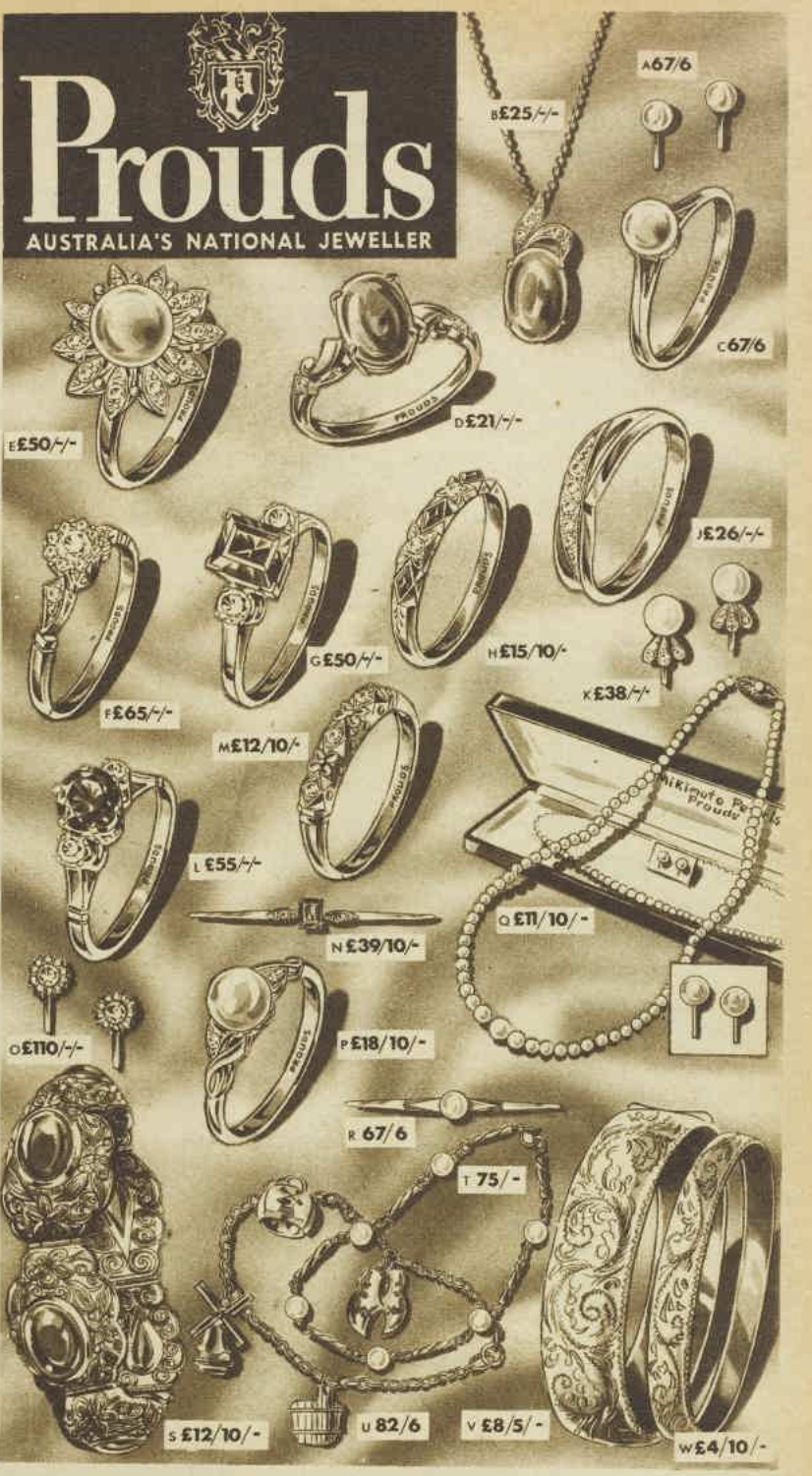
### DOWN

2. Place in stable (7).
3. Annoys ten rats (7).
4. He covers roofs with a heart which is alway late (6).
5. Implant while I nest (5).
6. When he was preceded by forty he wes a goldseeker (5).
7. First must be satisfied to have such disputes (11).
8. Rustics have a mass of earth on jumpers on one leg (11).
15. Bar a leg (anagr., 7).
16. One of the constellations before nine makes a Latin verse (7).
17. Decrees, mostly with a broken rest (6).
19. Prickly shrub with yellow flowers and a rose (5).
20. Most rickets contain an artful stratagem (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.


# Prouds

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL JEWELLER

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*L. Brilliant cut Sapphire and Diamond Ring, £55*
*M. Diamond Eternity Ring, Platinum set, £12/10*
*N. Diamond and Sapphire Bar Brooch, £39/10*
*O. Illusion Cluster Diamond Earrings, value, £110*
*P. Mikimoto Pearl and Diamond Ring, £18/10*
*Q. Mikimoto Cultured Pearl Necklet and Earrings set, with presentation case, real value, £11/10*
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DULUX

Now, what comes after winter?

B2824



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Continued from page 84

# RUN SCARED

made it clear that he knew nothing of the car accident until Sunday night. The way he pussyfooted about it, there'll be plenty of people who'll think he knew all about the car accident and that he'd told Martha not to report it. They'll say he only came out with the truth when Sykes was found and—" She paused as the telephone rang and said, "Don't answer it."

Mrs. Bascom pushed Stinky gently off her lap and walked briskly to the telephone room.

Dilly and Martha heard her. "This is Mrs. Bascom—oh, why Howard!—" There was a long pause. Then Mrs. Bascom said, "Yes, it's true. He's going to withdraw. Well, he thinks he can—" There was another long pause. Then Mrs. Bascom said tartly, "Oh, certainly, there's nothing in the world you can do, so just stay right there."

She hung up with a bang and came back. There were two pink spots in her cheeks. "Howard," she said shortly. "He'd heard about the car accident and Sykes over the radio."

Dilly looked up. "Did he want to come here?"

"No," Mrs. Bascom said briefly. She scooped up Stinky again. "That is, he said he would come if Lem wanted him, although he didn't see what he could do." She brooded a moment, rubbing Stinky's ears; gradually the color in her cheeks subsided. "Oh, well," she said forgivingly, "Howard is a smart politician."

DILLY said quietly, "If he were in Lem's place now he'd know what to do—"

Mrs. Bascom said, "There's the doorbell. Never mind, Chrissy, I'll get it."

Chrissy in the doorway said, "I think it's Mr. and Mrs. Stenson. I saw that old car of theirs—"

"I should have phoned to Jim," Mrs. Bascom said and, with Stinky hanging over one arm, went to open the door.

Jim kissed Mrs. Bascom's pretty cheek. Ellen kissed her. Mrs. Bascom brought them into the room and told Jim to pour them some drinks, and settled Ellen in the sofa with a cigarette, talking all the time. "It's a dreadful thing, Jim. But anybody has a right to defend his own home. Besides, it may not have been your shot that killed him. They aren't sure yet, are they?"

Ellen looked tired and drawn, as if she hadn't slept. Jim's shoulders sagged, his face was heavy and sombre. "In a city they'd have the ballistics tests by now," he said. "Well, all we can do is wait." He seemed to know Mrs. Bascom's favorite drink, poured it, and brought her the glass.

Ellen said, "You didn't have to go right in and give yourself up, Jim."

"Only thing to do."

"You could have waited till they got the ballistics test." Ellen lighted a cigarette and thrust it with shaking fingers into her long holder.

"No, I couldn't," Jim said. "Only thing to do was have it all out in the open right away. Couldn't let anybody think Lem was trying to cover up for me. Couldn't let people think Lem was mixed up in it in any way. Besides, you agreed with me, Ellen. What'll you have, Martha?"

Martha must have replied, for Jim turned back to the decanter-laden table, but actually she was struck by a curious, faraway notion. It was like a tiny light, barely glimmering far in the distance.

Mrs. Bascom said, "You're a good friend of Lem's, Jim. You, too, Ellen."

Jim put a glass in Martha's hand; she was vaguely aware of its cold pressure against her hand. He went to lean an elbow on the mantel. "It was the only thing to do. Come straight out with it. Lem's got to make the whole thing clear in his speech tonight. Tell them what I did. Tell them what Martha — well" — he gave Martha a troubled look — "exactly what Martha did, I mean about the car accident. People are already saying—"

"Jim," Ellen said warningly.

"Well, they are! Town's already crawling with reporters, election-eve crowd. My phone's rung all day—"

"Did you answer it?" Dilly said sharply.

"Why, of course. Told them the truth," Jim said bluntly. "Nothing else to do. Clear Lem of any suspicion of covering up!"

Mrs. Bascom said, "What are people saying, Jim?"

"Nothing that matters," Ellen began, but Jim said, "The usual. What you'd expect."

"What?" Mrs. Bascom repeated.

"Well — you know — that Martha'll get off scot-free from a hit-and-run driving charge. That anybody else would be fined or get a sentence, but that it'll be fixed up for Martha, so she'll not pay a penalty. You know the sort of thing."

The faint small light in Martha's consciousness grew brighter. It seemed to approach her as if held in an admonitory hand. She knew the others were talking; she didn't hear what anybody said, because a certain course was becoming more and more clearly revealed. She forced herself to debate its common sense; impulse could be a boomerang, hurting more than it helped. But she had already done as much damage as anyone could do; nothing she did now could damage Lem further.

"—so Lem did make a statement to the Press this afternoon, Jim," Mrs. Bascom was saying when Martha made up her mind and interrupted. "Dilly," she said, "can you get hold of the governor? And Bob Newton? Archie, too—"

"Bob Newton!" Dilly looked surprised. "Why, yes, I suppose so. The governor perhaps. Archie. Why?"

Martha turned to Mrs. Bascom. "Is your car here?"

Mrs. Bascom looked surprised, too. "Why, yes. And the chauffeur — why?"

"I want to use your car. I want your chauffeur to take me to town."

Mrs. Bascom sprang up, dislodging Stinky, who scrambled reproachfully for a tochold on the rug. "What are you going to do?"

"What Jim did. I'm going to — to tell them myself, tonight. Before Lem's speech. Dilly, can you arrange it with Bob Newton and Archie and — oh, the committee or whoever has charge of the rally. I'm going to speak tonight — just before Lem speaks. I want to — to make a statement. I want you to arrange it. There's not much time. You can arrange it, Dilly. Hurry—"

Martha ran for the stairs. She didn't know what Dilly said, she didn't know what anybody said, she only knew that every minute counted.

But Jim Stenson lumbered quickly after her and up the stairs. He took her hand. His face worked as if he couldn't find words he wanted to say. Finally he said only, "You can do it. I'll make Dilly arrange it—"

"Lem mustn't know," Martha said. "If he knew, he'd stop me. Tell Dilly they're got to arrange it so Lem doesn't know."

"I will. She will—hurry—"

Martha was scrambling into her yellow suit—and remembering with heartache the last time she had worn it and sat on the platform and been so proud of Lem—when Mrs. Bascom came running in and snatched up her own coat and hat. "I'm going with you. Dilly's on the phone now. It'll take some time. We'd better be on our way. Dilly will tell Archie where to meet us. Don't forget your coat."

Downstairs, Ellen gave Martha a quick hug. Jim Stenson had already got Mrs. Bascom's car to the door and the chauffeur was standing beside it buttoning his coat. Dilly was in the telephone room; her voice came out to Martha. "It's urgent. Tell him Mrs. Zeke Downes. Hurry, operator—"

Two policemen came running up from the shadows of the driveway. Jim said, "It's all right. It's Mrs. Bascom."

One of the policemen said panting, "There's some Press cars just outside the gate."

"We'll get through them." Mrs. Bascom settled herself beside Martha. She reached over and pulled a rug from the front seat and said, "Get down on the floor, Martha."

Martha dropped to her knees; Mrs. Bascom put the rug lightly over her; the car was in sudden motion.

She heard a shout, then another. "It's his mother." "Where are you going, Mrs. Bascom?" "Are you going to see Lem?" "Where's the young Mrs. Bascom?" "Have they arrested his wife yet?" "Where is she?"

To page 88

## CANNED FRUIT CONTEST

**SECTION 1: Children's Party**

Progress prize of £5 to Miss P. Carlon, 47 Spofforth Street, Cremorne, N.S.W.

**CARAMEL FRUIT TRIFLE**

**One packet orange-flavored cake mix, 4 tablespoons apricot jam, 1 large can sliced peaches, whipped sweetened cream, 1 small can pear halves, glace cherries.**

Make up orange cake mix as directed on packet. Bake and leave overnight. Next day cut half cake into slices and spread with jam, sandwiching 2 slices together. Place half the drained peaches in large serving-bowl, arrange cake on top, cover with remaining peaches. Pour over caramel syrup, leave ½ hour. Make up the caramel custard and, when cooled slightly, pour over cake; chill. Serve decorated with whipped cream, pear halves, and glace cherries.

**Caramel Syrup: Four tablespoons sugar, 1 cup water.**

Put sugar and 2 tablespoons water in small saucepan, bring to the boil, boiling rapidly, without stirring, until mixture becomes golden brown. Add remainder of water, stir until caramel dissolves. Leave to cool.

**Caramel Custard: Four tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon custard powder, 1 pint reconstituted evaporated milk.**

Place sugar and water in saucepan, bring to boil. Boil, without stirring, until mixture is golden brown. Mix custard powder to smooth paste with little milk. Place remainder of milk in saucepan with caramel, bring it slowly to boil, stir until caramel is dissolved. Pour over the custard paste, stirring well. Place all back in saucepan, bring to boil, cook 3 minutes, stirring all the time.

Complete 44 piece setting with silver handles £19/19/-; with pearlex handle knives £15/15/-; with xylonite handle knives £14/14/-.

Complete 44 piece setting with silver handles £19/19/-; with pearlex handle knives £15/15/-; with xylonite handle knives £14/14/-.

Complete 44 piece setting with silver handles £22/15/-; with pearlex handle knives £17/4/-.

Complete 44 piece setting with pearlex handle knives £14/14/-; with xylonite handle knives £12/19/6.

* CHRISTINE Complete 44 piece setting with silver handles £22/19/6; with pearlex handle knives £17/15/-; with xylonite handle knives £16/9/6. G128

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# RUN SCARED

Continued from page 87

The shouts and questions died away; the car swerved and gathered speed. The chauffeur said, "That's all. We've passed them," and Mrs. Bascom lifted the rug from Martha.

She got up into the seat beside Mrs. Bascom. They were already turning at the corner of the Stenson house, its lights blazing through the darkness.

It was a long and a strangely short ride with only the sound of the engine, the glare of passing lights, the sense of motion in the car. Once, long after they had turned on to the throughway, Mrs. Bascom leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur. "There used to be a speed-trap along here."

The man's head went up and down. "I remember. Trust me—"

**ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.**

Once Mrs. Bascom said to Martha, "My dear, I hope this is right. I believe it's right. But you must think about it, Martha."

"Yes."

A long time after that Mrs. Bascom put her hand on Martha's. "My children call me Ma," she said. "Silly, but I like it."

"I — thank you, Ma," Martha said, her throat suddenly tight.

"There now, we'll not talk any more except—you do know that Lem may not like this, don't you? He never wanted you to be exposed to publicity or—"

"I know," Martha said.

Mrs. Bascom said nothing more until the lights of the city made a rosy glow in the sky ahead of them. Then she said, "Dilly was to tell Archie to meet us at a side door." She leaned forward again and gave the chauffeur directions.

Almost immediately, it seemed to Martha, they were in the outskirts of the city, then in the city, going more slowly now, yet with single-minded haste, along lighted streets. The car stopped for a red light. A news-stand on the corner was brightly lighted and Martha had a glimpse of great black headlines: Mrs. Lem Bascom. The light changed and the car swept on. So the evening editions had the story already. Mrs. Bascom had seen it, too; she put her hand briefly again on Martha's.

The streets were wider, there was more traffic; there were lighted store windows. The car turned, turned again, and suddenly drew up at a side door of a building that bulked enormously against the sky. There was a light over the door, several policemen and a little knot of men.

The governor himself sprang to open the door. Bob Newton's cool face came from the shadows. There were several committeemen. Archie was red-faced and puffing with excitement. The policemen held a door open upon lights and a wide bare concrete passage. Everything was hurried. The governor said gravely, "Are you sure you want to do this, Martha?"

Bob Newton said, "Just keep your head. Talk slowly."

Archie pulled at Martha's sleeve. "Martha, what are you going to say? What are going to say—"

Mrs. Bascom took Martha's arm. "Let her alone, Archie. We've tried to tell her too much. She knows exactly what she's going to say."

Somebody, Bob Newton in his emotionless voice, explained the simple arrangements they had made. "Lem doesn't know a thing about this. The committee all approve, so go right ahead. The governor will introduce you, before Lem. Archie will show you where to stand. We'll see about Lem." He paused and said, "Good luck."

Archie, with one eye on his watch, hustled them away, down a corridor and around a turn to a Ladies' Room. "More lipstick, Martha, you're white as a sheet. Get her hair smooth, Mrs. Bascom—"

Mrs. Bascom took Martha's coat; she pulled her jacket straight; she watched while Martha combed out her wind-tousled hair. Archie rattled the doorknob. "It's time—"

"Personally," Mrs. Bascom said with her usual candor. "I'd rather be shot than do what you're going to do."

"So would I," Martha said as truthfully. Her hands were cold, her stomach was churning; her knees were unsteady.

Mrs. Bascom held Martha's coat over her arm as they went out and Archie hustled them along another corridor, backstage. The murmer and buzz of talk from the vast auditorium became louder. Archie brought them both into the wings of a great, lighted stage. There was a lectern in the middle of it, downstage, just above the footlights; there were microphones on the lectern.

The lights were so strong that they made a kind of barrier between the side of the stage where Martha and Archie and Mrs. Bascom stood and the opposite side of the stage, but Martha could see a group of men in the wings there. She thought she could see Lem's tall figure surrounded closely by a cluster of men.

Archie gripped her elbow tensely, panting at her shoulder, watching the other side of the stage. Suddenly his grip tightened, he shoved up his wrist to peer at his watch, and in the same instant the governor walked slowly out from the opposite side to the middle of the stage. There was applause and then silence as he stood for a second or two at the lectern. Then he said, gravely and very simply, "Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to introduce a brave and dear young friend of mine—Mrs. Lemuel Bascom—"

Something happened in the audience, Martha knew that, a scattering of applause, then a tense, surprised silence. Archie pushed her. "Go on—go on, now."

The governor, his kind face serious, waited for her to cross the stage. Otherwise she didn't think she could have taken one step after the other, into the blazing lights, before those hundreds of eyes. He gave her an encouraging nod, said in a perfectly natural voice, "Just talk straight into the microphones, Martha," and stood at her side.

There was another startled and scattered burst of applause and then dead silence again. The lights were blinding; she could barely see the mass of faces. Yet suddenly there came from the huge audience the kind of thing which sometimes greets a speaker, a wave of intense and electric interest.

It was not unfriendly, neither was it friendly, but it was like a link between her and every one of the faces out there beyond the bright wall of lights. It made it strangely easy for her to find her voice and say, "Thank you, Governor Welsh."

She took a breath and was vaguely aware of a kind of scuffling sound; voices, lowered and urgent, off at her left where Lem stood in the wings. She knew she must speak at once, before Lem could stop her, so she did.

*To be concluded*

# Fashion FROCKS

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*NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 82. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



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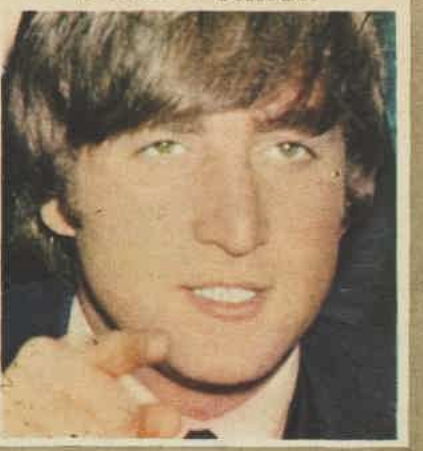
**Ringo Starr**

Dynamic emotions
Strong power of leadership
Self-assured
Wilful

**John Lennon**



Emotional conflict
Cultured tastes
Changeable
Unpredictable

# THE BEATLES — IN THEIR OWN WRITING

***● "As your letters lean so leans your heart," says internationally famous handwriting analyst Muriel Stafford, who studied The Beatles' signatures and wrote this article on their personalities.***

EVERY Beatle's handwriting reveals a different letter slant, indicating a different emotional nature.

Ringo's letters slant far to the right, denoting deep emotionalism . . . George slants his letters leftward, showing emotional withdrawal and some shyness . . . Paul writes with vertical letters that slant neither left nor right. He is cool-headed, logical, non-committal . . . John's letters go in all directions. He is torn between the desire to dedicate himself to his talent and the urge to be ruled by his warm affections.

The size of your letters reflects your psychological traits rather than your physical size. This is illustrated in Ringo's handwriting.

**RINGO,** who calls himself "the small one with the big nose," has the largest, most impressive signature. He writes vigorously with thick strokes, denoting a forceful, dynamic personality.

He would be an assertive leader in any field that he might select. BUT he could be a very difficult husband. He is ardent and possessive. His wife would need to submerge her personality completely. If she couldn't, he'd be jealous and demanding.

The way you write your first or "given" name is an expression of your self-image. Ringo writes the capital of his first name noticeably higher than the capital of his last or family name.

**PAUL** is decidely artistic. He begins his name with a large printed "P," and he also prints capital "A." His letters are written close together, unslanted, inclined toward angularity.

He is level-headed and restrained. He avoids emotional entanglements. He is ruled by his keen mind instead of by his heart. He wants an intelligent wife who will sincerely appreciate him. Romance comes second.

**GEORGE'S** handwriting denotes an altogether different nature from Ringo's. He is deep and hard to reach. Nobody's going to take advantage of him!

Love? That's too dangerous for George. Besides, marriage is expensive, and those who write like George hang on to their money. His small-sized, carefully formed, left-slanted letters disclose a reserved, cautious nature.

He plans ahead and takes as few chances as possible. His low dot, placed exactly over the stem, emphasises his discretion.

The fat lower loops, also left-slanted, show an ability to hold on to money. He is the most introverted of The Beatles. He writes with artistic precision and wastes nothing. In capital "H," for instance, he uses the lower loop of "G" as first stroke.

**JOHN** writes fluently with simplified capitals and letters of varied size. He is versatile and highly intelligent, but the emotional conflict revealed in the varied slant of his letters denotes that he is likely to be unpredictable and changeable.

John apparently misses his wife, Cynthia, very much (he phoned her every day on his last tour of America), and this would account for the conflict that shows in his writing.

Your handwriting will change as you change.

When Ringo, Paul, and George get married their writings may begin to look quite different, and if John ever settles down his handwriting will probably show more stability.

From the way they write now, restlessness may prevent Ringo from marrying soon, and discretion may halt George. As for Paul, he is not going to get involved until he has looked the situation over thoroughly!

What do The Beatles have in common, according to their handwritings? Intelligence, talent, a willingness to work hard, and, in varied ways, a strong awareness of the value of money.

Teenagers' WEEKLY

**George Harrison**

Reserved
Cautious
Discreet
Thrifty

**Paul McCartney**

Artistic
Level-headed
Executive ability
Keen, analytical mind



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CARMEN

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# Letters

**Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.**

## Going steady can be interesting

PEOPLE often criticise going steady at an early age, saying that it limits doing things that cannot be done in later life. I disagree with this point of view.

Because a person has a steady boy- or girlfriend, it does not mean that he or she is less interesting than a person who does not go steady. Neither does it mean that going steady is just a form of making sure of a date for Saturday night.

At 17 I have had a steady boyfriend for more than two years, and I have found in that time that despite having only one special boyfriend I have discovered many new interests which I may never have done had I changed from one boy to another.

These include photography, mountain-climbing, and art of all kinds. We also exchange talents. For instance, I am teaching my boyfriend to swim and type proficiently and in return he teaches me how to make model trains and cook!

I do not feel tied down at all. I keep in regular touch with my girlfriends and can still have a good time with them.

So, even though going steady may not be everybody's cup of tea, I cannot see that it has any dreadful psychological effects or that it necessarily makes a person dull and uninteresting.

Going steady can really work—if you make it!—*Judy Stratford, Heathmont, Vic.*

## Up to date

WHY can't parents be up to date at the right time? Once they did not like Elvis, but when The Beatles became famous they liked Elvis because they thought The Beatles were disgusting.

Now they have seen the Rolling Stones and Lord Sutch they start liking The Beatles because they say the Rolling Stones and Lord Sutch are revolting.

Wouldn't it be easier to be up to date at the right time? — *"Chris," Glenroy, Vic.*

## Parlez-vous?

AT high school I was recently very amazed to hear one of my friends complain about the foreign language which he is studying.

"What is wrong with learning a foreign language?" I asked. "Oh, nothing really," he said, "except that it is so boring."

I think this is the wrong attitude, as by the time he and I grow up there will probably be only a few hours' flight time between countries, and an extra foreign language will come in handy.—*R. White, Kedron, Qld.*

## Nigerian lesson

SOME time ago the high school which I attend was fortunate enough to have three Nigerian teachers observing our methods of teaching for the day, and our Leaving modern history class was given a talk by one of them.

He not only gave us a concise lesson on our history course but also accounts of his people's way of life. These men had been in Australia for three months and told us they felt completely at home here.

They are striving for compulsory education to be established in Nigeria, and one of their greatest interests was how we educate our outback children by correspondence. Apparently this was quite new to them.

Our class learnt so much from that one lesson, and our thanks go to those people who made it possible for them to come to Australia to observe our way of life. — *Gwenda James, Richmond, S.A.*

## Helpful hint

HERE is a hint for those who correspond with a number of people. In an exercise-book specially kept for the purpose note the name of the person from whom you receive a letter. Also record the date of receipt and the date you post your reply. You can keep letters to be answered in the book.

I have found this method (passed on by one of my penfriends, a university student with limited spare time) very satisfactory, as it is impossible to remember such details mentally. — *Marlene Goodhew, Wahroonga, N.S.W.*

## Nicknames

HOW do other readers fare in the way of nicknames?

I have several, most of which derive from my name, Colleen Adams. First there is "Cauliflower," "Coll-doll," "Troll-doll," and "Collie." Then I have "Eve," "Atom-bomb," "Adamsapple," and, last of all, there is "Fred," making eight altogether.

I find it hard to remember who calls me what.—*Colleen Adams, Heathcote, N.S.W.*

## NEXT WEEK

- **Wendy Hallstrom is the only girl animal attendant at Taronga Park Zoo in Sydney. Read about her fascinating job and the antics of the animals she cares for.**
- **Convalescence is usually boring and depressing — but it needn't be, writes staff reporter Diane Roberts in "Prescription For a Quick Recovery." Diane tells how she rallied rather than sulked and, using her feminine wiles, made her long convalescence from a recent illness bearable.**

## Good scout

HAVING been a Boy Scout, I find that I am frequently being criticised by some ignorant people (mostly teenagers). These teenagers fail to look beyond the ends of their noses to discover the underlying advantages of scouting.

A boy belonging to the Scout movement experiences the wonderful, healthy outdoor life, learning first-aid and general health, tracking, and pioneering (knots, axemanship, handicrafts, and exploration).

It is the ideal leisure life for a boy—with camping, hiking, and sailing, etc.—and I would recommend it. One learns many practical things that become very useful in everyday life.—*B. Gordon, Bondi Junction, N.S.W.*

## Penfriends

IN T.W. in 1960 I saw an article about an American organisation, Youth Of All Nations, and soon afterwards joined it. I have never regretted this move.

Y.O.A.N. is a non-profit international penfriend club, whose motto is "Through young understanding toward lasting peace." In addition to obtaining worldwide penpals for members, it has a magazine, "Mirror For Youth," in which members are encouraged to express opinions on all kinds of topics.

I would like to thank T.W. for introducing me to Y.O.A.N., and to pass on the address to other readers who might like to write, enclosing a 1/3 International Reply coupon to:

Youth of All Nations, Inc., 16 St. Luke's Place, New York 14, New York, U.S.A. — *Jill Kershaw, Subiaco, W.A.*

## Friendship rings

MANY of my friends have given friendship rings for Christmas and birthdays. When the couple break up the boys often refuse the ring, insisting that it was a present.

I think the girl should give the ring back, because it has no further use or value. What do other readers feel about it? — *K. Riding, Wauchope, N.S.W.*

## Bookworm

BEING a collector of books and, more recently, of prints of water-color and oil landscapes, I cannot walk past a bookshop or gift shop without looking in the window.

My taste in books ranges from cartoon characters to modern history paperbacks and almost anything in a hard cover which is non-fiction. I keep a list of books which appeal to me and the names of artists, and when Christmas or a birthday comes I can say exactly what I'd like when different people ask me what they can buy me. — *Rosanne McCosker, Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

## Youth League

RECENTLY I returned from my second trip to Cairns with the Young Australia League. It has provided trips around Australia and overseas for many hundreds of young people.

You automatically become a member of the League when you go on one of their trips. They are very inexpensive, and you meet a fine group of teenagers and see our beautiful land.

It is a shame this League is not more well known, for their trips are fantastic. — *Lesley Anderson, Moorabbin, Vic.*

## BEATNIK

*"Man, I've been dying to play one of those things."*



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# The one that got away

● You'd think popular singers would have the choice of just anyone to date, and sometimes you probably envy them. But even stars have romances that don't work out — before AND after they reach the top.

## ROLAND STORM

"SHE was blond and beautiful and always fascinated me. I first saw her about four years ago at Manly Beach and I never forgot her. She always had lots of boyfriends and I was always working, so we never dated until a few months ago. We went steady — for a whole two weeks—and then she had to go overseas. I wished her good luck, but also wished she didn't have to go away."

## JAY JUSTIN

"SHE had long dark hair and beautiful eyes and I was pretty keen on her. But she was keen on Jay Justin the singer and NOT Jay Justin the person. She was sure I was a millionaire, drove an imported sports car, and led the glamorous and exciting life of a movie star. One or maybe two dates later we were both disillusioned. I'm just an ordinary guy and she wasn't interested in me—just my name."

## PAM OAKLEY

"WE went steady for three years and he still means a lot to me. We both wanted singing careers and used to practise together. We dated all the time before I got a few lucky breaks and couldn't see him as much. We're still friends but it's not serious any more — I think we've both changed. I know I have grown up and now my singing comes first. I guess he didn't want to stay around to be hurt."

## LEE SELLERS

"HE was gorgeous. It was love at first sight — for me. He probably doesn't even know I'm alive. He's a singer from another State. He even took me out—with my girlfriend. He took us to watch him sing at a club. My friend had to be home early — and I felt obliged to go with her. He seemed disappointed and said he'd hoped to drive me home. He had to fly home the next day."

## JOHNNY DEVLIN

"IT was my greatest teenage crush — I was 16 and living in New Zealand. She lived 150 miles away, and faithfully, every weekend, I would ride my motor-bike to her place — just to watch her go out with someone else. Once I got to take her to the movies on Saturday afternoon — she'd had a fight with her boyfriend and wanted to make him jealous! After about six months I just gave up."

## JUDY STONE

"HE was my first love — I was seven and he was nine. He had black, curly hair and was the handsomest boy in our school — all the girls had a crush on him. One day he gave me a ring which I thought was beautiful. No wonder I did, it was his mother's diamond engagement ring! When I got home my folks nearly fainted when they saw it and later his mother arrived to claim it back."

## ANNE REILLY

"HE had a lovely smile and everyone adored him. We planned to get engaged —but it didn't work out that way. He's a singer (with one of Australia's leading groups) and I couldn't understand the life he had to lead — I wasn't a singer then. He had to work almost every night. It's only now I realise how difficult it is to be a full-time singer and still keep up your social life."

## PAUL McCARTNEY

"IT was before Beatle days — I adored her and she adored Tommy Steele. I was 17 and she was about 16. We dated once or twice a week but she was more interested in Tommy than me. She bought all his records, swooned when he sang on TV and did everything that she read he liked about girls. We had to part — Tommy was too much competition for me!"

## JOHNNY NOBLE

"SHE was tiny and cute, with long, dark hair and I had a great schoolboy crush for about a year. We used to go horse-riding together. My family used to tease me about 'my girl' and one day I told my mother her name. You'd never believe it—my second cousin! Our romance soon faded but I've never forgotten it."

## SHARON O'BRIEN

"I MET him on an interstate trip and have seen him only three times this year. He's young and dark and very nice. Even when I'm singing where he lives, we can't date because I have to work every night. But we have coffee and long talks after my shows— I like him a lot. We do write, but as we both hate writing letters, it's not a regular thing."



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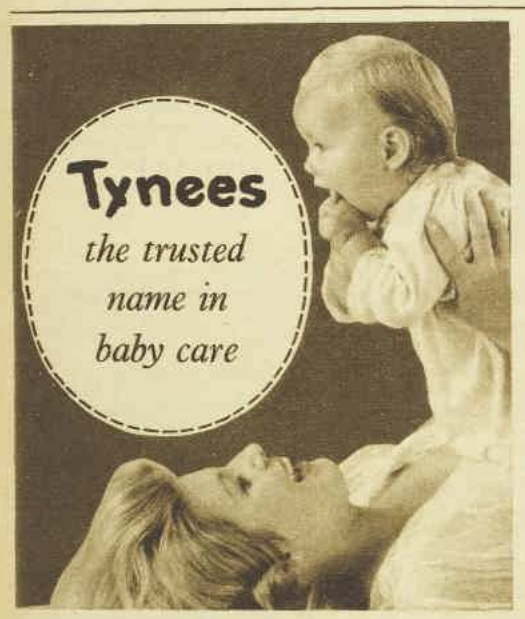


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## LAYETTE PATTERNS

A set of simple, practical patterns for a baby's first layette is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. The set—price 3/6 post free—includes two nightgowns, two dresses, petticoat, matinee jacket, carrying coat, sunsuit, flannel pilchers, and bonnet.

# Lucia loves the limelight

**● Attractive 19-year-old actress Lucia Duchenski is a likely candidate for the title of Sydney's busiest teenager.**

LUCIA, the youngest member of the permanent Music Hall Theatre Company, is currently appearing in two productions, "How the West Was Lost" at night (which was written by onetime Music Hall "villain" Barry Creyton) and "The Little Mermaid" during the day.

She still finds time to fit in modelling, television, and radio work.

"Of course, I'm still taking drama, singing, and dancing lessons as well," she said. "They're terribly important if you want to make a career of theatre."

And the theatre is Lucia's life; she has spent the past 13 years thinking, dreaming, and breathing theatre.

"No one else in the family has ever been interested in the stage — but I got the urge at two years of age and just went on from there.

"My parents have been wonderful. They've been right behind me from the very beginning, giving every help and encouragement," Lucia said.

When she had decided on her future career, Lucia began taking lessons at a city ballet school, where she was spotted by a talent scout on the lookout for youngsters to play in the Tivoli Theatre pantomime "Cinderella."

### Stage debut

Lucia won a role in the production. She was then six years old, and it was her stage debut.

"From then on, the harder the work became the more I loved it," she said.

There were many unforeseen difficulties, such as the objections raised by the Child Welfare authorities when Lucia was scheduled to tour New Guinea and New Zealand with the Borovansky Ballet Company. She was then twelve and had already travelled around Australia with the troupe.

"Apparently there were laws about children performing outside the country — the Welfare people allowed me to travel with the company, but I couldn't dance.

"I had to sit around and watch the others, and it was terrible!" Lucia said.

At 14 Lucia played the part of the Virgin Mary in "Even Unto Bethlehem," an opera produced by ABN Channel 2, and has since appeared in numerous television productions.

### Mud and ooze

The list includes several of the Early Australian series done by the A.B.C. — "The Outcasts," "The Patriots," and "The Hungry Ones"—as well as Channel 7's "Jonah" and "Whiplash."

"I always seemed to be cast as a swamp girl or a convict woman," said Lucia, "and, believe me, those characters are pretty uncomfortable to play! I was spattered with mud by the make-up department, given tattered, dirty clothes by the costume department, and ordered to flounder around up to my waist in swamp ooze by the director — all for the sake of realism."

As Lucia's ultimate ambition is to go into musical comedy (she hopes to try her luck in London in a few years' time), she eagerly accepted the role of a dancer in the Music Hall's play "Lady Audley's Secret."

From there she went to the role of Gabrielle, a French dancer in the Music Hall melodrama "Face At The Window."

Her performance was so good in this cameo role that producer John Faassen suggested she replace the leading lady, Carolyn Southwell-Keely, for two months while Carolyn was overseas.

*LUCIA DUCHENSKI, a busy girl going places.*

Despite so much hard work and all the heavy stage make-up she has to wear, Lucia is full of vitality and has a beautiful clear skin.

"Perhaps it's because I don't get much time to think about myself," she said. "Everything that is happening is just too marvellous."

Lucia also has her own ideas about fashion.

"I like simple straight shifts in plain colors," she said. "I think a young girl's greatest asset is her face and she should make the most of it."

Lucia's favorite fashion accessory is nail-varnish.

"I have about 20 bottles to match all my dresses," she said.

**Beauty in brief**

## LIP MAKE-UP

IF you are considering a major reshaping of your natural lipline — don't. At least, don't try to make a complete change of outline all at once.

Nothing looks more artificial and wrong than a lip remake badly done. Lipstick is meant to follow the line of your mouth, and any unskilled attempt to decrease the mouth that is too big is almost sure to fail.

As you may have guessed, it is easier to elevate a thin lipline than to decrease it, but do the job a little bit at a time. Even so the chances are that you won't like it at first because it will look unfamiliar to you.

Try to use a brush and start with the lips completely dry. This way you get a clear, definite line that's much more flattering.

Or there are excellent little lip-pencil outliners for those who absolutely can't handle a brush with success. These come in shades to match your fill-in lipstick and can be handled even by a child.

Begin your line at the outer corners and brush toward the centre of the lip. Use short, curving strokes. Draw only one half of your cupid's bow and repeat the same shape on the other side. Fill in the rest of the lip with your color.

On the lower lip, again start at the outer corner, draw your line halfway, repeat on the other side, fill in, and blot well.

— CAROLYN EARLE

**ROUND ROBIN**

# PARKING RESTRICTIONS

**● Paris young lovers who — as do others throughout the world — like to spark in the park may be in for a shock.**

THEY could find themselves embraced by the long arm of the law.

It seems a Paris civic leader will ask his City Council to pass a law to prevent park kissing.

"It is regrettably ugly," M. Pierre Menuet said, "to see public seats being so often used by couples displaying their amorous feelings for each other."

Personally, I see nothing "ugly" about a bit of kissing in parks.

I would hardly call it blood-cuddling.

What are young lovers supposed to do? Go out into quiet forests?

A bloke doesn't mind a bird in a park—but not a woodpecker!

Two's company, you know, but too big a tree's a crowd.

Perhaps, if the Paris civic fathers are worried about spectators' reactions they should tell them not to watch the kissers.

They could put up signs for this purpose, saying, "Don't Gawk on the Grass"!

Anyway, the very nature of parks invites necking.

Isn't there the old grass saying, "All the world loves a clover"?

And, weeding between the dandelions, you'll often find in a park pash-palum.

Even in a well-kept park the gardeners are pretty romantic fellows.

After they trim the grass there is a rake's progress.

If park authorities get in their way, parks will be pretty dull places.

Why, a lawnmower manufacturer would have a natural slogan.

It could begin: "Turn grass into yawn . . ."

— Robin Adair



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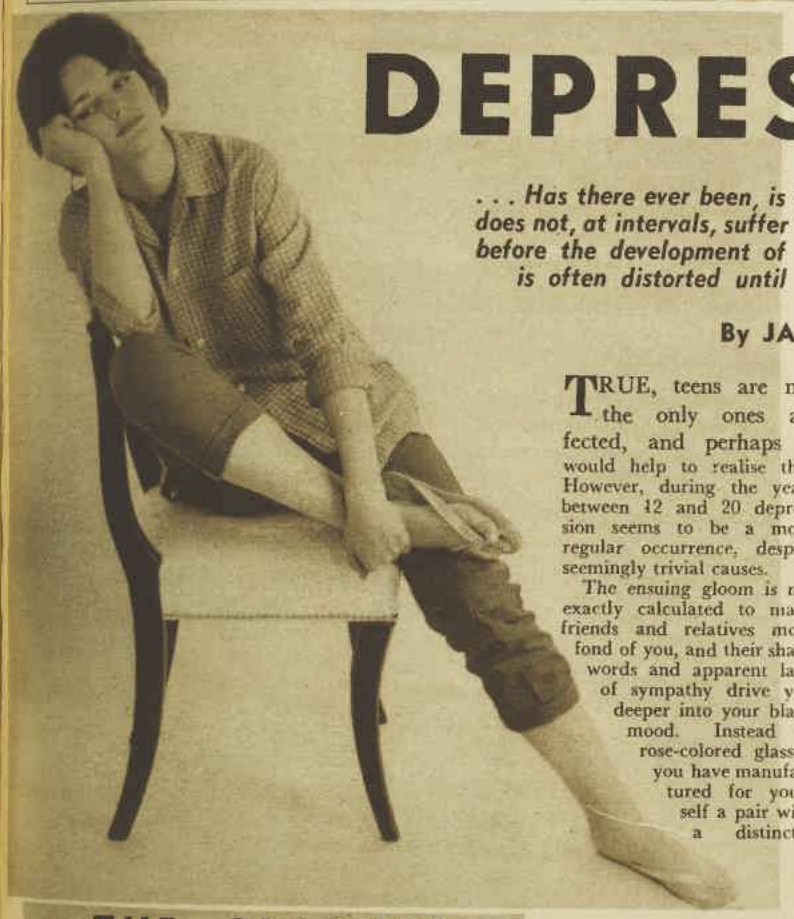

# DEPRESSION . . .

*. . . Has there ever been, is there, or will there ever be a teenager who does not, at intervals, suffer from this dread disease? The reason is that before the development of emotional maturity any small misfortune is often distorted until it takes on catastrophic proportions.*

**By JAN MARTIN**

TRUE, teens are not the only ones affected, and perhaps it would help to realise this. However, during the years between 12 and 20 depression seems to be a more regular occurrence, despite seemingly trivial causes.

The ensuing gloom is not exactly calculated to make friends and relatives more fond of you, and their sharp words and apparent lack of sympathy drive you deeper into your black mood. Instead of rose-colored glasses, you have manufactured for yourself a pair with a distinctly blue tint. You have become involved in a vicious circle of dissatisfaction.

Every teen could easily rattle off a list of universal gloom-causers. These range from pimples to low school marks, from problems with the opposite sex to a car that refuses to go, or a dress that just will not "sit" in the right way.

All too often feelings of inferiority are the basis of the problem; feelings that you are not pretty enough, not vivacious enough, not rich enough, or not clever enough.

The seeming incurability of these things leads to depression, and when you are depressed you are unlikely to make any attempts at a cure. Vicious circle again!

But how to break this circle and banish depression? The first step is to analyse the mood.

Once you know its causes you can do something about them. Ask yourself a few simple questions, the first being "Do I **really** want to be happy?"

Don't scoff at this as being an idiotic question.

At first, no doubt, you will bluster, "Of course I want to be happy; no one enjoys being depressed," but think again.

Are you sure that you aren't contented with your gloomy state, where you don't have to make any effort to be pleasant to others?

Being depressed is an easy way out for the mentally and emotionally lazy.

Sympathy - scrounging is another reason for depression. Perhaps you have found that you can obtain ample attention by being tragic, and therefore have become a permanent martyr, a continual grumbler.

It is time you realised that sympathy is a poor substitute for respect and exchanged that hangdog look for something a little more attractive.

Shall we now suppose that you have a genuine desire to be happy?

Good; that is a step in the right direction. The next question in your self-interrogation is this — "Do I have a 'best-friend complex'?"

This is a phenomenon which occurs when one of your close friends is popular, attractive, confident, or clever and seems to eclipse you when you are together.

### Compare points

Now, recognising good points in another's character is normally a very creditable practice, but just for once try doing the opposite.

Make a list of your friend's bad points — he (or she) must have some. Now make a list of **your** best features.

You see, he is not perfect, and you are really much nicer than you had realised.

## Banish those blues

In the presence of your popular friend don't strive to outdo him; just act naturally, with quiet confidence in yourself. Other people will respond to your sincerity.

One of the best ways to combat depression is to attack the direct cause.

### Attack the cause

Pimples — perhaps a visit to the doctor would set you on the way to a clearer complexion.

Love problems — are they really the end of the world, when you are so young?

Does your figure leave a little to be desired? Gather all your will-power and commence a determined campaign of diet and exercise.

Are you bored during your leisure time? Take up reading or walking.

Do you have too little time in which to do too many things? Make a written timetable — probably disorganisation was the reason that twenty-four hours each day seemed insufficient.

Sit back and get things into perspective. Actually you've been giving the knocks rather than receiving them, for depression is one of the most contagious complaints in existence.

Now, you see, the world isn't such a bad place after all!

## THE CLASSICS

**SIBELIUS: Fourth symphony; Tapiola.**

SIBELIUS, the greatest of Finnish composers, is known to concert audiences today mainly through his first two symphonies and his violin concerto, all of which were written more than 60 years ago, when the composer was still in his thirties. (Next year marks the 100th anniversary of Sibelius' birth.)

The works that he wrote later than this (including five more symphonies) are on the whole much more individual in style and at one time caused enthusiasts to hail Sibelius as the greatest 20th-century symphonist. This enthusiasm has since cooled a good deal, with the result that his music (apart from the popular works already mentioned) has been unduly neglected.

So it is welcome to see among the recent releases a recording of one of the most remarkable of the Sibelius symphonies (the fourth, written in 1911) along with one of his very last works, the symphonic poem "Tapiola" (1925). They are played by the Suisse Romande Orchestra under Ernest Ansermet. (Decca recording.)

The fourth symphony is a strange, gaunt work that may seem cold and bare at first hearing, but develops a strange fascination as one becomes more familiar with it.

Although there is no story or "programme" attached to it, it strongly suggests in places the atmosphere of a forbidding Northern landscape. This is the stated theme of "Tapiola," which is named after the forest god of Finnish mythology. The latter work is not nearly so bare in its scoring as the symphony, but the mood is often similar.

Ansermet captures this mood very well, although his interpretations are sometimes unorthodox.

—MARTIN LONG

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# Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

## Career in fashion

**"AFTER I leave school next year I would like to follow a career in fashion designing, and was wondering if you could tell me where I could train for this job."**

**"Career," N.S.W.**

Write to the Design Section of the National Art School, East Sydney Technical College, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

The school holds personal interviews and drawing examinations at the end of each year to select future students, as the course is a very popular one.

A fashion design course takes three years to complete, working five days a week.

## Grasping girlfriend

**"MY boyfriend buys me a lot of expensive gifts and we go to dinner at least once a week in town. The other day we saw a very expensive opal ring in a store and he bought it for me the next day. Now he's saving up to buy me a transistor radio. While I love him to buy things for me, I can't help but feel sad when I realise he is four months' payments behind on his car — especially as I know that if the car goes he will have to take me out in public transport. Can you see a way out of this problem?"**

**"Appreciative," Qld.**

If I believed you, I could. But I don't.

## He wants freedom

**"I AM 18 years old, and have been going with a 20-year-old boy for six months. I like him very much, but lately he has been very dissatisfied and unsettled. A week ago we had a big argument and I told him I didn't want to see him again, then I rang up later and said I was very sorry for sending him away. He came over the next evening and told me he wouldn't be coming to see me any more as he wanted to have a good time before he settled down. I don't think he has another girlfriend, but I'm very upset and don't know whether I should forget him or not."**

**"Waiting," Vic.**

It is the only thing you can do.

The boy is right, of course — he SHOULD have freedom before he ties himself down to marriage.

Adopt the same attitude, go out with other boys — perhaps when he does feel it is time to settle down he will remember your understanding attitude.

## Girls adore him

**"I AM a very good-looking boy, and I am continually being chased by the girls in my form. I have a good personality and I mix well with all people. I play most sports, but find it a great nuisance having all the girls coming to look at me. As I am studying for my Leaving, I am not pleased with girls chasing me all the time. I have discussed my problem with my father, but he only says that the girls will get over me one day."**

**"Lover Boy," N.S.W.**

And won't you hate that!

## Out of place

**ALTHOUGH my problem is not one of the heart, it is really worrying me. I am almost 18, and no matter where I go I always seem to look untidy and out of place. I am 5ft. 2in., with a slim build and fair hair, and whatever I put on I just seem to look awful."**

**"Miserable," Vic.**

I think your self-consciousness is only making you THINK you seem out of place in every situation.

Try to forget about yourself a little and concentrate on other people and you won't have time to feel shy and awkward.

Untidiness is a simple problem to solve with one or two nice outfits and strict attention to grooming at all times.

Invest in the prettiest, most manageable hair style you can find, and always keep your hair shining clean.

Experiment with make-up and find the one that suits you best—always remembering to use too little rather than too much. And comb fashion magazines (many local libraries keep a stock) for dress designs which you think would suit you.

With your small build I think you should concentrate on pretty, simple clothes in the colors that suit you best.

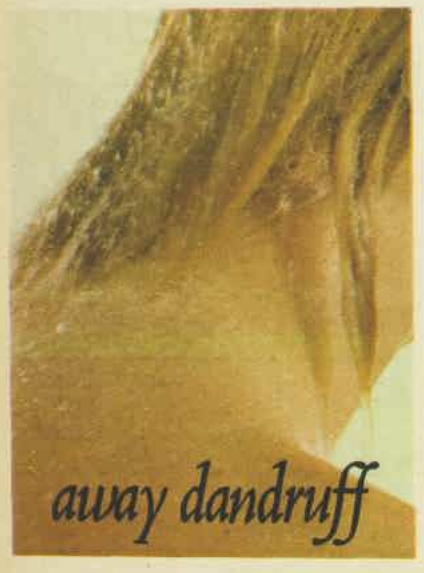
## Should she visit him?

**"I MET a boy recently and I have just learned that he is in hospital. He will be there for at least two months and although I have seen him only once I am very fond of him, but there was no indication if the feeling is mutual. Do you think I should visit him?"**

**"Confused," N.S.W.**

I think a better idea would be to drop him a note saying that you heard he was in hospital and how sorry you are, etc.

Put your return address on top of the page and if he answers your letter, I think you will be able to judge for yourself whether it is a good idea to visit him in hospital.



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# HOW TO PLAN A CUPBOARD FULL OF CLOTHES

**THE fact that you don't have to be rich to be well dressed is cold comfort when you are neither rich nor well dressed. Is your wardrobe a mess? Is it as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard? Here is a step-by-step plan to fill it with the right clothes.**

YOU will need reams of paper, a box of colored pencils, a pencil, rubber, and scraps of material in all colors.

### COLOR

Stand before a good mirror and hold scraps of different-colored materials against your face. Write down all the colors that suit you and experiment with contrasting and matching colors.

### FIGURE

Stand before a full-length mirror and note your general shape. Visualise a perfect shape.

Roughly sketch yourself in caricature, accentuating bad points (for example, narrow shoulders). With a pencil, experiment sketching clothes on top of the figure. Try out all the styles you know. List what you find out. (For example, that square shoulders in styles make yours look bigger.)

### OCCASIONS

List the different occasions you need clothes for such as swimming, work, and evenings. Under each heading make a list of your ideal wardrobe and underline in red the one essential you can't do without (for example, in the list for swimming underline swimsuit, which you must have).

### ACCESSORIES

List all the accessories you would like. Underline one of each you cannot do without in red and underline the second choice in green.

### ECONOMY

List ideas for saving money and time, such as:

1. Drip-dry fabrics save time.
2. A material or dress that will suit more than one occasion saves money.
3. A good, well-fitted frock in a classic style may last for years and saves money.
4. What colors "go" with everything.

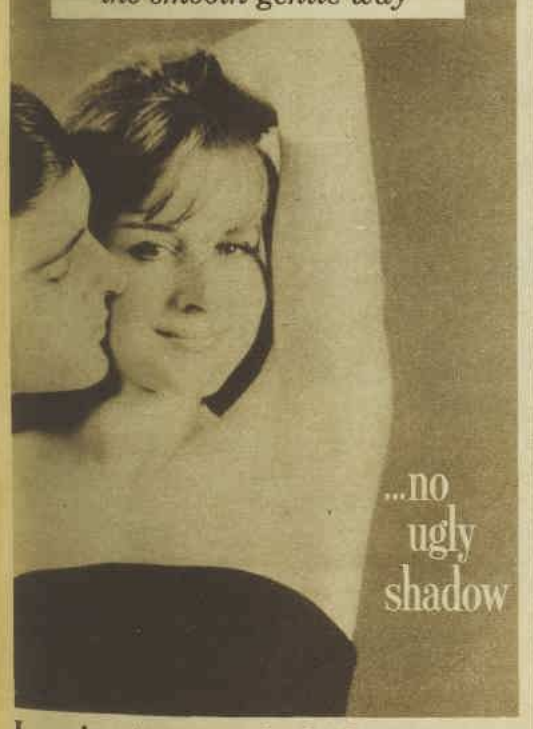
### . . . AND NOW COUNT YOUR MONEY

List your bare minimum necessities from your previous lists and beside each mark the color and the texture of the material.

Resolve to buy only a well-fitting article exactly as you have decided. If you can't find it, then consider having it made by a dressmaker.

Buy only one article at a time. When you have all the absolutely right essentials—then you can begin on the others. But stick to your list as much as possible.


*Cream away*
**Underarm Hair**
*the smooth gentle way*

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